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The above books are, primarily for Sunday School and Praise Meetings, but answer an excellent purpose at home gatherings.

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VOICES OF PRAISE

For School Church and Home

COMPILED AND EDITED BY THE

✓
REV. CHARLES L. HUTCHINS

DITSON & COMPANY,
Boston, New York & Philadelphia.

Prefatory Note.

THIS collection of Hymns and music has been made at the request of many ministers and laymen of different religious communions. Deeply grateful for the honour and privilege conveyed in this request, the editor sends the book forth with the single desire that it may meet the requirements of those who may use it, and be found helpful in the work for which it is designed.

MEDFORD, MASS., Sept. 1, 1883.

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CHARLES L. HUTCHINS.

Hymns and Carols.

Morning.

1.

Joyful.

MORNING HYMN.
L. M.

A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly
course of du - ty run: Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly
rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice. A - MEN.

2 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unweary sing,
"Glory to Thee, eternal King."

5 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say.
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

MORNING.

2.

*Moderate.*MELCOMBE.
L. M.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find.
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask:
Room to deny ourselves: a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this, and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

3.

*Cheerful.*SMALLWOOD.
7s.

Now the dreary night is done, Comes a - gain the glo-rious sun;

Crimson clouds and sil-ver white Wait up - on his breaking light. A - MEN.

2 Child of Mary, Thou dost know
What of danger, joy, or woe
Shall to-day my portion be,—
Let me meet it all in Thee.

3 Thou wast meek and undefiled—
Make me holy too, and mild;
Thou didst foil the tempter's power;
Help me in temptation's hour.

4 Thou didst love Thy mother here—
Make me gentle, kind, and dear;
Thou wast subject to her word—
Teach me to obey, O Lord.

5 Fretful feelings, passion, pride
Never did with Thee abide:
Make me watch myself to-day,
That they lead me not astray.

MORNING.

THE MORNING BRIGHT.
P. M.

4.

Cheerful.

The morning bright, With ro - sy light, Hath waked me from my sleep;
Fa - ther, I own Thy love a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep. A - MEN.

2 All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my Guard and Guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

3 Oh make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

5.

FERRIER.
7s.*Moderate.*

Je - sus, ho - ly, un - de - filed, Lis - ten to a lit - tle child;
Thou hast sent the glo - rious light, Chasing far the si - lent night. A - MEN.

2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of Thine;
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow,
On each tender flower below.

4 Thou by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
And Thy Holy Spirit give,
Without whom I cannot live.

3 Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies;
Thee their tiny voices praise
In the early songs they raise.

5 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

6 Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly every day;
And when Thou at last shall come,
Take me to Thy heavenly home.

6.

Moderate.

The breaking morn comes back to bless The earth from pole to pole;
So come, sweet Sun of Righteous-ness, And shine in - to my soul. A - MEN.

- 2 A silver mist along the lawn,
From every dewy sod,
Goes up to heaven; and so at dawn
I lift my thoughts to God.
- 3 I think how Thou didst wake, O Lord,
Before the break of day,
And seek the lonely mountain sward;
So teach my lips to pray.

- 4 I think how Thou didst sleep and rise,
So many nights and days,
A Child obedient, holy, wise,
And perfect in Thy ways.
- 5 The dawn of day, the dawn of life,
Were blest alike to Thee;
Thou know'st the danger and the strife;
Lord bless them both to me.

7.

S. HELEN.
L. M.

Quietly.

O God, who, when the night was deep, Hast kept me safe and lent me sleep,
Now with Thy sun Thou bid'st me rise, And look around with older eyes. A - MEN.

- 2 Each happy morning Thou dost give,
I have one morning less to live;
O help me so this day to spend,
To make me fitter for the end.
- 3 O bid all wicked thoughts to fly;
The fretful word, the idle eye;
Help me to think in all I do,
"God sees me:—would He have it so?"

- 4 Make my first wish and thought to be
For others sooner than for me;
And let me pardon them, as I
Hope for God's pardon when I die.
- 5 Be with me when I work and play;
Be with me now and every day:
Be near me, when I pray Thee hear;
And when I pray not,—Lord! be near.

MORNING.

8.

AWAKE, AND AWAY.
6s. 5s. with Chorus.*Joyous.*

6 6

The morning light fling-eth Its wak - en - ing ray; And as the day

6 6

bringeth The work of the day, The hap - py heart singeth, A-wake, and a - way!

Chorus after each verse.

A - wake,.... and a - way! A - wake,.... and a - way!

A - wake, a-wake, and a - way, a-way! Awake, awake, and a-way, a-way!

The hap-py heart sing-eth, A-wake, and a - way! A - MEN.

2 No life can be dreary,
When work is delight;
Though evening be weary,
Rest cometh at night,
And all will be cheery,
If faithful and right.
CHORUS.—Awake, and away, &c.

3 When duty is pleasure,
And labour is joy,
How sweet is the leisure
Of ended employ!
Then only can pleasure
Be free from alloy.
CHORUS.—Awake, and away, &c.

(If preferred, the tune "Ellers" (No. 201) can be used for this hymn.)

Quietly.

A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
 deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide; When oth - er help - ers
 fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me. A-MEN.

- 2 Swift to its close, ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
 Change and decay in all around I see;
 O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness,
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

(SECOND TUNE.)

TROYTE No. 1.

A-MEN.

EVENING.

10.

Moderate.

HURSLEY.
L. M.

Sun of my soul. Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. A-MEN.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My weary eyelids gently steep.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.
 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.
 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
 Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,

Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless store;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
 Like infant slumbers, pure and light.
 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take,
 Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

11.

Moderate.

DAY IS PAST.
P. M.

Day is past and gone; Dark - ness has - tens on;
 Blessed Lord, in mer-cy keep An - gel-guards a - round Thy sheep. A - MEN.

- 2 Work again is past;
 Rest has come at last;
 Blessed Lord, forgive, I pray,
 All I have done wrong to-day.

- 3 Soon in silence deep
 God will give me sleep:
 Blessed Lord, be Thou my light,
 In the watches of the night.

- 4 When the night is o'er,
 And I wake once more,
 Blessed Lord, who lovest me,
 Make Thy child to follow Thee.

12.

STELLA.
Six 8s.

Moderate.

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - stil:

And make our lukewarm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fervent will.

Through life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light. A - MEN.

2 The day has gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

4 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never! let our works be soil'd
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

6 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be,
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

13.

Moderate.

TALLIS'S CANON.
L. M.

All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Un-der Thine own Al-might-y wings. A-MEN.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day,
4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close:

- Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake.
5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

14.

Quietly.

GERMAN EVENING HYMN.

7s.

Now the light has gone a-way, Sa-viour, lis-ten while I pray,
Asking Thee to watch and keep, And to send me quiet sleep. A-MEN.

- 2 Jesus, Saviour, wash away,
All that has been wrong to-day;
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle, more like Thee.
3 Let my near and dear ones be,
Always near and dear to Thee;
O bring me and all I love
To Thy happy Home above.

- 4 Now my evening praise I give;
Thou didst die that I might live,
All my blessings come from Thee,
O how good Thou art to me!
5 Thou my best and kindest Friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end!
Let me love Thee more and more,
Always better than before.

EVENING.

15.

Moderate.

SOUTHGATE'S.
8s. 4s.

God, that madest earth and heaven, Dark-ness and light; Who the day for
toil hast giv-en, For rest the night: May Thine an-gel guards de-fend us,

Slumber sweet Thy mer - cy send us, Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us,

This live-long night. A-MEN.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

16.

Quietly.

S. ANATOLIUS.
P. M.

The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!

EVENING.

I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.
O Je-sus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night. A-MEN.

2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.
3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be:
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry.
“Against him I have now prevailed:
Rejoice! the child of God has failed!”
5 Be Thou my soul’s Preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know,
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
O loving Jesus, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

17.

Quietly.

Hear Thy children, gentle Je - sus, While we breathe our evening prayer;
Save us from all harm and dan - ger, Take us 'neath Thy sheltering care. A - MEN.

2 Save us from the wiles of Satan,
'Mid the lone and silent night
Sweetly may bright guardian angels
Keep us 'neath their watchful sight.
3 Gentle Jesus, look in pity
From Thy great white throne above:

All the night Thy care is watchful;
Never closed Thine eyes of love.
4 Shades of evening fast are falling,
Day is fading into gloom;
When the shades of death fall round us,
Lead Thy ransomed children home.

S. SYLVESTER.
8s. 7s.

EVENING.

18.

Cheerful. 1st and 3d verses.

RUSSIAN HYMN.
8s. 7s. with *Refrain*.

1 { Sa - viour, breathe an eve - ning blessing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal:
 Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
 3 { Though de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Though the ar - row past us fly,
 An - gel - guards from Thee surround us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.

2d and 4th verses.

2 { Though the night be dark and drear - y, Darkness can - not hide from Thee;
 Thou art He, who, ne - ver wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be.
 4 { Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch be - come our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven a - wake us, Clad in light and death - less bloom.

After each verse.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah. A - MEN.

19.

Moderate.

S. FULDA.
7s. 6s. D.

When eve - ning shad - ows ga - ther, And twi - light gent - ly fades;

When all is still and si - lent In mid-night's dark - er shades;

EVENING.

Then, O my God, be near me, Do Thou pro-tect my bed;
 From e - vil and from dan - ger Let An-gels guard my head. A-MEN.

2 We know not, when we slumber,
 That we shall e'er awake,
 To see another day begin,
 Another dawning break:
 But Thou art ever watching,
 Thou wilt our vigils keep,
 And, trusting in Thy mercy,
 We sink in peaceful sleep.

3 But, ere our eyelids closing,
 We humbly seek Thy face,
 And pray for Thy forgiveness,
 And Thy sustaining grace:
 For we are weak and erring,
 And need Thy mighty power;
 O Jesus, ever guard us
 In dark temptation's hour.

4 We pray for those who languish
 In sickness and distress,
 That Thou wilt soothe their anguish,
 And their afflictions bless:
 We pray for those in peril
 Upon the mighty sea;
 We pray for friends and loved ones;—
 Do Thou their Guardian be.

5 And now to Thee we render
 Our thanks for mercies past,
 With grateful hearts imploring
 Thy favour to the last.
 And at the great awakening
 May we be found above,—
 With saints and angels praising
 Thy providence and love.

20.

Moderate.

LANGTON.
 S. M.

Sa-viour, a - bide with us! The day is now far gone: We would ob-tain a
 blessing thus By coming to Thy throne. A-MEN.

2 We have not reached that land,
 That happy land, as yet,
 Where holy Angels round Thee
 stand,
 Whose sun can never set.
 3 Our sun is sinking now;
 Our day is almost o'er;
 O Sun of Righteousness, do
 Thou
 Shine on us evermore.

21.

EUDOXIA.
6s. 5s.

Quietly.

Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
 Sha - dows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky. A - MEN.

- 2 Now the darkness gathers,
 Stars begin to peep,
 Birds, and beasts, and flowers
 Soon will be asleep.
- 3 Jesus, give the weary
 Calm and sweet repose,
 With Thy tenderest blessing
 May our eyelids close.
- 4 Through the long night watches
 May Thine Angels spread

- Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.
- 5 When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise
 Pure and fresh and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes.
- 6 Glory to the Father,
 Glory to the Son,
 And to Thee, blest Spirit,
 Whilst all ages run.

22.

TENDER SHEPHERD.
8s. 7s.*Moderately.*

Je - sus, ten-der Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
 Thro' the darkness be Thou near me: Keep me safe till morn-ing light. A-MEN.

- 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
 And I thank Thee for Thy care;
 Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
 Listen to my evening prayer.

- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
 Bless the friends I love so well;
 Take us all at last to heaven,
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.

23.

Moderate.

EVENING.

EVENING PRAYER.
7s. 6s.

The hours of day are o - ver, The eve - ning calls us home;
 Once more to Thee, O Fa - ther, With thankful hearts we come. A - MEN.

- 2 For all Thy countless blessings
 We praise Thy holy Name,
 And own Thy love unchanging
 Through days and years the same.
 3 For all the dear affection
 Of parents, brothers, friends,
 To Him our thanks we render
 Who these and all things sends.
 4 But these, O Lord, can show us
 Thy goodness but in part;
 Thy love would lead us onward
 To know Thee as Thou art;

- 5 The Teacher ever present,
 The Friend for ever nigh,
 The Home prepared by Jesus
 For us above the sky.
 6 Lord, gather all Thy children
 To meet Thee there at last,
 When earthly tasks are ended,
 And earthly days are past.
 7 With all our dear ones round us
 In that eternal Home,
 Where death no more shall part us,
 And night shall never come.

24.

The Lord's Day.

SWABIA.
S. M.

This is the day of light; Let there be light to - day;
 O Day Spring, rise up - on our night, And chase its gloom a - way. A-MEN.

- 2 This is the day of rest:
 Our failing strength renew;
 On weary brain and troubled breast
 Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
 3 This is the day of peace:
 Thy peace our spirits fill;
 Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
 The waves of strife be still.

- 4 This is the day of prayer:
 Let earth to heaven draw near:
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
 Come down to meet us here.
 5 This is the first of days:
 Send forth Thy quickening breath,
 And wake dead souls to love and praise,
 O Vanquisher of death!

25.

Joyful.

Again the morn of glad-ness, The morn of light is here; And earth itself looks fair - er,

And heav'n it-self more near : The bells, like an- gel voi - ces, Speak peace to ev- ery breast,

And all the land lies qui - et To keep the day of rest. Glo-ry be to Je-sus,

Let all the children say ; He rose a-gain, He rose again, On this glad day ! A - MEN.

FULL.

2 Again, O loving Saviour,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open
Our mouth shall shew Thy praise.
Glory be to Jesus, &c.

3 The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above,—
These all adore and praise Him
Whom we too praise and love.
Glory be to Jesus, &c.

4 The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray:
Across the Northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same "pure offering,"
And sings the same sweet psalms.
Glory be to Jesus, &c.

5 Toll out, sweet bells, His praises!
Sing, children, sing His Name!
Still louder and still farther
His mighty deeds proclaim!
Till all whom He redeemed
Shall own Him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing!
Glory be to Jesus, &c.

CLEETHORPES.
7s. 6s. D. with chorus.

Moderate.

O Day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright;
 On thee, the high and low-ly, Through a-ges join'd in tune,
 Sing, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, To the great God Tri-une. A-MEN.

2 On thee, at the Creation,
 The light first had its birth;
 On thee for our salvation
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
 On thee our Lord victorious
 The Spirit sent from heaven;
 And thus on thee most glorious
 A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
 From storms that round us rise;
 A garden intersected
 With streams of Paradise;
 Thou art a cooling fountain
 In life's dry, dreary sand;
 From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
 We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls:
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls;
 Where gospel-light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams:
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest;
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One.

27.

BARRY.
6s. 5s. D.*Moderate.*

Hap-py, hap-py Sun - day! Day of rest and peace, Which from earthly la-bours
 Bringeth us re - lease; Day which tells of Je - sus Ris-ing from the
 dead, Org. Day on which His members With His grace are fed! A-MEN.

In the absence of tenors and basses, the two upper parts may be sung as a choral duet by trebles.

2 Jewish bondage ended,
 Jewish rites surpassed,
 On this day we worship
 Christ, the First and Last;
 Here in Christian freedom,
 Gladly we may sing
 Hymns of praise and honour
 To our loving King.

3 Every week, in Jesus,
 Thus do we begin,
 Who redeemed and called us,
 Saving us from sin;
 And our week-day labours
 Are for ever blest,
 By the gracious worship
 Of the Sunday Rest.

28.

GRANGE.
8s. 7s. 7s.*Joyous.*

Al - le - lu - ia! Fair-est morn-ing! Fair-er than our words can say!

THE LORD'S DAY.

Down we lay the hea - vy bur - den Of life's toil and care to - day;

While this morn of joy and love Brings fresh vig - our from a - bove. A-MEN.

2 Sun-day, full of holy glory!
Sweetest rest-day of the soul!
Light upon a world of darkness
From thy blessed moments roll!
Holy, happy, heavenly day,
Thou canst charm our grief away.

3 In the gladness of His worship
We will seek our joy to-day;
It is there we learn the fulness
Of the grace for which we pray,
When the word of life is given,
Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.

4 Let the day with Thee be ended,
As with Thee it has begun;
And Thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
Till earth's days and weeks are done;
That at last Thy servants may
Keep eternal Sabbath-day.

29.

Moderate.

ABELARD.
S. M.

We come, Lord, to Thy feet, On this Thy ho - ly day;

O come to us, while here we meet, To learn and praise and pray. A-MEN.

2 Our many sins forgive;
The Holy Spirit send;
And teach us to begin to live
The life that knows no end.

3 Lord, fill our hearts with love;
Our teachers' labours own:
That we and they may meet above,
To sing before Thy throne.

THE LORD'S DAY.

30.

Moderate.

SABBATH BELLS.
P. M.

O sweet Sab - bath bells! A mes - sage of mu - si - cal chim - ing Ye

bring us from God,.... and we know.... what you say;.... Now

ri - sing, now fall - ing, So tune - ful - ly call - ing His chil - dren to

rall. slower.

seek Him, and praise Him to - day. A - MEN.

rall.

2 The day we love best!
The brightest and best of the seven,
The pearl of the week, and the light of our way;
We hold it a treasure, And count it a pleasure,
To welcome its dawning, and praise Him to-day.

3 O sweet Sabbath rest!
The gift of our Father in heaven;
A herald sent down from the home far away,
With peace for the weary, And joy for the dreary,
Then, oh! let us thank Him, and praise Him to-day.

THE LORD'S DAY.

(At the close of service in the afternoon or evening.)

31.

Moderate.

ELLERS.
10s.

Sa - viour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise
With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease,
Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A-MEN.

- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

The Seasons.

SPRING.

32.

Joyous.

LUX EOI.
8s. 7s. D.

All is bright and cheerful round us, All above is soft and blue; Spring at last hath come and found us, Spring and all its pleasures too; Ev-ery flower is full of gladness; Dew is bright and birds are gay; Earth, with all its sin and sad-ness, Seems a hap-py place to-day. A-MEN.

3 There are leaves that never wither,
There are flowers that ne'er decay;
Nothing evil goeth thither,
Nothing good is kept away.

2 If the flowers, that fade so quickly,
If a day, that ends in night,
If the sky, that clouds so thickly
Often cover from our sight,—
If they all have so much beauty,
What must be God's Land of Rest,
Where His sons, that do their duty,
After many toils are blest?

They that came from tribulation,
Washed their robes and made them white,
Out of every tongue and nation,
They have rest, and peace, and light.

SUMMER.

33.

Joyous.

RUTH.
6s. 5s. D.

Summer suns are glowing O - ver land and sea, Hap-py light is flow - ing

THE SEASONS.

Boun-ti - ful and free. Everything re-joi - ces In the mellow rays, All earth's thousand
 voi-ces Swell the psalm of praise. A-MEN.

3 Lord, upon our blindness,
 Thy pure radiance pour;
 For Thy loving kindness
 Make us love Thee more.
 And when clouds are drifting
 Dark across our sky,
 Then, the veil uplifting,
 Father, be Thou nigh.

2 God's free mercy streameth
 Over all the world,
 And His banner gleameth
 Everywhere unfurled.
 Broad and deep and glorious
 As the heaven above,
 Shines in night victorious
 His eternal Love.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
 Though Thou veil Thy light;
 Life is dark, without Thee;
 Death with Thee is bright.
 Light of Light! shine o'er us
 On our pilgrim way,
 Go Thou still before us
 To the endless day.

AUTUMN.

34.

Quietly.

The year is swift - ly wan - ing, The sum-mer days are past;
 And life, brief life, is speed - ing: The end is near-ing fast. A-MEN.

AUTUMNIA.
 7s. 6s.

2 The ever-changing seasons
 In silence come and go;
 But Thou, Eternal Father,
 No time or change canst know.
 3 Oh! pour Thy grace upon us
 That we may worthier be,
 Each year that passes o'er us,
 To dwell in Heaven with Thee.
 4 Behold, the bending orchards
 With bounteous fruit are crowned;

Lord, in our hearts more richly
 Let heavenly fruits abound.
 5 Oh! by each mercy sent us,
 And by each grief and pain,
 By blessings like the sunshine,
 And sorrows like the rain,
 6 Our barren hearts make fruitful
 With every goodly grace,
 That we Thy Name may hallow,
 And see at last Thy Face.

THE SEASONS.

WINTER.

35.

Moderate.

BEDWYN.
7s.

Win - ter reign-eth o'er the land, Freez-ing with its i - ey breath;

Dead and bare the tall trees stand; All is chill and drear as death.

5th and 6th verses.

5. But the sleep-ing earth shall wake, And the flow'rs shall burst in bloom,

And all Na-ture ris - ing break Glo-rious from its win - try tomb. A-MEN.

2 Yet it seemeth but a day

Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

3 Sunny days are past and gone:

So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

4 Life is waning; life is brief:

Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.

5 But the sleeping earth shall wake,

And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all Nature rising break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.

6 So, Lord, after slumber blest

Comes a bright awakening,
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Of a never-fading Spring.

Our Lord Jesus Christ.

His Advent.

36.*

Briskly.

IMMANUEL.
7s. 6s. 8.

Be - hold! be - hold He com - eth, Who doth sal - va - tion bring; Lift
up your heads re - joic - ing, And wel - come Zi - on's King; With hymns of joy we
praise the Lord, Ho - san - na to th' In - car - nate Word! A - MEN.

2 Hosanna to the Saviour,
Who came on Christmas morn,
And, of a lowly Virgin,
Was in a stable born;
Immanuel! Blessed Jesus! come!
Within Thy children make Thy home.

3 Yea, come in love and meekness
Our Saviour now to be;
Come to be formed in us,
And make us like to Thee,
Before the Day of Wrath draw near,
When, as our Judge, Thou shalt appear.

4 Soon shalt Thou sit in glory
Upon "the great White Throne,"
And punish all the wicked,
And recompense Thine own;
When every word and deed and thought
To righteous judgment shall be brought.

5 *Here*, good and bad are mingled;
But on that Judgment Day
The Angels shall divide them,
And take the bad away;
Grant, Lord, that we be faithful found
When the last trumpet-call shall sound!

* May be sung also as a two-part Chorus by Trebles, either with or without Accompaniment.

37.

Joyful.

Goss.
S. M.

Lift up the Ad - vent strain! Be - hold the Lord is nigh!
 Greet His approach, ye saints, a - gain, With hymns of ho - ly joy. A-MEN.

- 2 The everlasting Son,
 Incarnate deigns to be;
 Our God the form of slave puts on,
 A race of slaves to free.
 3 Daughter of Sion, rise
 To meet Thy lowly King,
 Nor let the faithless heart despise
 The peace He comes to bring.
 4 As Judge in clouds of light
 He shall come down again,

- And all His scattered saints unite
 With Him in Heaven to reign.
 5 Before that dreadful day
 May all our sins be gone,
 The old man all be put away,
 The new man all put on.
 6 Jesus, all praise to Thee,
 Our joy and endless rest;
 We pray Thee here our Guide to be
 Our crown amid the blest.

38.*

Moderate.

JENNER.
6s.

Dear chil - dren, ev - er - more In God your Lord re - joice;
 And ren - der prais - es meet, With heart, and soul, and voice. A - MEN.

- 2 In all things sober be,
 For Jesus is at hand;
 So live that when He comes
 Accepted ye may stand.
 3 Cast ye aside all care,
 And with glad heart alway,
 Make known your every want;
 God loves to hear you pray.
 4 With every meek request
 Let praises glad ascend,

- For praise like incense sweet
 Should with petition blend.
 5 A glad and thankful heart
 Wins blessings from the skies,
 And is a sacrifice
 Most precious in God's eyes.
 6 Then in the Lord alway,
 O children dear, rejoice;
 And glorify His Name,
 With heart, and soul, and voice.

39.*

Moderate.

IN CELIS.
P. M.

Up in hea-ven, up in hea-ven, In the bright place far a-way, He whom bad men
 cru - ci - fied Sit-teth at His Father's side, Till the Judgment Day. A-MEN.

2 And He loves His little children,
 And He pleads for children there,
 Asking the great God of heaven
 That their sins may be forgiven,
 And He hears their prayer.

3 Nevermore a helpless Baby,
 Born in poverty and pain;
 But with awful glory crowned,
 With His Angels standing round,
 He shall come again.

4 Then the wicked souls shall tremble,
 And the good souls shall rejoice;
 Parents, children, every one,
 Then shall stand before His Throne,
 And shall hear His voice.

5 And all faithful, holy Christians,
 Who their Master's work have done,
 Shall appear at His right hand,
 And inherit the fair land
 That His love has won.

40.

Joyful.

SALFORD.
C. M.

Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes, The Sa - viour promised long!
 Let ev-ery heart pre - pare a throne, And ev - ery voice a song. A-MEN.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before Him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure,

And with the treasures of His grace,
 To enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With Thy beloved Name.

Also the following:

304. Holy Bible, Book divine.

311. Rock of ages, cleft for me.

* May be used at other seasons.

Christmas.

The Story of the Nativity.

41.

Quietly.

I.—THE HOLY CHILD.

Cradled in a man-ger, In a stable bare, Lies a lit-tle infant, Pure and fair.
 O-ver him his mother Bends with loving eye, While an old man watches, Standing by.

- 3 Far from home, and friendless,
 Who so poor as they!
 From the crowded inn door
 Turned away.
 4 Wearied with the journey,
 And the hard world's scorn,
 Here the mother welcomes
 Her first born.

- 5 Oxen share his shelter,
 Cold the night wind blows,
 Straw his bed, and rough his
 Swaddling clothes.
 6 Weak as other infants,
 Child of want and care,
 Claims he aught but pity,
 Lying there?

II.—THE MIGHTY GOD.

Why does that pale mother Gaze and tremble so, Showing deeper joy than Mo-thers know?
 2 Why, before her baby
 Does that mother kneel?
 Whence the holy light her
 Eyes reveal?

Moderately.

Cra-dled in that man-ger Lies the E-ter-nal Son, Who is with the Fa-ther, E-ver One.
 On that mother's bosom Sleeps in slumber still He who ru-leth all things By His will.

- 3 Mary's child the prophets
 Called Immanuel,—
 God, with us His creatures
 Come to dwell.
 4 And the name of Jesus
 God by Gabriel gave;
 For, from sin His people
 He shall save.

- 5 Faith can see the Angels
 Watch around Him now,
 And, before the infant,
 Humbly bow.
 6 Faith can hear them singing
 Sweetest songs of praise,
 Faith can catch the meaning
 Of their lays.

CHRISTMAS.

III.—THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.

Moderate.

- 2 Oh! what love has led Thee
To be born for us,
All Thy power and glory
Hidden thus!
- 3 Shall Thy love yet bring Thee
Into deeper woe
Than our coarser natures
Ever know?
- 4 Shalt Thou long and labour
Wandering souls to gain,
Calling sinners to Thee,
And in vain?
- 5 Shall those hands so tender,
Feel the piercing nails,
While Thy life in torment
Sinks and fails?
- 6 Shall Thy form hang naked
On the shameful tree—
Friends all fled, and foes all
Mocking Thee?
- 7 Yes, for this Thou camest
From Thy throne on high,
For us men to suffer,
And to die.
- 8 On Thy path no sorrow
Shall unlooked for fall,
Thou, from the beginning
Knowest all.
- 9 Yet, Thy joys are deeper
Than Thy sorrows are,
And Thy zeal to save us
Stronger far.
- 10 Thou wouldest have us joyful,
Even as Thou art,
Though we keep Thy sorrow
In our heart.
- 11 We may hail Thy coming,
Saviour, Healer, Friend,
And, with Thee, look forward
To the end.
- 12 When in our frail nature
Thou hast toiled and died,
Thou shalt rise to heaven,
Glorified.
- 13 Souls shall fill the mansions
In the home above,
Trophies of Thy sorrow
And Thy love.

IV.—THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

Joyous.

- 3 Thou art born to free us
From the power of earth,
Binding us to Thee in
The New Birth.
- 4 Thou art born to save us
From the power of sin,
From the evil round us
And within.
- 5 Thou art born to change us
By Thy grace Divine,
And to make our natures
Like to Thine.
- 6 Thou hast left Thy glory,
Far beyond the skies,
That with Thee to heaven
We may rise.
- 7 One with Thee, O Saviour,
May our lives be blest,
One with Thee O bring us
To Thy rest.
- 8 While by faith we see Thee,
May our hearts adore,
Till our eyes behold Thee
Evermore.

42.

Cheerful.

ADESTE FIDELES.
P. M.

After each verse.

43.

*Joyful.*MENDELSSOHN.
7s. D.

Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the newborn King; Peace on earth, and

mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-cil'd! Joy-ful all ye na-tions, rise,

Join the triumph of the skies; With th' an-gel-ic host proclaim Christ is born in

Beth-lehem. Hark! the herald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King. A-MEN.

Organ Pedal.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

3 Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings.
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness;
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be!

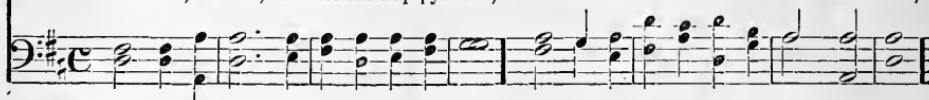
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

44.

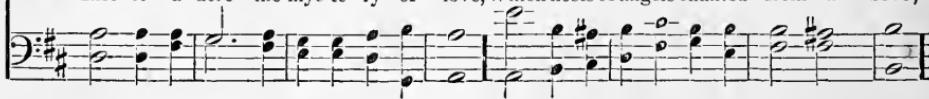
Joyful.

YORKSHIRE.
Six 10s.

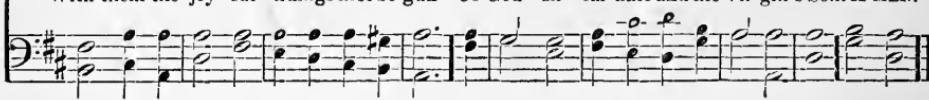
Christians, a-wake, sa-lute the hap-py morn, Whereon the Saviour of man-kind was born;



Rise to a-dore the mys-te-ry of love, Which hosts of angels chanted from a - bove;



With them the joy-ful tidings first be-gun Of God In - car-nate and the Vir-gin's Son. A-MEN.



2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfill'd His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran
To see the wonder God had wrought for man:
And found with Joseph and the blessed maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
Amazed, the wondrous story they proclaim,
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's Name.

5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing,
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

45.*

Joyful.

CAROL.
C. M. D.

It came up - on the midnight clear, That glo - rious song of old,

From an - gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heaven's all gra - cious King;"

The world in sol-lemn stillness lay To hear the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

* *May be used at other seasons.*

46.

Cheerful.

CHRISTMAS.

HEAVENLY SONG.

P. M.

Hark, the Heaven's sweet melody Echoes now on earth, And the bands of those on high
 Sing the Virgin-Birth; What mean ye, O ye pas-sers-by, Share ye not their mirth? A-MEN.

- 2 Shepherds watch their flocks by night; 3 Of His Birth the bright stars tell,
 Angel notes they hear; Pouring floods of light;
 Songs of glory in the height, Shepherds seek out Bethlehem's cell,
 Peace and love brought near; All those stars in sight;
 To us they sing, through Love's dear might; They find the King of Heaven where dwelt
 Praise to CHRIST they bear. Ox and ass of right.
- 4 There, within the manger laid,
 They their LORD deservy:
 We that Child of Mother-maid
 Sing with praises high;
 With homage, LORD, thus duly paid
 We to Thee draw nigh.

47.

Cheerful.

HOLY VOICES.

Ss. 7s.

Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ees, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies?
 Lo, th' angel - ie host re - joic - es, Heavenly Al - le - lu - ia rise. A-MEN.

- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
 Which they chant in hymns of joy—
 “Glory in the highest, glory!
 Glory be to God most high!
- 3 “Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found:
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 “Christ is born; the great Anointed!
 Heaven and earth His praises sing!
 O receive whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King!
- 5 “Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
 Learn His Name to magnify,
 Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
 Glory be to God most high!”

48.

GABRIEL.
C. M. D.*Joyful.*

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground, The an - gel of the
 Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round. "Fear not," said he, for migh - ty dread Had
 seized their troubled mind, "Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind. A-MEN.

2 "To you, in David's town this day
 Is born of David's line,
 The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
 And this shall be the sign.
 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
 To human view display'd,
 All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph: and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who thus
 Address'd their joyful song:
 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
 Begin, and never cease."

49.

*Joyful.*STUTGARD.
8s. 7s.

Hail! Thou long ex - pect-ed Je-sus, Born to set Thy peo-ple free;
 From our fears and sins re-lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee. A-MEN.

Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth Thou art;
 Long desired of every nation,
 Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, yet God our King,
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone:
 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

50.

CHRISTMAS.

REGENT SQUARE.
8s. 7s. 4.

Joyful.

An - gels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
 Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth!
 Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ the new - born King. A-MEN.

- 2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night;
 God with man is now residing,
 Yonder shines the infant-light:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.
 3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
 Brighter visions beam afar:
 Seek the great Desire of nations,

- Ye have seen His natal star:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.
 4 Saints before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,
 In His temple shall appear:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

51.

Joyful.

COLOGNE.
L. M.

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes; Who is it in yon mang - er lies?
 Who ' is this Child, so young and fair? The bless-ed Christ-child li - eth there. A - MEN.

- 2 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
 Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
 Within my heart, that it may be
 A quiet chamber kept for Thee.
 3 My heart for very joy doth leap,
 My lips no more can silence keep;

- I too must sing with joyful tongue,
 That sweetest ancient cradle-song:
 4 Glory to God in highest heaven,
 Who unto man His Son hath given;
 While angels sing with pious mirth,
 A glad new year to all the earth.

52.*

Cheerful.

REX INFANS.
8s. 7s. with Refrain.

Once in Beth-le-hem of Ju-dah, Far a-way a-cross the sea, There was laid a
 lit-tle Ba-by On a Vir-gin Mother's knee. O Saviour, gentle Saviour! Hear Thy lit-tle
 chil-dren sing, The God of our sal-va-tion, The Child that is our King. A - MEN.

2 It was not a stately palace
 Where that little Baby lay,
 With His servants to attend Him,
 And with guards to keep the way.
 O Saviour, gentle Saviour, &c.

3 But the oxen stood around Him
 In a stable, low and dim:
 In the world He had created
 There was not a room for Him!
 O Saviour, gentle Saviour, &c.

4 For He left His Father's glory,
 And the golden halls above,
 And He took our human nature
 In the greatness of His love.
 O Saviour, gentle Saviour, &c.

5 Of His infinite compassion
 He can feel our want and woe;
 For He suffered, He was tempted,
 When He lived our life below.
 O Saviour, gentle Saviour, &c.

6 Still His childhood's bright example
 Gives a light to our poor homes;
 From the blood of His atoning
 Still our hope of pardon comes.
 O Saviour, gentle Saviour, &c.

7 Still He stands and pleads in heaven
 For us, weak and sin defiled,—
 God, who is a man for ever,
 Jesus, who was once a Child!
 O Saviour, gentle Saviour, &c.

53.

Moderate.

S. LOUIS.
P. M.

O lit - tle town of Beth - le-hem! How still we see thee lie, A -

bove thy deep and dreamless sleep, The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets

shin - eth The ev - er - last-ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years, Are

met in thee to - night. A-MEN.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given;
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray,
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell,
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

54.

Cheerfully.

Sing with joy, 'tis Christmas Morn, Un - to ns a Child is born;

CHRISTMAS MORN.
7s.

CHRISTMAS.

Christ hath come on earth to dwell, God with us, Im - man - u - el! A-MEN.

2 Shepherds, watching thro' the night,
Wondering at the dazzling light,
Hear the glorious Angel tell
Of the Hope of Israel.

3 Thousand thousand angels raise
Songs of glad triumphant praise;
Singing, through the starry sky,
"Glory be to God on High!"

4 Joyously the shepherds ran,
Knelt to Jesus—God and Man;
"Come," they bid us baste with them,
"See the Babe of Bethlehem"!

5 Jesus! whom we now adore,
May we love Thee more and more;
As by faith we, wondering, see
This Thy great humility!

55.*

Moderate.

(May be sung unaccompanied.)

CHRISTCHILD.
6s. 8s.

Be - hold a lit - tle Child Laid in a man-ger bed, The wintry blasts blow
wild.... A-round His in - fant head; But who is this so low - ly laid?
'Tis He by whom the worlds were made. A-MEN.

3 Where Joseph plies his trade,
Lo! Jesus labours too;
The hands that all things made
An earthly craft pursue,
That weary men on Hin may rest,
And faithful toil in Him be blest.

4 Among the doctors see
The Boy so full of grace:
Say, wherefore taketh He

2 Alas! in what poor state
The Son of God is seen;
Why doth the Lord so great
Choose out a home so mean?
That we may learn from pride to flee,
And follow His humility.

The scholar's lowly place?
That Christian boys with reverence meet
May sit and learn at Jesus' feet.
5 Christ! once Thyself a boy,
Our boyhood guard and guide;
Be Thou its light and joy,
And still with us abide;
That Thy dear love, so great, so free,
May draw us evermore to Thee.

Also the following:

337. Hosanna! loud Hosanna.

412. Once in royal David's city.

410. Sweet it is for child like me.

474—506. Christmas Carols.

* May be used at other seasons.

56.*

*Moderate.***His Childhood.**S. BEES.
7s.

Je - sus! Name of won - drous love! Name all oth - er names a - bove!
 Un - to which must ev - ery knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A-MEN.

2 Jesus! Name decreed of old:
 To the maiden mother told,
 Kneeling in her lowly cell,
 By the angel Gabriel.

3 Jesus! Name of priceless worth
 To the fallen sons of earth,
 For the promise that it gave—
 “Jesus shall His people save.”

4 Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
 Given to the holy Child,

When the cup of human woe
 First He tasted here below.

5 Jesus! only Name that's given
 Under all the mighty heaven,
 Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
 Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

6 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
 Human name of God above;
 Pleading only this we flee,
 Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

57.*

*Moderate.*SPRINGHILL.
8s. 7s.

Chris-tian child-ren must be ho - ly, Serv-ing God from day to day;
 Ne - ver is the time too ear - ly For a Christian to o - obey. A-MEN.

2 Jesus taught us in His childhood;
 Only eight short days He saw
 Ere He suffered circumcision
 And obeyed His Father's law.

3 He who is our great Example,
 Let no moment run to loss;
 Not one precious hour He wasted
 From the cradle to the Cross.

4 Soon He sorrowed, soon He suffered;
 We must meek and gentle be,
 Little pain and childish trial
 Ever bearing patiently.

5 Soon He showed a Son's obediency;
 We must early learn to do
 Not our own will, but our Father's,
 And be found obedient too.

Also the following:

320. All hail the power of Jesus' Name. 312. How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds.
 330. There is no name so sweet on earth.

* May be used at other seasons.

58.

Moderate.

CHOPE.
7s.

For Thy mer-cy and Thy grace, Faith-ful through an - o-ther year,
 Hear our song of thank-ful-ness; Fa-ther, and Re - deem-er, hear. A-MEN.

- 2 In our weakness and distress,
 Rock of Strength, be Thou our Stay,
 In the pathless wilderness
 Be our true and living Way.
 3 Who of us death's awful road,
 In the coming year shall tread;
 With Thy rod and staff, O God,
 Comfort Thou his dying head.

- 4 Make us faithful, keep us pure,
 Keep us evermore Thine own;
 Help, O help us to endure;
 Fit us for the promised crown.
 5 So within Thy palace gate
 We shall praise, on golden strings,
 Thee, the only Potentate,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings.

59. *His manifestation to the Gentiles.*

Moderate.

S. OSWALD.
8s. 7s.

Beth-le - hem! of no - blest cit - ies, None can once with thee com - pare;
 Thou a - lone the LORD from Heaven Didst for us In - car-nate bear. A-MEN.

- 2 Fairer than the sun at morning;
 Was the star that told His birth;
 To the lands their God announcing,
 Hid beneath a form of earth.
 3 By its radiant beauty guided,
 See, the Eastern kings appear!
 See them bend, their gifts to offer,
 Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

- 4 Offerings of mystic meaning!
 Incense doth the God disclose;
 Gold a Royal Child proclaimeth,
 Myrrh the future tomb foreshows.
 5 Holy Jesus! in Thy brightness
 To the Gentile world displayed,
 With the Father and the Spirit,
 Endless praise to Thee be paid.

60.*

*Joyful.*ZOAN.
7s. 6s. D.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed, Great David's greater Son! Hail,
in the time appointed, His reign on earth begun! He comes to break op-
pression, To set the captive free; To take a-way trans-gres-sion,
And rule in e-quity. A-MEN.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

2 He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

4 To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend:
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never,
His covenant remove,
His Name shall stand forever;
That Name to us is Love.

* *May be used at other seasons.*

61.

*Joyful.*WEBER.
11s. 10s.

Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our

HIS MANIFESTATION.

darkness, and lend us Thine aid: Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a -
 dorn-ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid. A - MEN.

- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid:
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

62.

Moderate.

Dix.
Six 7s.

{ As with gladness men of old Did the guid-ing star be - hold;
 { As with joy they hail'd its light, Leading on-ward, beaming bright;
 So, most gracious Lord, may we Ev - er-more be led to Thee. A-MEN.

- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
 To that lowly manger-bed,
 There to bend the knee before
 Him whom Heaven and earth adore;
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever seek the mercy-seat.

- 3 As they offer'd gifts most rare
 At that manger rude and bare;
 So may we with hly joy,
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

- 4 Holy Jesus, every day
 Keep us in the narrow way;
 And, when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransom'd souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

- 5 In the heavenly country bright
 Need they no created light;
 Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
 Thou its Sun, which goes not down;
 There for ever may we sing
 Alleluias to our King.

Also the following.

His Example of Self-Sacrifice.

The Story of the Cross.

63.

I.—THE QUESTION.

Quietly. Voices in unison.

In His own raiment clad—With His Blood dyed; Women walk sorrow-ing By His side.

2 Heavy that Cross to Him—
Wearied the weight—
One who will help Him waits
At the gate.

4 Oh, whither wandering,
Bear they that tree?
He who first carries it—
Who is He?

3 See! they are travelling
On the same road—
Simon is sharing with
Him the load.

Quietly.

II.—THE ANSWER.

Fol-low to Cal-va-ry—Tread where He trod—He who for e-ver was Son of God.

2 You who would love Him, stand,
Gaze at His face;
Tarry awhile on your
Earthly race.

3 As the swift moments fly
Through the Blest Week,
Read the great story the
Cross will teach.

4 Is there no beauty to
You who pass by
In that lone figure which
Marks the sky?

Quietly.

III.—THE STORY.

On the Cross lift - ed Thy Face I scan— Bearing that Cross for me, Son of Man.

2 Thorns form Thy diadem,
Rough wood Thy throne—
For us Thy Blood is shed—
Us alone.

4 Nails pierce Thy Hands and Feet,
Thy Side the Spear;
No voice is nigh, to say
Help is near.

3 No pillow under Thee
To rest Thy Head—
Only the splintered Cross
Is Thy bed.

5 Shadows of midnight fall,
Though it is day—
Thy friends and kin-folk stand
Far away.

HIS SELF-SACRIFICE.

- 6 Loud is Thy bitter cry:
Sunk on Thy breast
Hangeth Thy bleeding Head
Without rest.
- 7 Loud scoffs the dying thief,
Who mocks at Thee—
Can it, my Saviour, be
All for me?
- 8 Gazing afar from Thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand those few weepers Thou
Call'st Thine own.
- 9 I see Thy title, Lord,
Inscribed above—
“JESUS of Nazareth,”
King of Love!
- 10 What, O my Saviour,
Here didst Thou see,
Which made Thee suffer and
Die for me?

IV—THE APPEAL FROM THE CROSS.

Moderate.

Part IV should, if possible, be sung by a Tenor or Bass voice.

2 I saw thee wandering
Far off from me:
In love I seek for thee—
Do not flee.

3 For thee My blood I shed—
For thee alone;
I came to purchase thee—
For Mine own.

4 Weep not for My grief,
Child of my love—
Strive to be with Me in
Heaven above.

V.—THE CRY TO JESUS.

Cheerful.

3 Lord, if Thou only wilt
Make me Thine own,
Give no companion, save
Thee alone.

4 Grant through each day of life
To stand by Thee;
With Thee, when morning breaks,
Ever to be.

64.*

*Quietly.*SPANISH CHANT.
7s. D.

Sa - viour, when in dust to Thee, Low we bow th' a - dor-ing knee;

When, re - pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;

O, by all Thy pains and woe, Suf-fered once for man be - low,

Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit - a - ny. A-MEN.

2 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By Thy conflict with despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

65.*

Moderate.

GRACE CHURCH.
L. M.

- 2 Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
Bind my affections to the Cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.
3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

66.*

Quietly.

S. PHILIP.
Three 7s.

- 3 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.
3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.
4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

- 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.
6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see Thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.
7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardon'd round Thy throne.

* *May be used at other seasons.*

67.*

*Moderate.*S. CRISPIN.
8s. 6s.

Just as I am,—with-out one plea, But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A-MEN.

- 2 Just as I am,—though toss'd about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears, within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

* *May be used at other seasons.*

His Triumphal Entry.

68.

*Joyous.*SION.
8s. 7s.

Si - on, Si - on, haste to meet Him, Lo, He comes, your Lord and King;
Wave the bright palm-branch before Him, And with joy Ho - san - nas sing. A-MEN.

- 2 See the eager crowd around Him
Strew with garments fair His way,
Honour to the Son of David,
With glad voices hear them say.

3 Even little tender children,
Haste their loving Lord to meet;
Sing Hosannas with sweet voices,
Strew palm-branches at His feet.

HIS TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

69.

Joyous.

S. THEODULPH.
7s. 6s. with Refrain.

Music for the first verse in common time, C major. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are as follows:

{ All glo - ry, laud, and hon - our, To Thee, Re - deem - er, King! }
 { To whom the lips of chil - dren, Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring. }

The 2d and following verses.

Music for the second and following verses. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are similar to the first verse. The lyrics are as follows:

Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
 Who in the Lord's Name com - est, The King and Bless-ed One.

After each verse.

Music for the refrain. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are as follows:

All glo - ry, laud, and hon - our, To Thee, Re - deem - er, King! } A - MEN.
 To whom the lips of chil - dren, Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring. }

3 The company of angels
 Are praising Thee on high;
 And mortal men and all things
 Created, make reply.
 All glory, &c.

4 The people of the Hebrews
 With palms before Thee went:
 Our praise and prayer and anthems
 Before Thee we present.
 All glory, &c.

5 To Thee before Thy passion
 They sang their hymns of praise:
 To Thee, now high exalted
 Our melody we raise.
 All glory, &c.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
 Accept the prayers we bring,
 Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King.
 All glory, &c.

HIS TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

70.*

Bold.

BRADFORD.
7s. 6s. D.

Ho - san - na! loud ho - san - na! The lit - tle child - ren sang; Through
 pillar'd court and tem - ple The love-ly an-them rang; To Je - sus, who had
 bles - d them, Close folded to His breast, The children sang their prais - es,
 The sim - plest and the best. A-MEN.

2 From Olivet they followed,
 'Midst an exultant crowd,
 Waving the victor palm branch,
 And shouting clear and loud;
 Bright angels joined the chorus,
 Beyond the cloudless sky—
 "Hosanna in the highest:
 Glory to God on high!"

3 Fair leaves of silvery olive
 They strewed upon the ground,
 Whilst Salem's circling mountains
 Echoed the joyful sound;
 The Lord of men and angels
 Rode on in lowly state,
 Nor scorned that little children
 Should on His bidding wait.

4 "Hosanna in the highest!"
 That ancient song we sing,
 For Christ is our Redeemer,
 The Lord of Heaven our King.
 Oh! may we ever praise Him,
 With heart, and life, and voice,
 And in His blissful presence
 Eternally rejoice!

* May be used at other seasons.

71.

Moderately slow.

ROYAL SAVIOUR.
6s. 5s. D.

Je - sus! Roy - al Je - sus! Son of God most high, Saviour meek and low - ly,

HIS TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

Ri-ding forth to die! On a colt Thou sit - test, While the peo-ple sing, "Glo-ry in the

High-est, Bless-ed be the King!" AMEN.

3 Soon will these, O Jesus!
Raise the Cross on high,
And the crowd, so faithless,
Shout "Him crucify."
Dearest Lord, increase us
With Thy perfect love,
That through all temptations,
We may faithful prove.

2 Tell we forth Thy praises,
Palms in triumph wave;
Blessing, with hosannas,
Whom we hail to save.
We with hearts and voices
Honour Thee with them
Who Thy footsteps welcomed
To Jerusalem.

4 Grant us Thee to follow,
And Thy Cross to bear,
So Thy Resurrection
We at last may share;
So that we may praise Thee
On Thy Heavenly Throne,
Who art, with the Father,
And the Spirit, One!

72.*

Earnestly.

SALEM,
8s. 7s. 4.

Once was heard the song of chil-dren By the Sa-viour when on earth; Joy-ful

in the sa-cred tem - ple Shouts of youthful praise had birth; And Ho-san-nas, And Ho-

sannas Loud to David's Son broke forth. AMEN.

3 God o'er all in heaven reigning,
We this day Thy glory sing;
Not with palms Thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring,—
Glad Hosannas
To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

2 Palms of victory strewn around Him,
Garments spread beneath His feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned Him,
In fair Salem's crowded street,
While Hosannas
From the lips of children greet.

4 O, though humble is our offering,
Deign accept our grateful lays;
Those from children once proceeding
Thou didst deem "perfected praise."
Now Hosannas,
Saviour, Lord, to Thee we raise.

* May be used at other seasons.

73.*

His. Death.

Moderate.

HORSLEY.
C. M.

There is a green hill far a-way, With - out a cit - y wall,
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied Who died to save us all. A-MEN.

- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

- 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.
- 5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His work to do.

74.*

Moderate.

ROCKINGHAM.
L. M.

When I sur - vey the wondrous Cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. A-MEN.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the Cross of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to Thy Blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

* May be used at other seasons.

HIS DEATH.

75.*

*Quietly.*BATTY.
Ss. 7s.

2 Here I'll rest forever viewing

Mercy poured in streams of blood:

Precious drops, my soul bedewing.

Plead, and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is the station,

Low before His Cross to lie;

Whilst I see divine compassion

Beaming in His languid eye.

4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveil'd glory see.

76.*

*Quietly.*THURGAU.
Ss. 7s.

2 Thou didst suffer, gentle Jesus,
Bitter shame and agony;
From sin's bondage to release us,
Thou didst hang upon the tree.4 Thou wert pierced, O holy Jesus,
Pierced that sinners might not die;
Oh, let sin no longer please us,
Make us Thine eternally.3 But our sins it was that stung Thee,
Not the scourge, and nails and spear;
'Twas our sins alone that hung Thee
On the cross, O Sav-iour dear!5 Gentle Jesus, Thou hast won us
By Thy Passion and Thy love;
Gentle Jesus, deign to own us
In the land of rest above.*Also the following.*

310. Jesus, Lover of my soul.

430. Lord, Thy children guide and keep.

349. My God, my Father, while I stray.

** May be used at other seasons.*

His Burial.

77.

Quietly.

REDHEAD, 76.
Six 7s.

Rest-ing from His work to-day, In the tomb the Sa-viour lay;

Still He slept, from Head to Feet, Shrouded in the wind-ing-sheet,

Ly-ing in the rock a-lone, Hid-den by the seal-ed stone. A-MEN.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend:
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmèd cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

Easter.

The Story of the Resurrection.

78.

Not fast.

Ear-ly with blush of dawn, Speeding a-way, Shrouded in mourning robes, Say, who are they?

2 See, in their hands they bear
Spices most sweet,
Whom are they hastening
Early to greet?

3 Whose is that garden-fold
Eager they seek,
Why that stone rolled away
Baffling the weak?

4 Why are they pausing now,
Close by the Cave?
Whom are they seeking for
In the dark grave?

II.—THE ANSWER.

Not fast.

These are the Ma-ries three, Je-sus they seek, Who to the Cross was nailed, Gentle and meek.

2 This is the garden-fold
Wherein they laid,
Loving, His lifeless form,
Bold, yet afraid.

3 Trembling, they now behold
Where He had lain,
Clothed in shining robes,
Bright angels twain.

4 Hark! they are speaking now—
“Fear not,” they say;
“Whom you are seeking here
Is risen to-day!”

III.—THE STORY.

A little faster.

Long ere the morning dawn, O'er the seal'd stone; O'er where the keepers watch'd, Swift, He hath gone.

2 Lo! as with haste they came,
Bringing their tale,
Greeting, His voice was heard—
“Children, all hail!”

3 When fell the eventide
Through the closed door
To His disciples came
Jesus once more.

4 See, at His feet they kneel,
Blessings to win,
“Peace,” He is whispering,
“Pardon from sin.”

5 “Peace,” once again He breathes,
“Bear it abroad,
Peace to the contrite soul
Thirsting for God!”

6 Thomas the eighth day come,
Chiding, He bade
Touch the deep scars and wounds
The nails had made.

7 In the fair morning hour,
Nigh to the sea
Asked He of Jonas’ son—
“Lovest thou Me?”

8 “Feed this dear flock of Mine,
Bought with My Blood,
Preach ye, baptize, and win
Souls to their God.

9 To your and My Father-God
Now I ascend,
Yet in My Church abide
On to the end!”

10 Then on Ascension Day,
By His own might,
Jesus to Heaven went
Up in their sight.

EASTER.

Not fast.

IV.—OUR CRY TO JESUS.

Mas-ter, we cry to Thee, Leave not a lone; Keep e-ver close to Thee, Je-su! Thine own. **A-MEN.**

2 Send us Thy Holy Ghost,
Comfort and Guide,
Joyful and true to make
This Easter-tide.

3 Make us to share with Thee,
Thy risen life,
So to be conquerors
All through the strife.

4 Gather our hearts to Thee,
Burning with love,
Till Thy blest Face we see
Cloudless above!

79.

Joyful.

WORGAN.

7s. with Alleluia.

Je - sus Christ is risen to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!

Our tri - um - phant ho - ly day; Al - le - lu - ia!

Who did once up - on the Cross Al - le - lu - ia!

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - le - lu - ia! **A-MEN.**

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured, Alleluia!
Our salvation have procured; Alleluia!
Now above the sky He's King, Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia!

80.

EASTER.

Joyful.

WHITNEY.

7s.

Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:
 Raise your joys and tri-umphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns; and earth, re - ply. A - MEN.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the victory won:
 Jesus' agony is o'er,
 Darkness veils the earth no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids Him rise,
 Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
 Following our exalted Head;
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

81.

Joyful.

ARIMATHEA.
P. M.

An - gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up the might - y Prey!
 See, the Sa - viour quits the tomb, Glow - ing with im-mor - tal bloom.
 ff *p* *f* Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Christ the Lord is risen to - day. A - MEN.

2 Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise
 Your eternal song of praise:
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Echo to the blissful sound.
 Alleluia! alleluia!
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Glory as of old to Thee,
 Now and evermore shall be.
 Alleluia! alleluia!
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

EASTER.

82.

Bold.

S. ALBINUS.
7s. 8s.

Jesus lives! no longer now Can thy terrors, Death appal us; Jesus
 lives! by this we know Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us. Al-le lu - ia! A - MEN.

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
 But the gate of life immortal;
 This shall calm our trembling breath,
 When we pass its gloomy portal.
 Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
 Then, alone to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart may we abide,
 Glory to our Saviour giving.
 Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
 Nought from us His love shall sever;
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
 Tear us from His keeping ever.
 Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the Throne
 Over all the world is given;
 May we go where He is gone,
 Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.
 Alleluia!

83.*

Moderate.

EASTER DAWN.
P. M.

Eas - ter Day hath dawn'd a - gain, Past the night of grief and pain,

cres. pp rit.

Vain the guard, the tomb in vain, To hold our bu-ried Je - sus! A - MEN.

* May be sung as an accompanied melody, or as a two-part chorus with or without accompaniment.

2 Faithful hearts their watch have kept,
 Loving eyes have mourned and wept,
 Where, it seemed, He lately slept,
 So still and silent, Jesus!

3 Now, all tears have passed away
 With the early morning ray;
 From the grave, where once He lay,
 There hath arisen Jesus!

4 On this blessed Even-tide,
 Two there were He walked beside,
 And they prayed—“With us abide!”
 Although they knew not Jesus!

5 Jesus, Lord! I pray to Thee,
 Though Thy Face not yet I see,
 Evermore abide with me—
 My Lord—my God—my Jesus!

84.

Moderate.

CRAMER.
7s. 6s. D.

The day of Re - sur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad; The Pass-o-ver of
 glad - ness, The Pass-o-ver of God. From death to life e - ter - nal, From
 this world to the sky, Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic-to - ry. A-MEN.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection-light;
 And, listening to His accents,
 May hear so calm and plain
 His own "All hail!" and hearing,
 May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful!
 Let earth her song begin!
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein
 Invisible and visible
 Their notes let all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our Joy that hath no end.

85.

Moderate.

ALNWICK.
7s. 5s.

Rise, the ris - en Sa - viour saith! Rise to high - er things;
 Draw a - new thy quick-en'd breath, Use Thy new made wings! A-MEN.

2 Broken down thy prison walls;
 Sit no more forlorn;
 Every chain and hindrance falls
 On glad Easter Morn.

3 Therefore sing thy glad new song,
 Live as children free;
 Raise with voices loud and strong
 Shouts of Jubilee!

86.

*Joyful.*S. KEVIN.
7s. 6. D.

Come ye faithful, raise the strain Of tri - um - phant glad - ness;
 God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;
 Loosed from Pha-raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters;
 Led them with un - moistened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters. A - MEN.

2 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day:
 Christ hath burst His prison;
 And from three days' sleep in death
 As a sun hath risen;
 All the winter of our sins,
 Long and dark, is flying
 From His light, to whom we give
 Laud and praise undying.

4 Alleluia now we cry
 To our King Immortal,
 Who triumphant burst the bars
 Of the tomb's dark portal;
 Alleluia, with the Son
 God the Father praising;
 Alleluia yet again
 To the Spirit raising.

3 Now the Queen of Seasons, bright
 With the day of splendour,
 With the royal Feast of feasts,
 Comes its joy to render;
 Comes to glad Jerusalem,
 Who with true affection,
 Welcomes in unwearied strains
 Jesus' Resurrection.

Also the following.

320. All hail the power of Jesus' Name.
 393. Thou art the Way;—to Thee alone.

369. The King of love my Shepherd is.
 507—523. EASTER CAROLS.

His Ascension.

87.

Joyful.

S. THERESA.
6s. 8s. D.

Gold-en harps are sounding, An - gel voi - ces ring, Pear-ly gates are o - pened,

O-pened for the King. Christ the King of glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love,

Is gone up in triumph, To His Home a - bove. All His work is end - ed,

Unison.

Joy - ful-ly we sing, Je - sus hath as-cend - ed! Glo - ry to our King. A - MEN.

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side;
Never more to suffer;
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high.
All His work is ended, &c.

3 Praying for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Little ones for you;
Jesus ever liveth
Ever loveth too.
All His work is ended, &c.

88.

Joyful.

ASCENSION.

7s. with Alleluia.

Hail the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia! To His throne a -
bove the skies; Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lamb for sin - ners given, Al - le -
lu - ia! En - ters now the high-est heav'n. Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

2 There for Him high triumph waits, Alleluia!
Lift your heads, eternal gates; Alleluia!
He hath conquered death and sin, Alleluia!
Take the King of glory in, Alleluia!

3 Lo, the heaven its LORD receives, Alleluia!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Alleluia!

Though returning to His throne, Alleluia!
Still He calls mankind His own. Alleluia!

4 LORD, though parted from our sight, Alleluia!
Far above the starry height, Alleluia!
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia!
Seeking Thee above the skies. Alleluia!

89.

Cheerfully.

OLIVET.

7s. 5s. 7.

For - ty days on earth He spent Since glad Easter day, Then from His A - pos-tles' sight
Je - sus pass'd away; Ev - er-more th' In - carnate Son Sits on God the Father's Throne.A - MEN.

2 "Lift your heads, Eternal gates,"
So the Angels sing;
"Everlasting doors, make way
For the Glorious King!"
Satan's power is overthrown,
Christ the Victor reigns alone!

3 With the Angels we, O Lord,
Songs of triumph raise;
With the twelve, at Bethany,
Up to Heaven we gaze;
Soon Thou wilt return—may we
Watch with joy to welcome Thee!

Also the following:

320. All hail the power of Jesus' Name.

328. Glory to the Blessed Jesus.

209. Up in heaven, up in heaven.

The Holy Spirit.

90.*

Moderate.

S. CUTHBERT.
P. M.

Our blest Redeem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der, last fare - well,
A Guide, a Com-fort - er, bequeathed With us to dwell. A - MEN.

- 2 He came in semblance of a Dove
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each
And speaks of heaven. [fear,

- 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee.
- 7 O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three.

91.*

Moderate.

FEDERAL STREET.
L. M.

Come gracious Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from a - bove;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide, O'er every thought and step pre-side. A-MEN.

- 2 The light of truth to us display.
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray;

- Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.
- 4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there:
Lead us to God, our final rest
To be with Him for ever blest.

* May be used at other seasons.

92.*

Moderate.

CAPETOWN.
7s. 5.

Gra - cious Spir - it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee we cov - et most,
 Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly, heaven - ly Love. A-MEN.

- 2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
 Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
 Love than death itself more strong;
 Therefore, give us Love.
- 3 Prophecy will fade away,
 Melting in the light of day;
 Love will ever with us stay;
 Therefore, give us Love.

- 4 Faith will vanish into sight;
 Hope be emptied in delight;
 Love in heaven will shine more bright;
 Therefore, give us Love.
- 5 Faith and Hope and Love we see
 Joining hand in hand agree;
 But the greatest of the three,
 And the best, is Love.

6 From the overshadowing
 Of Thy gold and silver wing,
 Shed on us who to Thee sing,
 Holy, heavenly Love.

93.*

Moderate.

HOLY COMFORTER.
7s.

Ho - ly Spir - it, Bless - ed Dove, Sent by Je - sus from a - bove,
 Sent to be our Friend most dear, And a Comfor - er to cheer. A-MEN.

- 2 Gentle Guide and Helper sweet,
 Lead our weary wayworn feet
 Safely through this world of care,
 Till they reach Thy dwelling fair.
- 3 Tender Friend, Companion blest,
 Deign to be our constant Guest,
 All that grieves Thee put away,
 And with us for ever stay.

- 4 Form in us each good desire,
 Quicken them with holy fire,
 Till the life on love's strong wing
 Upward soar, and soaring sing.
- 5 Holy Spir - it, Bless - ed Dove,
 Comfor - ter, Whose Name is Love,
 Helper, Friend, Companion, Guide,
 Evermore with us abide.

* May be used at other seasons.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

94.*

Moderate.

PENTECOST.
Six 7s.

Gracious Spir-it, dwell with me,— I myself would gracious be; And, with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine re-veal; And, with actions bold and meek, Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak. A-MEN.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would truthful be;
And with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it, when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

4 Holy Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

95.

Cheerful.

WOLHAYES.
7s.

Thou, who cam - est from a - bove, Bring - ing light and breathing love,
Teaching us Thy per - fect way, Giv - ing gifts to men to-day. A-MEN.

2 Thou, who once did change our state,
Making us regenerate,
Help us evermore to be
Faithful subjects unto Thee.

4 We are dark; be Thou our Light;
We are blind; be Thou our Sight;
Be our Comfort in distress;
Guide us through the wilderness.

3 Often have we grieved Thee sore;
May we never grieve Thee more;
Thou the feeble canst protect,
Thou the wandering direct.

5 Praise the blessed Three in One,
Praise the Father and the Son;
To the Holy Ghost arise
Praise from all below the skies!

* *May be used at other seasons.*

96.*

The Holy Trinity.

Earnestly.

NICAEA.
P. M.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! . Lord God Al - migh - ty!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee:

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ei - ful and migh - ty!

God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A-MEN.

- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.

(1) The small notes are intended for the second and third verses.

* *May also be sung at other seasons.*

TRINITY.

97.*

Joyous.

CAPETOWN.
7s. 5.

Three in One, and One in Three, Ru-ler of the earth and sea,

rall.

Hear us, while we lift to Thee Ho-ly chant and psalm. A-MEN.

2 Light of lights! with morning, shine:
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sins forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.

4 Three in One and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee:
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

98.*

Joyous.

NUREMBERG.
7s.

Glo-ry to the Fa-ther give, God in whom we move and live:

Children's prayers He deigns to hear, Children's songs de-light His ear. A-MEN.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest and King:
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the Blessed Trinity
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

* May also be used at other seasons.

Apostles and Saints.

99.*

Moderate.

S. BARTHOLOMEW.
C. M. D.

How bright these glorious spir - its shine! Whence all their white ar - ray?

How came they to the bliss-ful seats Of ev - er - last - ing day?

Lo, these are they, from sufferings great, Who came to realms of light;

And in the blood of Christ have wash'd Those robes which shine so bright. A-MEN.

- 2 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With ad hosannas ring.
- 3 The Lamb, which reigns upon the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

* May also be used at other seasons.

100.*

Joyous.

MOULTRIE.
8s. 7s. D.

Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chanting o'er the crystal sea,

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee;

Mul - ti - tude, which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,

Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold - ing Palms of vic - tory in their hands. A - MEN.

2 Patriarch, and Holy Prophet.
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr and Evangelist.
Saintly Maiden, Godly Matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 They have come from tribulation,
And have wash'd their robes in blood,
Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mock'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquer'd death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

4 Marching with Thy Cross their banner,
They have triumph'd, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd:
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

5 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the Blessed Trinity.

101.*

With spirit.

LAMBETH.
C. M.

- 2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient, bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.
- 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save.
- 4 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train.
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the spirit came:

- Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame.
- 6 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bow'd their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?
- 7 A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd.
- 8 They climb'd the steep ascent to heaven
Through peril, toil and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

102. *Quietly.*MENDELSSOHN.
Ss. 6.

- 2 They tore them from the cradle bed,
They tore them from their mother's breast;
But since they died for Jesu's sake,
We call those babies blest.
- 3 They might have grown up wicked men,
That heeded not God's holy word;
They might have joined their cruel cry
Who crucified the Lord.

- 4 But early called, they gave their lives
For Him, who fleeing through the wild,
Yet had a part in all their pangs,
And loved each martyr child.
- 5 Safe from beneath the murderer's knife
They passed to His eternal rest:
And since they died for Jesu's sake,
We call those babies blest.

* May also be used at other seasons.

103.

Joyful.

CRAMER.
7s. 6s. D.

1. The Friend of lit - tle chil - dren We ev - er call to mind,
 2. We know the guar - dia n An - gels' Blest work and sweet em - ploy

That Friend so true and gen - tle, That Friend so won - drous kind,
 Is aye to keep from e - vil, And fill with ho - ly joy;

That Friend of yonths and mai - dens, Of trav - el - lers by sea,
 The Saints all gone be - fore us Must love and watch us still,

And wand'rous o - ver this world Wher - e - ver they may be. A-MEN.
 And do for each re-deemed one Ac - cord - ing to God's will.

3 But chief, they lead us onward,
 And heavenward point the way
 To every earth-born wand'r'er,
 Lest he should go astray;
 They hold on high Christ's banner,
 With Holy Cross and shield,
 And bid us all, full bravely,
 Take now the battle-field.

4 And then, above us shining,
 They show the golden Crown,
 The palm branch and the lily,
 The streets with roses strown,
 The harping of the victors
 Upon the sea of glass;
 The gates for those all open
 Who into glory pass.

5 Then to the throne of Jesus,
 They lead our trembling feet,
 Until, with Him safe sheltered,
 We rest in pastures sweet;
 The pastures green of Eden
 Above the starry skies,
 The waters of the sheep-fold
 All still in Paradise.

6 O Shepherd dear, we thank Thee
 For all Thy Saints so blest,
 Who lead us ever onward
 To our dear Home of rest;
 O never, never leave us,
 But keep us in the way,
 Until at last we see Thee,
 In everlasting Day.

The Church:

104.

Her Ordinances and Offices.

AUSTRIA.
8s. 7s. D.

Earnestly.

Glo-ri-ous things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;

He, whose word can - not be bro-ken, Form'd thee for His own a - bode;

On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?

With sal-va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A-MEN.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom our souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

105.

Moderate.

AURELIA.
7s. 6s. D.

The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je-sus Christ her Lord;

She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:

From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A-MEN.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

106.

Joyous.

MAIDSTONE.
7s. D.

Pleasant are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love;

Pleasant are Thy courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe.

O, my spir - it longs and faints For the con-verse of Thy saints,

For the brightness of Thy face, King of Glo - ry, God of grace! A - MEN.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls, that find a rest,
In a Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow,
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

107.

Earnestly.

S. THOMAS.
S. M.

I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
 The Church our blest Re - deem-er saved With His own precious blood. A-MEN.

- 2 I love Thy Church, O God;
 Her walls before Thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
 And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,

Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe
 Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
 To Sion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

108.*

Moderate.

BROCKLESBURY.

8s. 7s.

Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding, With the shepherd's kind-est care,
 All the fee-ble gently lead-ing, While the lambs Thy bo-som share; A-MEN.

- 2 Now these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in Thy gracious arm ;
 There, we know, Thy word believing,
 Only there secure from harm.
- 3 Never from Thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey ;

Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them all life's dangerous way ;
 4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
 Let them find a resting-place ;
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

109.

*Moderate.*S. STEPHEN.
C. M.

In to - ken that thou shalt not fear Christ cru - ci - fied to own,
We place His seal up - on thee here, And make thee His a - lone. A-MEN.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

3 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travell'd by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

4 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His seal
Hereafter share His crown.

110.* *Moderate.*HOLY CROSS.
L. M.

Thy seal, O Lord, the ho - ly sign That we, here-af - ter, should be Thine,
Was placed up-on our in - fant brow, And shall we fear to own it now? A-MEN.

2 O God, forbid; before the vain,
The proud, the scoffing, the profane,
We will, through grace, our Lord confess,
His faint but faithful witnesses.

4 Smile on us, Lord, and we will fear
Nor scorn, nor shame, whilst Thou art near;
Reproach is glory, suffering rest,
If borne for Thee, if by Thee blest.

3 His strength in weakness He displays,
From youthful lips He perfects praise,
And we, His faithful soldiers, stand
Strong in the might of His right hand.

5 Great Judge of all, in that dread day,
When heaven and earth shall flee away,
Before the universe confess
Thy faint but faithful witnesses.

* May be used on other occasions.

111.*

Bold.

SILVER STREET.
S. M.

Sol-diers of Christ, a-rise, And put your ar-mour on;
Strong in the strength which God sup-plies, Thro' His e-ter-nal Son. A-MEN.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last.

112.*

Moderate.

EVERMORE.
7s.

Thine for ev-er:—God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a-bove;
Thine for ev-er may we be, Here and in e-ter-ni-ty. A-MEN.

2 Thine for ever:—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

4 Thine for ever:—Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

3 Thine for ever:—O how bless'd
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

5 Thine for ever:—Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

* May be used on other occasions.

113.*

*Moderate.*DEERHURST.
8s. 7s. D.

Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow Thee;
 Des-ti-tute, de-spised, for-sak-en, Thou from hence my all shalt be:
 Per-ish ev-ery fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 Yet how rich is my con-di-tion! God and heaven are all my own. A-MEN.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me;
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear:
 Think what Spirit dwells within Thee,
 What a Father's smile is thine:
 What a Saviour died to win thee;
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
 Hope soon change to glad fruitlon,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

* *May be used on other occasions.*

Burial.

114.

(ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.)

MEINHOLD.
P. M.

Quietly.

Ten-der Shepherd, Thou hast still'd Now Thy lit-tle lamb's brief weep-ing;
 Ah, how peace-ful, pale, and mild, In its nar-row bed 'tis sleep-ing,
 And no sigh of an-guish sore Heaves that lit-tle bos-om more. A-MEN.

2 In this world of care and pain,
 Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
 To the sunny, heavenly plain
 Thou dost now with joy receive it;
 Clothed in robes of spotless white,
 Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
 Where it lives may soon be living,
 And the lovely pastures see
 That its heavenly food are giving;
 Then the gain of death we prove,
 Tho' Thou take what most we love.

Also the following:

387. Hark! hark, my soul.

388. O Paradise, O Paradise.

379. Jerusalem the golden.

369. The King of love my Shepherd is.

252. Jesus lives, no longer now.

381. There is a blessed Home.

310. Jesus, Lover of my soul.

385. We are but strangers here.

349. My God, my Father, while I stray.

386. We speak of the realms of the blest.

383. Who are these like stars appearing.

115.

Missions.

Joyful.

MISSIONARY HYMN.
7s. 6s. D.

From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's co - ral strand,

Where A - fric's sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their gold - en sand;

From many an an-cient riv - er, From many a pal-my plain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A-MEN.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wi - sdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

116.*

Moderate.

WARRINGTON.
L. M.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does His suc-cess-ive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A-MEN.

- 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

117.*

Bold.

CALKIN.
L. M.

Up - lift the ban-ner! let it float Sky - ward and sea-ward, high and wide,
The sun shall light its shining folds, The Cross, on which the Saviour died. A-MEN.

- 2 Uplift the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.
- 3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, gathering at the call,
Their spirits kindle in its light.

- 4 Uplift the banner! Sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.
- 5 Uplift the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward high and wide;
Our glory only in the Cross,
Our only hope the Crucified.

* May be used on other occasions.

MISSIONS.

118.*

Moderate.

SHILOH.
7s. 6s. D.

With hearts in love a - bound-ing, Pre - pare we now to sing

A lof - ty theme, re - sound-ing Thy praise, Al - migh - ty King;

Whose love, rich gifts be - stow - ing, Re-deemed the hu - man race;

Whose lips, with zeal o'er - flow-ing, Breathe words of truth and grace. A-MEN.

2 So reign, O God, of Heaven,
Eternally the same;
And endless praise be given
To Thy Almighty Name.
Clothed in Thy dazzling brightness
Thy Church on earth behold,
In robe of purest whiteness,
In raiment wrought in gold.

3 And let each Gentile nation
Come gladly in her train,
To share Thy great salvation,
And join her grateful strain;
Then ne'er shall note of sadness
Awake the trembling string;
One song of joy and gladness
The ransomed world shall sing.

119.*

Moderate.

BARTON.
8s. 7s.

Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea,

* May be used on other occasions.

MISSIONS.

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Soft-ly, clear-ly, "Fol - low Me." A-MEN.

- 2 Jesus calls us, from the evil
In a world we cannot flee,
From each idol that would keep us,
Softly, clearly—"Follow Me."
- 3 Still in joy, and still in sadness,
We discern His own decree;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
Softly, clearly—"Follow Me."

- 4 As Saint Andrew, heard Thee, Saviour,
By the Lake of Galilee,
May we hear, and help each other
Day by day to follow Thee.
- 5 Thou dost call us! May we ever
To Thy call attentive be;
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Rise, leave all, and follow Thee.

120.*

Earnestly.

POSTWICK.
P. M.

Come, la - bour on! Who dares stand i - dle on the har-vest plain, While

all a-round him waves the gol-den grain? And to each ser-vant does the Mas-ter

say, "Go, work to - day." A-MEN.

- 2 Come, labour on!
Claim the high calling angels cannot share,
To young and old the gospel glorious bear;
Redeem the time, its hours too swiftly fly,
The night draws nigh.

- 3 Come, labour on!
Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear! The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
No arm so weak but may do service here; Blessed are those who to the end endure;
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
His righteous will. O Lord, with Thee!

* *May be used on other occasions.*

121.*

Bold.

MISSIONS.

HAVERGAL.

P. M.

1. Tell it out a-mong the heath-en that the Lord is King! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out! Tell it out! that the Lord is King! Tell it out! Tell it out!

out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions; bid them shout and sing. Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! bid them shout and sing. Tell it

FINE. After 3rd verse.

out! Tell it out! A-MEN. Tell it out with a - do-ra-tion that He shall increase,
Tell it out!

out! Tell it out! Tell it out..... that He shall increase.

That the mighty King of glo-ry is the King of Peace; Tell it out with ju-bi-lation, though the

D.S.

waves may roar, That He sitteth on the wa-ter-floods, our King for ev-ermore; Tell it

2 Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour 3 Tell it out among the heathen, Jesus reigns above!

Tell it out! Tell it out! [reigns. Tell it out! Tell it out!]

Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their Tell it out among the nations that His reign is

Tell it out! Tell it out! [chains.]

Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives; Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at

Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He

[gives; Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean

Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save, [foam;]

Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed [o'er the grave. Like the sound of many waters let the glad shout be,

Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed [o'er the grave. Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea.]

* May be used on other occasions.

122.

Offerings.

Moderate.

HOLY OFFERINGS.
P. M.

Ho - ly off'-rings rich and rare, Of - fer-ings of praise and prayer,
 Pur - er life and pur - pose high, Clasp-ed hands, up - lift - ed eye,
 Low - ly acts of a - do - ra - tion, To the God of our sal - va - tion -
 On His al - tar laid we leave them; Christ, present them! God re - ceive them! A - MEN.

2 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
 Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
 Dreams of what we yet might be,
 Could we cling more close to Thee,
 Which, despite of faults and failings,
 Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
 On Thine altar laid we leave them;
 Christ, present them! God receive them!

3 Homage of each humble heart,
 Ere we from Thy house depart;
 Worship fervent, deep and high,
 Adoration, ecstacy;
 All that childlike love can render
 Of devotion true and tender—
 On Thine altar laid we leave them,
 Christ, present them! God receive them!

4 To the Father, and the Son,
 And the Spirit, Three in One,
 Though our mortal weakness raise
 Off rings of imperfect praise,
 Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
 Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
 On Thine altar laid we leave them;
 Christ, present them! God receive them!

123.

Moderate.

GRATITUDE.
Ss. 4.

O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be;
 How shall we show our love to Thee, Giv-er of all. A - MEN.

- 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
 Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare;
 When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
 Giver of all.
 3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
 For all the blessings earth displays,
 We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
 Giver of all.
 4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
 For means of grace and hopes of heaven,

- What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
 Who givest all?
 5 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
 We have as treasure without end,
 Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
 Who givest all.
 6 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
 Repaid a thousandfold will be;
 Then gladly will we give to Thee,
 Giver of all.

124.

Moderate.

TELLESEN.
S. M.

We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be;
 All that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee. A-MEN.

- 2 May we Thy bounties thus
 As stewards true receive,
 And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
 To Thee our first fruits give.
 3 O! hearts are bruised and dead,
 And homes are bare and cold,
 And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,
 Are straying from the fold.
 4 To comfort and to bless,
 To find a balm for woe,

- To tend the lone and fatherless
 Is angel's work below.
 5 The captive to release,
 To God the lost to bring,
 To teach the way of life and peace,
 It is a Christ-like thing.
 6 And we believe Thy word,
 Though dim our faith may be;
 Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
 We do it unto Thee.

Thanksgiving and Harvest Home.

125.

Joyful.

S. GEORGE'S WINDSOR.
7s. D.

Come, ye thankful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest - home;

All is safe - ly gath-ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;

Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest home. A-MEN.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholsome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home:
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-home:
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

126.

*Joyful.*MONKLAND.
7s.

Praise, O praise our God and King! Hymns of adoration sing;
 For His mer-cies still en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure. A-MEN.

- 2 Praise Him that He made the sun
 Day by day his course to run;
 For His mercies still endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure:
 3 And the silver moon by night,
 Shining with her gentle light;
 For His mercies still endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
 4 Praise Him that He gave the rain
 To mature the swelling grain;
 For His mercies still endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
 5 And hath bid the fruitful field
 Crops of precious increase yield;

- For His mercies still endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
 6 Praise Him for our harvest-store,
 He hath fill'd the garner-floor;
 For His mercies still endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure:
 7 And for richer Food than this,
 Pledge of everlasting bliss;
 For His mercies still endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
 8 Glory to our bounteous King!
 Glory let creation sing!
 Glory to the Father, Son,
 And blest Spirit, Three in One.

127.

*Cheerful.*FARMER.
7s. 6s. D.

The corn is ripe for reap-ing, Fields glow with ruddy grain, And we must now be
 keeping Our harvest feast again; With voice of joy and singing, Our praise to God shall

NATIONAL FESTIVALS.

rise, Who, whilst the seed was springing, Rain'd blessings from the skies. A-MEN.

2 Thine, Father, is the river
That maketh rich the earth;
Through Thee, O gracious Giver,
The buried seed had birth:
Thou on the furrows raining,
Didst make them soft with show'rs;
The thirsty crops maintaining
Through silent summer hours.

3 The year, by Thee anointed,
Is now with goodness crowned,
Robed in the robes appointed,
With gladness girded round.
We thank Thee for the blessing
Which meets us on our way,
And come, Thy love confessing,
With happy hearts to-day.

4 But whilst our *lips* are praising,
Our *lives* to Thee belong:
With them we would be raising
A nobler, sweeter song;
One that may sound for ever.
Whilst earth's great Harvest speeds,
A song of high endeavour
Rung out in earnest deeds.

National Festivals.

128. *Moderate.*

AMERICA.
6s. 4s.

God bless our na - tive land! Firm may she ev - er stand, Thro' storm and

night; When the wild tempests rave, Ru - ler of wind and wave, Do Thou our

country save By Thy great might. A - MEN.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

129.

School Festivals.

EMMANUEL.
C. M.*Joyous.*

Ho - san - na, be the chil - dren's song To Christ, the chil - dren's King;
His praise to whom their souls be - long, Let all the chil - dren sing. A - MEN.

2 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain:
While, louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

3 Hosanna, on the wings of light
O'er earth and ocean fly;
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.

4 Hosanna, then, our song shall be,
Hosanna to our King;
This is the children's jubilee,
Let all the children sing.

130.

*Joyous.*S. BEES.
7s.

Lord, this day Thy chil - dren meet, In Thy courts with wil - ling feet;
Un - to Thee this day they raise, Grate - ful hearts in hymns of praise. A - MEN.

2 Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest;
In our pleasure and our glee
Lord, we would remember Thee.

4 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow;
Little children Thou dost love;
Draw our hearts to Thee above.

3 Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day;
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure and free from sin.

5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine;
Then, through all eternity,
We shall live in heaven with Thee.

131.*

*Joyous.*SCHUMANN.
C. M. with Chorus.

Let ev'ry heart rejoice and sing, Let cho-ral anthems rise; Let old and young to-



CHORUS.



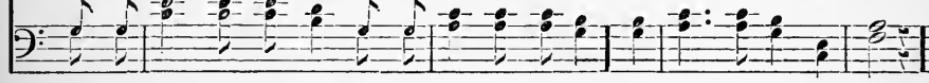
ge-ther bring To God their sa - cri - fice. For He is good; the Lord is good,



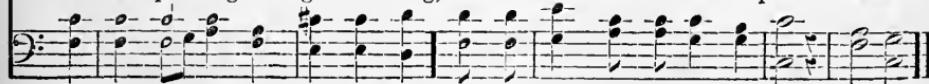
And kind are all His ways; With songs and honours sounding loud, The Lord Jehovah praise.



While the rocks and the rills, while the vales and the hills, A glo-rious an-them raise,



Let all pro-long their grateful song, And the God of our fathers praise. A-MEN.



2 He bids the sun to rise and set;
In heaven His power is known;
And earth subdued to Him shall yet
Bow low before His throne.
Chro.— For He is good, &c.

Also the following:

- | | |
|--|--|
| 329. Above the clear blue sky | 327. Come, praise your Lord and Saviour. |
| 464. Brightly gleams our banner. | 324. Come sing with holy gladness. |
| 326. Hosanna we sing, like the children. | 406. We plough the fields and scatter. |

* *May be used on other occasions.*

General Hymns.

Holy Scriptures.

132.

Moderate.

ZOAN.
7s. 6s. D.

O word of God in - ear - nate, O wis - dom from on high,
 O truth unchang'd, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky!
 We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - low'd page,
 A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A-MEN.

2 The Church from her dear Master
 Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she lifteth
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored,
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfur'l'd,
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world;
 It is the chart and compass
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands
 Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour
 A lamp of burnish'd gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light as of old;
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see Thee face to face.

133.

Joyful.

CHESTERFIELD.
C. M.

Fa - ther of mer - cies! in Thy word What end - less glo - ry shines! For
e - ver be Thy Name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines. A - MEN.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice,
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

134.

Cheerful.

BATTISHILL.
7s.

Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine, Price-less treas-ure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to teach me what I am. A - MEN.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
Light and life beyond the tomb;
Holy Bible, book divine,
Priceless treasure, thou art mine.

GENERAL HYMNS.

135.

Moderate.

(BEFORE CATECHISING.)

S. CATHERINE.

8s. 7s.



2 Much there is, far past our knowing,
Written in Thy holy word,
May we here receive instruction
In its meaning, Blessed Lord!

3 Not for human praise or notice,
Not our cleverness to show,
But because Thou, Lord, art honoured
When Thy children serve Thee so.

4 We are daily growing older,
Make us wiser day by day,
Daily knowing Jesus better,
As the Life, the Truth, the Way!

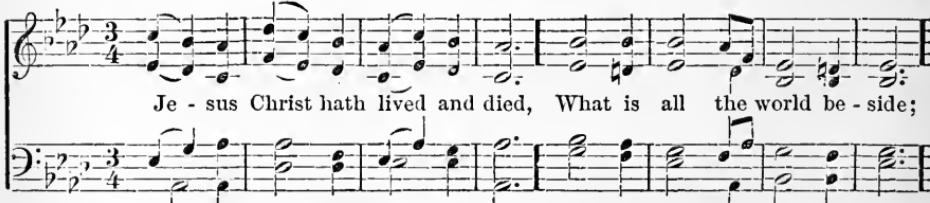
5 Here, O Lord, we see Thee "darkly,"
Here we know Thee but "in part;"
May we, gracious Lord, in Heaven,
See Thee, know Thee, as Thou art!

136.

Redemption.

YARNDELEY.
7s.

Moderate.



2 Other wisdom seek I none,
Teach me this and this alone,
Christ for me has lived and died,
Christ for me was crucified.

137.

Moderate.

ADORATION.
6s. 5s. D.

Hail the Cross of Je-sus; Lift it up on high: Hail the mighty Sig-nal,
 Pointing to the sky! Hail the Guide of pil-grims, Through the des-er-t drear!
 Hail the Sign of Je-sus, Chas-ing far our fear! A-MEN.

2 God forbid we glory,
 Save in that blest Sign—
 Sign of Him who saved us
 Through His love divine.
 Hail the Cross of Jesus,
 Lifted up on high!
 Hail the mighty Signal,
 Pointing to the sky!

3 Stands the Cross of Jesus
 Foremost in the fight,
 Drawing ever all men
 By Its wondrous might.
 Hail the Cross of Jesus,
 Lifted up on high!
 Hail the mighty Standard,
 Pointing to the sky!

4 See! It moveth onward:
 Gladly follow we:
 Whereso'er It goeth
 Should Christ's soldiers be.
 Hail the Cross of Jesus,
 Lifted up on high!
 Hail the mighty Standard,
 Pointing to the sky!

5 Lo! It reacheth Jordan,
 Cleaves the surging wave,
 Lighteth up the portals
 Of the opening grave.
 Hail the Cross of Jesus,
 Lift It up on high!
 Hail the guide of pilgrims,
 Pointing to the sky!

6 Then, O then, what glory
 Shines upon our eyes,
 From the sunny pastures
 Spread in Paradise!
 Lo! the Cross of Jesus,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Hath His children guided
 Home to victory.

138.

Moderate.

TRUST.
8s. 7s.

Sa-viour, source of ev- ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to grateful lays;
 Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for ceaseless songs of praise. A-MEN.

- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
 Sung by raptured saints above;
 Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
 While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Thou did'st seek me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;

Thou to save my soul from danger,
 Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

- 4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
 Safe through life thus far I've come;
 Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
 Bring me to my heavenly home.

139.

Quietly.

S. RAPHAEL.
7s. 5.

Je-sus, when He left the sky, And for sin-ners came to die,
 In His mer-cy passed not by Lit-tle ones like me. A-MEN.

- 2 Mothers then the Saviour sought
 In the places where He taught,
 And to Him their children brought—
 Little ones like me.
- 3 Did the Saviour say them nay?
 No, He kindly bade them stay;
 Suffered none to turn away
 Little ones like me.

- 4 'Twas for them His life He gave,
 To redeem them from the grave;
 Jesus able is to save
 Little ones like me.
- 5 Children, then, should love Him too,
 Strive His holy will to do,
 Pray to Him, and praise Him too—
 Little ones like me.

Faith.

140.

Moderate.

HOLLINGSIDE.
7s. D.

Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,

While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high;

Hide me, O my Sa-viour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last. A-MEN.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

141.

GENERAL HYMNS.

REDHEAD, No. 76.
Six 7s.*Quietly.*

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee: Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy riv- en side which flow'd, Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A-MEN.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring:
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

S. PETER.
C. M.142. *Moderately.*

How sweet the Name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear!

It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear. A-MEN.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,

My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

Prayer.

143.

Moderate.

GARDINER.
7s. 6s. D.

2 Remember all who love thee;
 All who are loved by thee;
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be.
 Then for thyself in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim;
 And link with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's Name.

3 But if 'tis e'er dñied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
 When friends are round the way—
 E'en then, in silence breathing,
 The spirit, rais'd above,
 Will reach the throne of glory,
 Of mercy, truth, and love.

4 When'er thou pin'st in sickness
 Before His foot-stool fall;
 Remember in thy gladness,
 His love who gave thee all.
 Oh! not a joy or blessing
 With this we can compare,
 The power which He has given,
 To approach His throne in prayer.

144.

Moderate.

EMMAUS.
C. M.

There is an Eye that ne - ver sleeps Be -neath the wing of night;
There is an Ear that ne - ver shuts When sink the beams of light. A -MEN.

2 There is an Arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a Love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

4 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That Eye, that Arm, that Love to reach,
That listening Ear to gain.

3 That Eye is fixed on Seraph throngs;
That Arm upholds the sky;
That Ear is filled with Angel songs;
That Love is throned on high.

5 That power is Prayer, which soars on high
Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the Hand which moves the world
To bring salvation down.

145.

Moderate.

PRAYER.
8s. 6s. 8s.

Lord of my life whose ten - der care Hath led me on till now,
Here low - ly, at the hour of prayer, Be - fore Thy throne I bow;

Lord of my life whose ten - der care Hath led me on till now,
Here low - ly, at the hour of prayer, Be - fore Thy throne I bow;

GENERAL HYMNS.

I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray For - giveness for an - oth - er day. A - MEN.

2 Oh, may I daily, hourly strive
In heavenly grace to grow;
To Thee and to Thy glory live,
Dead to all else below;
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path of God.

3 With prayer, my humble praise I bring,
For mercies day by day:
Lord, teach my heart, Thy love to sing,
Lord, teach me how to pray.
All that I am and have, to Thee
I offer through eternity.

146.

Moderate.

SURSUM CORDA.

7s. 5s. 7s.

Fold thy hands in prayer, my child, Gent - ly bow thine head;

To our glo - rious God in heaven Chil - dren's prayers are said;

And the An - gels pure and fair Bow be - fore His pres - ence there. A - MEN.

The last two lines to be sung more slowly.

2 Close thine eyes in prayer, my child,
Close thy roving eyes;
Wandering looks would fill thine heart
With all vanities.
Kneeling to the King of kings,
Would thou gaze on earthly things?

3 Guard thine heart in prayer, my child,
Closely guard thine heart,
Lest with holy, earnest thoughts
Bad ones have their part:
When we to our Father pray
Let us mean the things we say.

Thou bid'st us seek Thee ear - ly, And we shall sure - ly find;

We come, O blessed Je - - sus, Our Sav - iour true and kind!

We come in time of glad - ness, We come in hours of grief,

With childhood's joys so tran - sient, With child-hood's sor-row brief. A - MEN.

2 We have not seen the glory
 Which Bethlehem's shepherds saw,
 Nor heard the midnight anthem
 They heard with wondering awe ;
 In rapturous haste they sought Thee,
 The Christ so lowly born ;
 We, too, would seek Thee early
 In life's rejoicing morn.

3 Lord, give us now Thy Spirit ;
 Grant us Thy constant grace,
 Till, having sought Thee early,
 At length we see Thy face ;
 See Thee in cloudless glory,
 The Lamb who once was slain ;
 And join the host of ransomed
 Who follow in Thy train.

148.

Praise.

Joyful.

VIENNA.
7s.

Songs of praise the Angels sang, Heav'n with Alleluias rang,
When Je-ho-vah's work begun, When He spake and it was done. A-MEN.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?

- No: the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

149.

Moderate.

S. WINIFRED.
8s. 7s.

Humble praises, holy Jesus, Infant voices raise to Thee:
In Thy mercy O receive us! Suffer us Thy lambs to be. A-MEN.

- 2 Blessed Jesus! Thou hast bidden
Babes like us to come to Thee,
Though by Thy disciples chidden,
Thou didst tell them not to flee.

- 3 Saviour, condescend to feed us;
Richly let Thy mercy flow:
Send Thy Spirit, blessed Jesus!
Light and Life on us bestow.

150.

Bold.

All hail the power of Je-sus' Name, Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him, cr.

crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all. *Last verse. ff*

crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all. A-MEN.

- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God Incarnate! Man divine,
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,

Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

- 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all Majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

151.

Bold.

Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en, To His feet thy trib-ute bring;

DULCE CARMEN.
8s. 7s. Six lines.

GENERAL HYMNS.

Ransomed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Ev - er-more His prais-es sing;
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King. A - MEN.

- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
 To our fathers in distress;
 Praise Him still the same as ever,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Glorious in His faithfulness.
- 3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
 Well our feeble frame He knows;
 In His hands He gently bears us,

- Rescues us from all our foes;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Widely yet His mercy flows.
- 4 Angels in the height adore Him!
 Ye behold Hini face to face;
 Saints triumphant bow before Him!
 Gathered in from every race:
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Praise with us the God of grace.

152.

Joyous.

CHESALON.
C. M.

Ho - san - na! raise the peal-ing hymn To Da - vid's Son, and Lord,
 With cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Ex - alt th'In-car-nate Word. A - MEN.

- 2 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
 No lofty strains can raise,
 But Thou wilt not despise the young
 Who feebly sing Thy praise.
- 3 Hosanna! Master, may we bring
 Our offerings to Thy throne:
 Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
 But hearts to be Thine own.

- 4 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
 Approved a youthful throng:
 Be gracious now, and deign to hear
 Our humble, grateful song.
- 5 O Saviour, if redeemed by Thee,
 Thy Temple we behold,
 Thy praises through eternity
 We'll sing to harps of gold.

153.

Joyful.

TROYTE, No. 2.

Al - le - lu - ia! Alle - lu - ia! A-MEN.

THE strain upraise of joy and *praise*, Alle | luia!

To the glory of their King

Shall the *ransom'd* | people sing, || *Alle-* | luia! || *Alle-* | luia!

And the *choirs* that | dwell on high,

Shall *re-echo* | through the sky, || *Alle-* | luia! || *Alle-* | luia!

They in the *rest* of | Paradise who dwell,

The blessed ones with *joy* the | chorus swell, || *Alle-* | luia! || *Alle-* | luia!

The planets beaming on their | heavenly way,

The shining constellations, | join and say, || *Alle-* | luia! || *Alle-* | luia!

Ye clouds that onward sweep,

Ye *winds* on | pinions light,

Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,

Ye *lightnings*, | wildly bright,

In *sweet* con- | sent unite || *your* *Alle-* | luia!

Ye floods and ocean billows,

Ye *storms* and | winter snow,

Ye days of cloudless beauty,

Hoar *frost* and | summer glow:

Ye groves that wave in spring,

And glorious | forests, sing, || *Alle-* | luia!

First let the birds, with *painted* | plumage gay,

Exalt their great *Creator's* | praise, and say, || *Alle-* | luia! || *Alle-* | luia!

Then let the beasts of *earth*, with | varying strain,

Join in creation's *hymn* and | cry again, || *Alle-* | luia! || *Alle-* | luia!

Here let the mountains thunder *forth* so- | norous, || *Alle-* | luia!

There let the valleys sing in *gentler* | chorus, || *Alle-* | luia!

Thou jubilant *abyss* of | ocean, cry, || *Alle-* | luia!

Ye tracts of earth and *conti-* | nents, reply || *Alle-* | luia!

To God, who *all* *cre-* | *ation* made,

The frequent *hymn* be | *duly* paid: || *Alle-* | luia! || *Alle-* | luia!

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the *Lord* Al- | mighty loves: || *Alle-* | luia!

This is the song, the heavenly song, that *Christ*, the | King, approves: || *Alle-* | luia!

Wherefore we sing, both heart and *voice* a- | *waking*, || *Alle-* | luia!

And children's voices echo, answer | making, || *Alle-* | luia!

Now from all *men* | be outpoured

Alleluia | to the *Lord*;

With *Alleluia* | evermore

The *Son* and *Spirit* | we adore.

Praise be *done* to the | *Three* in *One*,

Alle- | luia! || *Alle-* | luia! || *Alle-* | luia! ||

154.

Joyous.

ELLACOMBE.
7s. 6s. D.

Come sing with ho - ly glad - ness, High al - le - lu - ias sing,



Up - lift your loud ho - san - nas, To Je - sus, Lord and King;



Sing, boys,in joy - ful cho - rus Your hymn of praise to - day,



And sing, ye gen - tle maid - ens, Your sweet re - sponsive lay. A-MEN.



2 'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing,
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King;
For Jesus is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe and boy and maiden
The one Redeemer blest.

3 O boys be strong in Jesus,
To toil for Him is gain,
And Jesus wrought with Joseph,
With chisel, saw, and plane;
O maidens live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden's Son;
Be patient, pure and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

4 Soon in the golden City
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice in endless day;
O Christ, prepare Thy children
With that triumphant throng
To pass the burnished portals,
And sing th' eternal song.

155.

Moderate.

TRISAGION.
6s. 5s. D.

Round the throne of glo - ry, Cir-cling che - ru - bim Raise their hal-low'd voi - ces,

In the sa - cred hymn. True their notes are blend - ed, Loud the strains they raise,

Through the courts e - ter - nal, Rolls the song of praise; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly,

Bless-ed Tri-ni - ty, Heav'n and earth are fill - ed With Thy Ma-jes - ty A-MEN.

2 Earth hath many voices
Blended with the sea,
Pealing forth the anthem
Of their praise to Thee;
Night and day it rises,
Mingling with the song
Which these sacred singers
Endlessly prolong.
Holy, Holy, Holy, &c.

3 Where the city steeple
And the village spire
Point each faithful toiler
To His soul's desire,
There in faith we gather,
There our homage pay,
Prayer and praise we offer
On each hallowed day.
Holy, Holy, Holy, &c.

4 One our heavenly Father,
Round whose throne we meet,
One our great Redeemer,
One our Paraclete;
Bound in living union,
By one holy tie,
In Thy sacred presence,
Triune God, we cry:
Holy, Holy, Holy, &c.

5 Raise the hymn of triumph!
Heaven and earth and sea,
Roll your thousand voices
Forth in harmony!
Voices young and aged,
Voices grand in song,
Blend them, singers holy,
Loud the strain prolong.
Holy, Holy, Holy, &c.

156.

Joyous. *In Unison or in Harmony.*

HOSANNA WE SING.

P. M.

1. Ho - san-na we sing, like the chil - dren dear, In the old - en days when the
 2. Ho - san-na we sing, for He bends His ear, And re - joices the hymns of His

Lord lived here; He bless'd little children and smil'd on them, While they chanted His praise in Je-
 own to hear; We know that His heart will ne- ver wax cold To the lambs that He feeds in His

rn - sa - lem. Al - le - lu - ia we sing, like the chil - dren bright With their
 earth-ly fold. Al - le - lu - ia we sing in the Church we love, Al - le -

harps of gold and their rai - ment white, As they fol - low their Shepherd with
 lu-ia re-sounds in the Church a - bove; To Thy lit - tle ones, Lord, may such

lov - ing eyes, Thro' the beau - ti - ful val - leys of Par - a - dise.
 grace be given, That we lose not our part in the song of heaven. A-MEN.

157. *Joyous.*

ALL—Verses 1 and 4.

LOCHBIE.
7s. 6s. D.

1. Come praise your Lord and Saviour, In strains of ho - ly mirth: Give thanks to Him, O children,
 4. O Lord, with voi - ces blend-ed We sing our songs of praise: Be Thou the Light and Pattern

1. Who lived a Child on earth. He loved the lit-tle child - ren, And called them to His side,
 4. Of all our childhood's days; And lead us e-ver on - ward, That, while we stay be - low,

1. His lov - ing Arms em - braced them, And for their sake He died.
 4. We may, like Thee, O Je - sus, In grace and wis-dom grow. A-MEN.

Verse 2 for Boys only. Verse 3 for GIRLS only.

2. O Je - sus, we would praise Thee With songs of ho - ly joy,
 3. O Je - sus, we too praise Thee, The low - ly Mai - den's Son:

2. For Thou on earth didst so - journ, A pure and spot-less Boy.
 3. In Thee all gen - tlest gra - ces Are gath - ered in - to one.

158.

Moderate.

BERNARD.
P. M.

- 2 Glory to the Blessed Jesus!
Who was crucified
On Good Friday for our sins;
Loving us He died.
- 3 Glory to the Blessed Jesus!
Who for sinners lay
In the tomb, and rose upon
Happy Easter Day.
- 4 Glory to the Blessed Jesus!
He who is our Way

- Went up in a cloud to heaven
On Ascension Day.
- 5 Glory to the Blessed Jesus!
Who at Whitsuntide
Sent His Holy Spirit down
With us to abide.
- 6 Glory to the Blessed Jesus!
We will praise His love,
All our days on earth below,
And for aye above.

159.

Joyous.

CHILDREN'S VOICES.
P. M.

A-bove the clear blue sky, In heaven's bright a-bode, The An-ge-l host on high Sing praises to their God.

Al - le - lu - ia!

They love to sing to God their King Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

2 But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
Alleluia!

We too will sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

4 O' may Thy holy Word
Spread all the world around;
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound,
Alleluia!
All then shall sing
To God their King
Alleluia!

3 O Blessed Lord, Thy Truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
Alleluia!

Then shall we sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

160.

Moderate.

RISEHOLME.
8s. 7s. D.

There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in heaven,



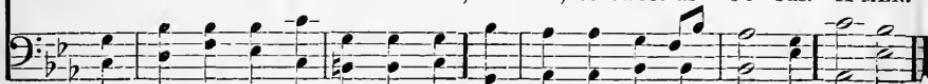
As that before His wondrous birth To Christ the Saviour given.



We love to sing unto our King, And hail Him blessed Jesus!



For there's no word ear ever heard, So dear, so sweet as Jesus. A-MEN.



2 'Twas Gabriel first that did proclaim
To His most blessed Mother
That Name which now and evermore
We praise above all other.

We love to sing unto our King,
And hail Him blessed Jesus!
For there's no word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet as Jesus!

3 And when He hung upon the Cross,
They wrote this Name above Him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him.

We love to sing unto our King,
And hail Him blessed Jesus!
For there's no word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet as Jesus!

4 So now upon His Father's throne
Almighty to release us

From sin and pains, He ever reigns
The Prince and Saviour Jesus!

We love to sing unto our King,
And hail Him blessed Jesus!
For there's no word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

161.

Joyous.

INNOCENTS.
7s.

God e - ter-nal, migh-ty King, Un - to Thee our praise we bring;
All the earth doth wor - ship Thee, We a - mid the throng would be. A-MEN.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! cry
Angels round Thy Throne on high;
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.

3 Glorified Apostles raise
Night and day continual praise;
Hast Thou not a mission too
For Thy children here to do?

6 All Thy Church in heaven and earth,
Jesus, hail Thy spotless birth;
Own the God who all has made,
And the Spirit's soothing aid.

4 With the Prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For Thou hast to babes revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

5 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of the cross are heard to boast;
O that we our cross may bear,
And a crown of glory wear.

162.

Moderate.

S. SAVIOUR.
6s. 5s.

Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a listen - ing ear,
When we bow be - fore Thee, Chil-dren's prals - es hear. A-MEN.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away:

5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly Home,
We would gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord, we come."

163.

Joyous.

HENRY.
Cs. 7s. D.

Al - le - lu - ia! thanks and glo - ry, High a - dor - ing praise we bring,

Hearts and voi-ces both up - lift - ed To our crown'd and con-quer-ing King!

Chil-dren in the tem-ple prais'd Thee, Thou the children's praise didst own;

Now let children's praise accepted Reach Thee on Thy ra-diant throne. A-MEN.

2 Alleluia! King, Redeemer,
Saviour of our Eden lost!
Though but children, sinful children,
We are Thine by priceless cost;
Though but children, weak and wayward,
Yet through Thy redeeming love
Washed, forgiven, sealed for glory,
We shall reign with Thee above.

4 Alleluia! O most holy,
O most patient, O most true,
Ever faithful, all-forgiving,
Still bestowing mercies new!
Day by day has mercy kept us,
Soul and body kept from ill;
Night by night, in peace descending,
Cometh mercy, mercy still.

3 Alleluia! Oh! the mercy!
Oh! the goodness, love, and grace!
Mercy rich, and free, and glorious,
Passing bound of time and space!
Let Thy children sing Hosanna,
Sing and say, in faith divine,
“Such a Saviour, such salvation,
Such eternal joys are mine!”

5 Then to Him, the Fount of mercy,
Jesus Christ, the children's King,
Blessing, honour, thanks, and glory,
Let His children ever bring.
Let their mighty Alleluia
Fill the earth from shore to shore,
Till with that new song it mingle,
Sung in heaven for evermore!

164.

Moderate.

TINTERN ABBEY.
7s. 6s. D.

God, who hath made the daisies And ev'ry love-ly thing;

He will ac-cept our prai-ses, And heark-en while we sing.

He says, though we are sim - ple, Though ig - no-rant we be,

“Suf - fer the lit - tle chil-dren, And let them come to Me.” A-MEN.

2 Though we are young and simple,
In praise we may be bold;
The children in the temple
He heard in days of old.
And if our hearts are humble,
He says to you and me,
“Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.”

3 He sees the bird that wingeth
Its way o'er earth and sky;
He hears the lark that singeth
Up in the heaven so high;
He sees the heart's low breathings,
And says (well pleased to see),
“Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.”

4 Therefore we will come near Him,
And joyfully we'll sing;
No cause to shrink or fear Him,
We'll make our voices ring:
For in our temple speaking,
He says to you and me,
“Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.”

165.

Moderate.

HOMAGE.
8s. 8s. 7.

Upward where the stars are burn-ing, Si - lent, si - lent in their turning,

Round the nev-er changing pole; Up-ward where the sky is bright-est,

Upward where the blue is light-est,— Lift I now my long-ing soul. A - MEN.

2 Far beyond that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair:
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy—
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted:
Lord of lords, and King of kings!
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him,
With His Name the palace rings.

4 Blessing, honour, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessed feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

166.

Cheerful.

PENTECOST.
Six 7s.

For the beau-ty of the earth, For the glo-ry of the skies,
 For the love which from our birth O-ver and a-round us lies;
 Christ, our Lord, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise. A-MEN.

2 For the wonder of each hour
 Of the day and of the night;
 Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
 Sun and moon, and stars of light;
 Christ, our Lord, to Thee we raise
 This our hymn of grateful praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
 Brother, sister, parent, child;
 Friends on earth, and friends above,
 Pleasures pure and undefiled;
 Christ, our Lord, to Thee we raise
 This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For Thy Church that evermore
 Lifts her holy hands above,
 Offering up on every shore
 Her pure sacrifice of love;
 Christ, our Lord, to Thee we raise
 This our hymn of grateful praise.

167.

Joyous.

HOSANNA.
7s. 6s. D.

Ho-san-na! loud ho-san-na! From Heav'ly choirs peal, And from the earth's glad

GENERAL HYMNS.

bo - som The echoes upward steal, From sacred fanes upspringing, From aisles mid leafy
 grove, From in-fant voi-ces tell - ing The mys - te-ry of love. A-MEN.

2 Hosanna! loud Hosannas
 To Mary's Holy Child.
 Emmanuel! to dwell with us
 The sinless, undefiled.
 Come, kneel in adoration
 While angels hymn His praise,
 The Lord of our salvation!
 To Him an anthem raise.

3 Hosanna! loud Hosannas
 Unto the Prince of Peace,
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 Who maketh strife to cease.
 Now may our joy triumphant
 Unite with songs on high;
 And earth in strains exultant
 Her noblest praise employ.

168.

Joyful.

CARTER.
 Ss. 7s.

Day by day we mag - ni - fy Thee, When our hymns in school we raise;
 Dai - ly work be - gun and end - ed, With the dai - ly voice of praise. A-MEN.

- 2 Day by day we magnify Thee—
 When as each new day is born,
 On our knees at home we bless Thee
 For the mercies of the morn.
 3 Day by day we magnify Thee—
 In our hymns before we sleep;
 Angels hear them, watching by us,
 Christ's dear lambs all night to keep.
 4 Day by day we magnify Thee
 Not in words of praise alone;
 Truthful lips and meek obedience
 Show Thy glory in Thine own.

- 5 Day by day we magnify Thee—
 When, for Jesus' sake, we try
 Every wrong to bear with patience,
 Every sin to mortify.
 6 Day by day we magnify Thee—
 Till our days on earth shall cease,
 Till we rest from these our labours,
 Waiting for Thy Day in peace!
 7 Then, on that eternal morning,
 With Thy great redeem'd host,
 May we fully magnify Thee—
 Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

169.

Joyous.

WORSHIP.
7s. 6s. D.

O Saviour, pre- cious Sa - viour, Whom yet un - seen we love,
 O Name of might and fa - vour, All o - ther names a - bove;
 We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;
 We praiseThee and con - fess Thee, Our ho - ly Lord and King. A-MEN.

2 O Bringer of salvation,
 Who wondrously hast wrought,
 Thyself the revelation
 Of love beyond our thought;
 We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
 To Thee alone we sing;
 We praise Thee and confess Thee,
 Our gracious Lord and King.

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
 All grace and power divine;
 The glory that excelleth,
 O Son of God, is Thine;
 We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
 To Thee alone we sing;
 We praise Thee and confess Thee,
 Our glorious Lord and King.

4 Oh, grant the consummation
 Of this our song above,
 In endless adoration
 And everlasting love;
 Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
 Where perfect praises ring,
 And evermore confess Thee,
 Our Saviour and our King.

170.

Joyous.

ALLHALLOWS.
C. M. D.

Come, Christian chil-dren, come and raise Your voice with one ac - cord;

Come, sing in joy - ful songs of praise The glo - ries of your Lord.

Sing of the won-ders of His Love, And loud-est prai - ses give,

To Him who left His throne above, And died that you might live. A - MEN.

2 Sing of the wonders of His Truth,
 And read in every page
 The promise made to earliest youth
 Fulfilled to latest age.
 Sing of the wonders of His Power,
 Who with His own right arm
 Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
 And shields from every harm.

3 Sing of the wonders of His Grace,
 Who made and keeps you His,
 And guides you to the appointed place
 At His right hand in bliss.
 Sing of the wonders of His Name,
 And Jesus Christ adore;
 Him for your Lord and God proclaim,
 And praise Him evermore.

2 When stooping to earth from the brightness of heaven,
Thy blood for our ransom so freely was given,
Thou deignedst to listen while children adored,
With joyful hosannas the Bless'd of the Lord.

Hallelujah, &c.

3 Those arms which embraced little children of old,
Still love to encircle the lambs of the fold;
That grace which inviteth the wandering home,
Hath never forbidden the youngest to come.

Hallelujah, &c.

4 Hosanna! Hosanna! Great Teacher, we raise
Our hearts and our voices in hymning Thy praise
For precept and promise so graciously given,
For blessings of earth, and the glories of heaven.

Hallelujah, &c.

172.

Joyful.

MEHUL.

7s. 6s. D., with Refrain.

When, His sal - va - tion bring-ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,
 The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His Name.

Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But, as He rode a - long,
 He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song:

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, to Je - sus they sang. A - MEN.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still;
 Though now as King He reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill;
 We'll flock around His banner,
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And cry aloud, Hosanna
 To David's royal Son:
 Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Would their Hosannas raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No, while our hearts are tender,
 They too shall be the Lord's.
 Hosanna to Jesus, our King.

173.

Earnestly.

Consecration.

S. EDMUND.
6s. 4s.

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee,

E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me;

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A - MEN.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Trust.

174.

Moderate.

HOLLANDISH AIR
C. M. D.

As help-less as a child who clings, Fast to his fa-ther's arm,

And casts his weak-ness on the strength That keeps him safe from harm;

So I, my Fa-ther, cling to Thee, And ev- ery pass-ing hour

Would link my earth-ly fee-ble-ness To Thine Al-migh - ty power. A-MEN.

2 As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace;
So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,
And in Thy face Divine,
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

3 As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while it can have
That sweet society;
So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that Thou wouldest teach me, Lord,
To love Thee more and more.

175.

Moderate.

THE DIVINE FRIEND.
8s. 7s. D.

There's no oth - er friend like Je-sus, None so faith - ful, none so true; Though the
 waves break wildly o'er us, He will guide us safe-ly through; Storms and tempests
 shrink be-fore Him, He can calm them at His will: Je - sus, calm our stormy
 passions With Thy wondrous "Peace, be still." A-MEN.

2 There's no other friend like Jesus,
 He who died our souls to save;
 He who dwelt on earth in meekness;
 Healed, and pitied, and forgave.
 Still He pities, still He loves us,
 In His holy, happy home,
 And with voice of gracious mercy,
 Bids the wandering sinner, come.

3 There's no other friend like Jesus,
 Holy angels, chant the song;
Sing His love and wondrous mercy;
 Children, join the heavenly throng.

2 There's no other friend like Jesus,
He who died our souls to save;
He who dwelt on earth in meekness;
Healed, and pitied, and forgave.
Still He pities, still He loves us,
In His holy, happy home,
And with voice of gracious mercy,
Bids the wandering sinner, come.

Raise the joyful, happy chorus,
Thank Him for His loving grace,
Let it be your happy portion
To proclaim the Saviour's praise.

176.

Joyful,

BUCKLAND.
7s.

A musical score for two voices. The top line is in soprano C major with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: "Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep, Keep Thy lamb, in safety keep;". The bottom line is in bass F major with a key signature of one sharp. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note chords.

GENERAL HYMNS.

Noth-ing can Thy power withstand, None can pluck me from Thy hand. A-MEN.

2 Loving Saviour, Thou did'st give
Thine own life that we might live,
And the Hands outstretched to bless
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

3 I would praise Thee every day,
Gladly all Thy will obey,
Like Thy blessed ones above,
Happy in Thy precious love.

4 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach Thy lamb Thy voice to hear,
Suffer not my steps to stray,
From the straight and narrow way.

5 Where Thou leadest I would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
Till before my Father's Throne
I shall know as I am known.

177.

Moderate.

PRINCETHORPE.
6s. 5s. D.

Je-sus is our Shepherd, Well we know His voice; How the gentlest whis-per,

Makes our hearts re - joice! E - ven when He chid - eth, Ten-der is His

tone; None but He shall guide us; We are His a - lone. A-MEN.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Guided by His Arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd;
With His goodness now
And His tender mercy,
He doth us endow!
Let us sing His praises
With a gladsome heart,
Till in heaven we meet Him,
Never more to part.

178.

Moderate.

HANFORD.
8s. 4.

Through good re-port and e - vil, Lord, Still gui-ded by Thy faithful Word,
 Our staff, our buck-ler, and our sword— We fol - low Thee. A - MEN.

- 2 In silence of the lonely night,
 In the full glow of day's clear light,
 Through life's strange wanderings, dark or
 We follow Thee. [bright,
- 3 Strengthened by Thee we forward go,
 'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe,
 Through pain or ease, through joy or woe,
 We follow Thee.
- 4 With enemies on every side,
 We lean on Thee, the Crucified,
 Forsaking all on earth beside,
 We follow Thee.

5 O Master, point Thou out the way,
 Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
 Then in the path that leads to Day,
 We follow Thee.

6 Thou hast passed on before our face;
 Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
 Oh, keep us, aid us by Thy grace:
 We follow Thee.

7 Whom have we in the heaven above,
 Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love?
 Still in Thy light we onward move;
 We follow Thee.

179.

Calmly.

TROYTE, No. 1.

A - MEN.

- 1 My God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy will be done."
- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
 Let me be still and murmur not,
 And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 "Thy will be done."
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends beloved no longer nigh,
 Submissive still would I reply,
 "Thy will be done."

4 If Thou should'st call me to resign
 What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
 I only yield Thee what is Thine—
 "Thy will be done."

5 Renew my will from day to day,
 Blend it with Thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say,
 "Thy will be done."

6 Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
 "Thy will be done."

All that's good, and great, and true, All that is and is to be,

Be it old or be it new, Comes, O Fa-ther, all from Thee. A - MEN.

2 Mercies dawn with every day,
Newer, brighter, than before,
And the sun's declining ray
Layeth others up in store.

3 Not a bird that doth not sing
Sweetest praises to Thy Name ;
Not an insect on the wing
But Thy wonders doth proclaim.

4 Far and near, o'er land and sea,
Mountain top and wooded dell,
All in singing, sing of Thee,
Songs of love ineffable.

5 Fill us then with love divine ;
Grant that we, though toiling here,
May, in spirit being Thine,
See and hear Thee everywhere.

6 May we all, with songs of praise,
Whilst on earth, Thy Name adore ;
Till with Angel choirs we raise
Songs of praise for evermore.

SECOND TUNE.

S. GURON.

All that's good, and great, and true, All that is and is to be,

Be it old or be it new, Comes, O Fa-ther, all from Thee. A - MEN.

181.

Moderate.

PASTOR BONUS.
6s. 5s. D.

Christ, who once a - mongst us As a child did dwell, Is the children's
 Sa - viour, And He loves us well; If we keep our prom-ise Made Him at the
 Font, He will be our Shep-herd, And we shall not want. A-MEN.

2 Then it was they laid us
 In those tender Arms,
 Where the lambs are carried
 Safe from all alarms;
 If we trust His promise,
 He will let us rest
 In His Arms forever,
 Leaning on His Breast.

4 He will be our Shepherd
 After as before,
 By still heavenly waters
 Lead us evermore;
 Make us lie in pastures
 Beautiful and green,
 Where none thirst or hunger,
 And no tears are seen.

3 Though we may not see Him
 For a little while,
 We shall know He holds us,
 Often feel His smile;
 Death will be to slumber
 In that sweet embrace,
 And we shall awaken
 To behold His Face.

5 Jesus, our good Shepherd,
 Laying down Thy life,
 Lest Thy sheep should perish
 In the cruel strife,
 Help us to remember
 All Thy love and care,
 Trust in Thee, and love Thee,
 Always, everywhere.

182.

Tenderly.

PALMER.
5s. 4s. D.

1. Rest of the wea - ry, Joy of the sad; Hope of the
 2. Pil - low, where, ly - ing, Love rests its head; Peace of the

GENERAL HYMNS.

drea - ry, Light of the glad; Home of the stran - ger, Strength to the
dy - ing, Life of the dead; Path of the low - ly, Prize at the
end; Re-fuge from dan - ger, Sa - viour and Friend.
end; Breath of the ho - ly, Sa - viour and Friend. A - MEN.

3 When my feet stumble, I'll to Thee cry;
Crown of the humble, cross of the high:
When my steps wander, over me bend,
Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.

4 Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing, glory, and praise:—
All my endeavour, world without end,
Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend.

183.

Moderate.

S. OSWALD.
8s. 7s.

Ho - ly Fa - ther, Thou hast taught me I should live to Thee a - lone;
Year by year Thy hand hath brought me On through dangers oft un-known. A-MEN.

2 When I wandered, Thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still Thine Arm has been around me,
All my paths were in Thy sight.

In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I,
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.

4 Therefore, Lord, I come believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith, receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength indeed.

5 I would trust in Thy protection,
Wholly rest upon Thine Arm,
Follow wholly Thy direction,
Thou mine only Guard from harm.

6 Keep me from mine own undoing;
Let me turn to Thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at Thy side.

184.

Hope.

Joyful.

PILGRIM BAND.
7s. 6s. D.

O happy band of pilgrims, If onward ye will tread,
 With Jesus as your fellow, To Jesus as your Head;
 O happy if ye labour As Jesus did for men;
 O happy if ye hunger As Jesus hungered then. A-MEN.

2 The Cross that Jesus carried
 Was carried as your due;
 The Crown that Jesus weareth
 He weareth it for you.
 The trials that beset you,
 The sorrows ye endure,
 The manifold temptations,
 That death alone can cure;

3 What are they but His jewels
 Of right celestial worth?
 What are they but the ladder
 Set up to heaven on earth?
 O happy band of pilgrims,
 Look upward to the skies,
 Where such a light affliction
 Shall win so great a prize.

185.

Joyous.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

7s.

Chil-dren of the heavenly King, As ye jour-ney sweet - ly sing:
 Sing your Saviour's wor-thy praise, Glorious in His works and ways. A-MEN.

- 2 We are travelling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod:
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.
 3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,
 Christ our Advocate was made;

- Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
 Christ conducts us to our home.
 4 Lord, obediently we go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only Thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow Thee.

186.

Joyful.

HULLAH.
6s. 5s. D.

We are lit-tle pilgrims, We are strangers here, We are hast'ning onward

To our Home most dear; All that stays our progress We will cast aside, Sinful lusts and passions, E-vil tho'ts and pride. A - MEN.

Harmony. *rall.* *a tempo.*

rall.

2 Ofttimes we are weary,
 Oftentimes in pain;
 But the hope of Heaven
 Cheers our souls again.
 Grief will there be rapture,
 Toil will there be rest;
 Each day brings us nearer
 To our Home most blest.

Love.

187.

Moderate.

WESTON.
8s. 7s. D.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find Thy promised rest;
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,—
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy grace receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave.
 Thee we would be always blessing;
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish then Thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be:
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee.
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place:
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

188.

*Joyously.*ANGEL VOICES.
7s. 6s. D.

I love to hear the story Which an - gel voi - ces tell,

How once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell. A-MEN.

I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,

The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.

2 I'm glad my Blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story
Which Angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His Angels,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story
Which Angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

189.

Moderate.

AMOR.
Is. 6s. D.

How dear - ly God must love us, And this poor world of ours,
 To spread blue skies a - bove us, And deck the earth with flowers!
 There's not a weed so low - ly, Nor bird that cleaves the air,
 But tells, in ac-cent斯 ho - ly, His kind-ness and His care. A-MEN.

2 He bids the sun to warm us,
 And light the path we tread;
 At night, lest aught should harm us,
 He guards our welcome bed:
 He gives our needful clothing,
 And sends our daily food;
 His love denies us nothing
 His wisdom deemeth good.

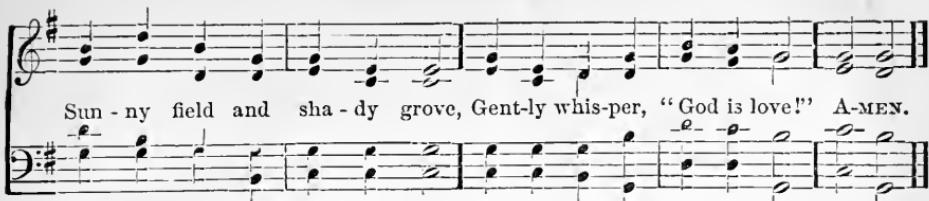
3 The Bible, too, He sends us,
 That tells how Jesus came,
 Whose word can save and cleanse us
 From guilt and sin and shame.
 O may God's mercies move us
 To serve Him with our powers,
 For O how He must love us,
 And this poor world of ours!

190.

Smoothly.

S. SALVADOR.
7s.

All things beau - ti - ful and fair, Earth and sky and balm - y air;



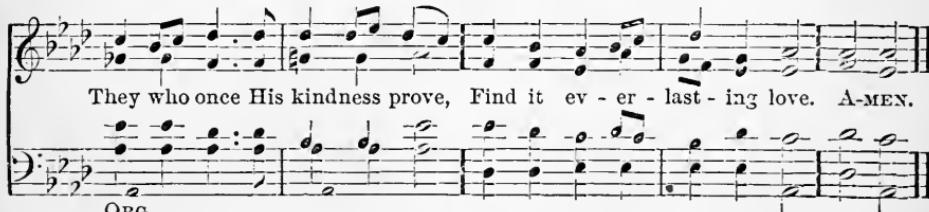
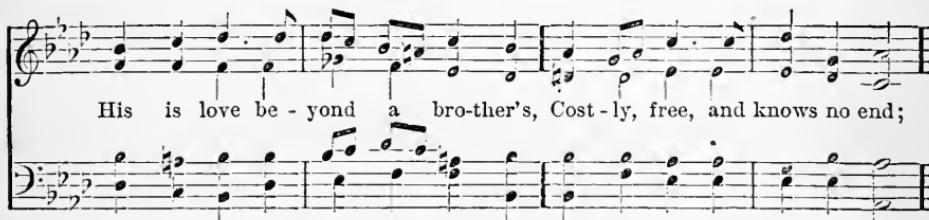
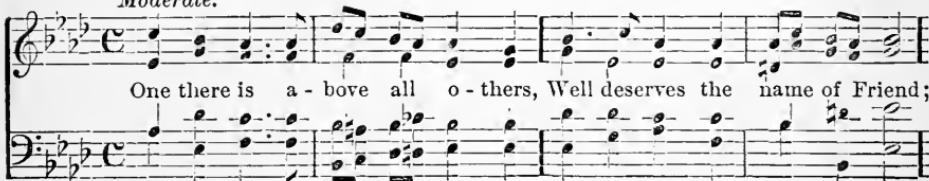
- 2 Every tree and flower we pass,
Every tuft of waving grass,
Every leaf and opening bud,
Seem to tell us "God is good".
- 3 Little streams that glide along,
Verdant, mossy banks among,

- Shadowing forth the clouds above,
Softly murmur, "God is love."
- 4 He who dwelleth high in heaven,
Unto us has all things given;
Let us, as through life we move,
Ever feel that "God is love".

191.

SHERBROOKE.
8s. 7s. 7.

Moderate.



ORG.

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would, have shed His blood?
Christ the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a Friend in need.

- 3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
Still He calls them brethren, friends;
And to all their wants attends.

- 4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But, when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

192. *Moderate.*CARITAS.
8s. 4s.

One there is a-bove all o-thers, O how He loves! His is love be-
 yond a brother's, O how He loves! Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
 One day soothe, the next day grieve us, But this Friend will ne'er de-ceive us,
 O how He loves! A - MEN.

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
 O how He loves!
 Think, O think how much we owe Him,
 O how He loves!
 With His precious blood He bought us,
 In the wilderness He sought us,
 To His fold He safely brought us,
 O how He loves!

3 We have found a friend in Jesus,
 O how He loves!
 'Tis His great delight to bless us,
 O how He loves!
 How our hearts delight to hear Him—
 Bid us dwell in safety near Him:
 Why should we distrust or fear Him?
 O how He loves!

4 Through His Name we are forgiven,
 O how He loves!
 Backward shall our foes be driven,
 O how He loves!
 Best of blessings He'll provide us,
 Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
 Safe to glory He will guide us,
 O how He loves!

193. *Moderate.*PERRY.
8s. 7s.

God is love; His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;

GENERAL HYMNS.

Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens; God is wis-dom, God is love. A-MEN.

2 Chance and change are busy ever,
Man decays and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly care entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

194.

Moderate.

HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.
8s. 7s. Six lines.

Heavenly Shep-herd, guide and feed us Thro' our pil - grim-age be - low;

And by liv - ing wa-ters lead us Where Thy flock rejoic - ing go;

Heavenly Shepherd, Heavenly Shepherd, Thou hast loved us, Thine we are. A - MEN.

2 Lord, Thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly bending, we implore;
We have found Thee, and would never,
Never wander from Thee more.
Heavenly Shepherd, Heavenly Shepherd,
Thou hast loved us, Thine we are.

195.

Joyful.

POSEN.
7s.

Fa-ther, lead me, day by day, E - ver in Thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true, Show me what I ought to do. A-MEN.

- 2 When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that Thou canst save:
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;
Let me in Thy love abide.
- 3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.
- 4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee,—

Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

- 5 When my work seems hard and dry,
May I press on cheerily;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.
- 6 May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be.

196.

Joyful.

PERCIVALS.
7s.

Sa-viour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
Sweet-er les-son can-not be Lov-ing Him who first loved me. A-MEN.

- 2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

- 4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

197.

Moderate.

CLAUGHTON.
8s. 7s.

Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me; He is always, always near:
If I try to please Him truly, There is nought that I can fear. A-MEN.

- 2 Jesus loves me,—well I know it,
For to save my soul He died:
He for me bore pain and, sorrow,
Nailed hands and pierced side.
3 Jesus loves me,—night and morning
Jesus hears the prayers I pray;
And He never, never leaves me,
When I work or when I play.

- 4 Jesus loves me,—and He watches
Over me with loving eye,
And He sends His Holy Angels,
Safe to keep me, till I die.
5 Jesus loves me,—O Lord Jesus,
Now I pray Thee by Thy love,
Keep me ever pure and holy,
Till I come to Thee above!

198.

Moderate.

HART.
7s.

Christ is mer - ci - ful and mild; He was once a lit - tle child;
He whom heavenly hosts a-dore, Lived on earth a - mong the poor. A-MEN.

- 2 Thus He laid His glory by,
When for us He stooped to die;
How I wonder, when I see
His unbounded love to me.
3 He the sick to health restored,
To the poor He preached the word;
Even children had a share
Of His love and tender care.

- 4 Every bird can build its nest;
Foxes have their place of rest;
He, by whom the world was made,
Had not where to lay His head.
5 He who is the Lord most high,
Then was poorer far than I,
That I might hereafter be
Rich to all eternity.

199.

*Joyful.*DOMINUS REGIT ME.
8s. 7s.

- 2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransom'd soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish, oft I stray'd,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing brought me.

- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.
- 5 Thou spreadst a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestowth,
And O the transport of delight
With which my cup o'erfloweth.

6 And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever!

200. *Moderate.*BROCKLESURY.
8s. 7s.

- 2 Yes! o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth night and day;
Yes! e'en me, e'en me He snatched
From the perils of the way.
- 3 Yes! for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

- 4 Yes! in me, in me He dwelleth,
I in Him, and He in me;
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here, and through eternity.
- 5 Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the joyful song of even.

201.

Boldly.

Courage.

S. ASAPH.
8s. 7s. D.

Through the night of doubt and sor - row, Onward goes the pil - grim band,



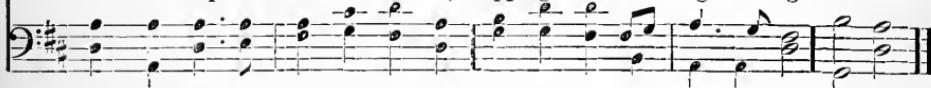
Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, Marching to the Promised Land.



Clear be - fore us through the darkness Gleams and burns the guid - ing Light;



Broth - er clasps the hand of brother, Stepping fearless through the night. A-MEN.



2 One the Light of God's own Presence,
O'er His ransom'd people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

3 One the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun;
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore.
Where the one Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom!

202.

Boldly.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

7s.

Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Chris-tians, on - ward go:
 Fight the fight, main-tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life. A - MEN.

- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
 Join the war and face the foe:
 Will ye flee in danger's hour?
 Know ye not your Captain's power?
 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
 March in heavenly armor clad:
 Fight, nor think the battle long,
 Victory soon shall tune your song.

- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
 Soon shall every tear be dry;
 Let not fears your course impede,
 Great your strength, if great your need.
 5 Onward then in battle move,
 More than conquerors ye shall prove:
 Though opposed by many a foe,
 Christian soldiers, onward go.

203.

Boldly.

VICTORY.
7s. 6s. D.

{ Go for - ward, Chris - tian sol - dier! Be - beneath His ban - ner true;
 { The Lord Him - self thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due:

 His love fore-tells thy tri - als; He knows thine hourly need;

 He can with bread of hea - ven Thy faint-ing spir - it feed. A - MEN.

- 2 Go forward, Christian soldier!
 Fear not the secret foe;
 Far more o'er thee are watching
 Than human eyes can know;
 Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
 Cease not to watch and pray;
 Heed not the treacherous voices
 That lure thy soul astray.
 3 Go forward, Christian soldier!
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,
 'Till Satan's host is vanquished,
 And heaven is all possessed;

- 'Till Christ HImself shall call thee
 To lay thine armor by,
 And wear in endless glory
 The crown of victory.
 4 Go forward, Christian soldier!
 Fear not the gathering night,
 The Lord has been thy Shelter,
 The Lord will be thy Light.
 When morn His face reveleth,
 Thy dangers all are past;
 Oh, pray that faith and virtue
 May keep thee to the last!

204.

Action.

CHRISTMAS.
C. M.

Earnestly.

A-wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigour on; A heavenly
 race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown. A-MEN.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all animating voice
 That calls thee from on high,

'Tis His own hand presents the prize
 To thine uplifted eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

205. *Moderate.*MABEL.
8s. 7s. 4.

In the vine-yard of our Fa-ther, Dai-ly work we find to do; Scattered
 gleanings we may gather, Though we are but young and few; Lit-tle clusters, Lit - tle
 clusters Help to fill the garners too. A-MEN.

2 Toiling early in the morning,
 Catching moments through the day,
 Nothing small or lowly scorning
 While we work, and watch, and pray;
 Gathering gladly
 Free-will offerings by the way.

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
 Not for objects nothing worth,
 But to send the blessed story
 Of the Gospel o'er the earth,
 Telling mortals
 Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

4 Steadfast, then, in our endeavour,
 Heavenly Father, may we be;
 And for ever, and for ever,
 We will give the praise to Thee;
 Hallelujah
 Singing, all eternity.

206.

Moderate.

ALSTONE.
L. M.

We are but lit - tle chil - dren weak, Nor born in a - ny high es - tate;
 What can we do for Je - sus' sake, Who is so high, and good, and great? A-MEN.

- 2 O, day by day each Christian child
 Has much to do, without, within;
 A death to die for Jesus' sake,
 A weary war to wage with sin.
 3 When deep within our swelling hearts
 The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
 When bitter words are on our tongues,
 And tears of passion in our eyes;

- 4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
 Then we may check the hasty word,
 Give gentle answers back again,
 And fight a battle for our Lord.
 5 There's not a child so small and weak
 But has his little cross to take,
 His little work of love and praise
 That he may do for Jesus' sake.

207.

Joyous.

Heaven.

JERUSALEM.
C. M.

Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name e - ver dear to me,
 When shall my la-bours have an end? In joy and peace, and thee? A-MEN.

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
 And pearly gates behold? [walls,
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?
 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know:
 Blest seats! through rude and stormy
 I onward press to you. [scenes
 4 Why should I shrink from pain or woe,
 Or feel at death dismay?

- I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand:
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.
 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

208.

*Joyous.*HEAVENLY CITY.
8s. 7s. with Refrain.

2 All the walls of that dear City
Are of bright and burnished gold;
It is matchless in its beauty.
And its treasures are untold.
Oh that I had, &c.

5 Where it waters leafy Eden,
Rolling over silver sands,
Sit the Angels, softly chiming
On the harps between their hands
Oh that I had, &c.

3 In the midst of that dear City
Christ is reigning on His seat,
And the Angels swing their censers
In a ring about His feet.
Oh that I had, &c.

6 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the Seraphs and the Elders,
And the great redeemed throng.
Oh that I had, &c.

4 From the throne a river issues
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the City
Like a sudden beam of light.
Oh that I had, &c.

7 Oh I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain!
Oh I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain!
Oh that I had, &c.

ORG.

209.

Cheerful.

EWING.
7s. 6s. D.

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,

Be -neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.

I know not, O I know not What joys a - wait us there,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond compare. A-MEN.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

210.

Cheerful.

O BONA PATRIA.
7s. 6s. D.

For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eys their vig - ils keep;

For ver - y love be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep,

The men - tion of thy glo - ry, Is unc - tion to the breast,

And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. A - MEN.

2 O one, O only mansion;
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

211.

Moderate.

S. MARGARET.
6s. D.

There is a bless - ed Home Be - yond this land of woe,
 Where tri - als nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow;
 Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crown'd,
 And ev - er-last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round. A-MEN.

2 There is a land of peace,
 Good angels know it well;
 Glad songs that never cease
 Within its portals swell;
 Around its glorious throne
 Ten thousand saints adore
 Christ, with the Father One,
 And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
 To see the Lamb who died,
 And count each sacred wound
 In hands and feet and side;
 To give to Him the praise
 Of every triumph won,
 And sing through endless days
 The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
 Nor fear to tread below
 The path your Saviour trod
 Of daily toil and woe;
 Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love,
 His own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome you above.

212.

Cheerful.

CHENIES.
7s. 6s. D.

There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,

A Friend who nev - er chan - ges, Whose love will nev - er die:

Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with chang-ing years,

This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The precious Name He bears. A-MEN.

2 There's a rest for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And to the Father cry,—
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free;
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

4 There are crowns for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear them by-and-by;
Yea, crowns of brightest glory
Which He shall sure bestow,
On all who loved the Saviour,
And walked with Him below.

5 There are songs for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And harps of sweetest music
For their hymn of victory:
And all above is pleasure,
And found in Christ alone;
Lord, grant Thy little children,
To know Thee as their own.

213.

Joyous.

HULLAH.
Ss. 7s. 7.

2 These are they, who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng.
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

3 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven,
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

214.

Moderate.

S. MONICA.
L. M.

2 'Tis there, my child, far, far above,
That Heaven's eternal Kinrdom lies,
There holy Angels dwell in love,
And tears are wiped from off all eyes.
3 It is a happy, happy place,
Without a sorrow, pain, or care,

There you may see the Saviour's face,
Who loves to take good children there.
4 O pray each night that God may bless,
And keep you while on earth you stay,
And give you endless happiness,
When from the earth you pass away.

215. *Moderate.*S. EDMUND.
6s. 4s.

We are but strangers here, Heaven is our Home; Earth is a des-er-t drear,
 Heaven is our Home. Danger and sorrow stand Round us on every hand, Heaven is our
 Father-land, Heaven is our Home. A-MEN.

3 There at our Saviour's side,
 Heaven is our Home:
 May we be glorified;
 Heaven is our Home:
 There are the good and blest,
 Those we love most and best,
 Grant us with them to rest;
 Heaven is our Home.

2 What though the tempests rage?
 Heaven is our Home;
 Short is our pilgrimage,
 Heaven is our Home.
 And Time's wild wintry blast
 Soon shall be overpast,
 We shall reach home at last;
 Heaven is our Home.

4 Grant us to murmur not,
 Heaven is our Home;
 Whate'er our earthly lot,
 Heaven is our Home.
 Grant us at last to stand
 There at Thine own Right Hand
 Jesus, in Fatherland;
 Heaven is our Home!

216. *Moderate.*REALMS OF THE BLEST.
P. M.

We speak of the realms of the blest, Of that country so bright and so fair;
 And oft are its glo-ries con-fess'd; But what must it be to be there? A-MEN.

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
 Of its walls deck'd with jewels most rare,
 Its wonders and pleasures untold—
 But what must it be to be there?
 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care,
 From trials without and within—
 But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its service of love,
 The robes which the glorified wear
 The Church of the First-born above—
 But what must it be to be there?
 5 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
 For heaven our spirits prepare;
 Then soon shall we joyfully know
 And feel what it is to be there.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.
 Angels of Jesus, &c.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
 Angels of Jesus, &c.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 Angels of Jesus, &c.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
 Angels of Jesus, &c.

218.

Moderate.

PARADISE.
P. M.

O Par-a-dise! O Par-a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who
 would not seek the hap-py land Where they that loved are blest? Where
 loy-al hearts and true Stand ev-er in the light; All
 rap-ture thro' and thro' In God's most ho- ly sight. A-MEN.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 The world is growing old;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold?
 Where loyal hearts and true, &c.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 'Tis weary waiting here;
 I long to be where Jesus is,
 To feel, to see Him near;
 Where loyal hearts and true, &c.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I want to sin no more,
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on thy spotless shore;
 Where loyal hearts and true, &c.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 In love prepares for me;
 Where loyal hearts and true, &c.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
 O keep me in Thy love,
 And guide me to that happy land
 Of perfect rest above;
 Where loyal hearts and true,
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

219.

Moderate.

to the wondrous

PARRY.
8s. 7s. D.

Listen to the won-drous sto-ry. Je - sus left His throne on high;

He, the Lord of life and glory,

He, the Lord of life and glo - ry, Came to dwell on earth and die. Prophets

thru' the long past a-ges, From Cre - a-tion's ear - ly dawn, Christ foretold in

sacred pages, Shadowing forth a glorious morn. A-MEN.

2 Like a vein of metal golden,
Through the Holy books it ran ;
First obscured in language olden,
Then a promise clear to man.
"Unto us a child is given,"
Formed like us in mortal mould ;
Sinless as the hosts of heaven,
Jesus, Shepherd of the fold.

3 Seraphs bright on high adore Him
In the crystal paven street;
Cast their glittering crowns before Him
At the blessed Saviour's feet.

He has closed hell's yawning portals,
Opening wide the gates of heaven;
He has won for sinful mortals
Peace, the peace of the forgiven.

220.

Joyous.

REGENT SQUARE.
8s. 7s. Six lines.

Light's a - bode, ee - les - tial Sa - lem, Vis - ion whence true peace doth spring;

GENERAL HYMNS.

Bright-er than the heart can fan - ey, Man-sion of the high-est King;

O how glo-rious are the prais - es Which of thee the Prophets sing. A-MEN.

2 There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken,
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

3 There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noonday, glorious noonday,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
There unknown are toil and care.

4 O how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong and free;
Full of vigour, full of pleasure,
That shall last eternally.

5 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

221. *Moderate.*

Miscellaneous.

CRUSADERS' HYMN.
P. M.

Beau - ti - ful Saviour, King of ere - a - tion, Son of God and Son of Man!

Tru-ly I'd love Thee, Tru-ly I'd serve Thee, Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown. AMEN.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer the woodlands,
Robed in flowers of blooming spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer.

He makes our sorrowing spirits sing.
3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer the moonlight,
And the sparkling stars on high;

Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels in the sky.

4 Beautiful Saviour,
Lord of the nations,
Son of God and Son of man!
Glory and honour,
Praise, adoration,
Now and for evermore be Thine.

When Je - sus left His Father's throne, He chose an humble birth; Like us, un-hon-our'd
 and unknown, He came to dwell on earth, Like Him may we be found be-low, In wisdom's
 path of peace; Like Him in grace and knowledge grow, As years and strength increase. A-MEN.

2 Sweet were His words and kind His look,
 When mothers round Him press'd;
 Their infants in His arms He took,
 And on His bosom bless'd.
 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
 Beneath His watchful eye,
 Thus in the circle of His arms
 May we for ever lie.

3 When Jesus into Salem rode,
 The children sang around;
 For joy they pluck'd the palms, and
 Their garments on the ground. [strow'd
 Hosanna our glad voices raise,
 Hosanna to our King!
 Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
 The stones themselves would sing.

Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God Most High,
 Pity-ing, lov - ing Sa - viour, Hear Thy children's cry. A - MEN.

2 Pardon our offences,
 Loose our captive chains,
 Break down every idol
 Which our soul detains.
 3 Give us holy freedom,
 Fill our hearts with love;
 Draw us, Holy Jesus,
 To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
 Be Thyself the Way,
 Through terrestrial darkness,
 To celestial day.
 5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
 Son of God Most High,
 Pity-ing, loving Saviour,
 Hear Thy children's cry.

224. *Quietly.*S. AGATHA.
8s. 7s. Six lines.

Gra-cious Saviour, gentle Shepherd, Lit-tle ones are dear to Thee; Gathered with Thine
 arms, and car-ried In Thy bos-om may we be; Sweetly, fond-ly, safely tend-ed,
 From all want and an-ger free. A-MEN.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
 From Thy fold to go astray;
 By Thy look of love directed
 May we walk the narrow way;
 Thus direct us, and protect us,
 Lest we fall an easy prey.

3 Let Thy holy Word instruct us;
 Fill our minds with heavenly light;
 Let Thy love and grace constrain us
 To approve whate'er is right,
 Take Thine easy yoke and wear it,
 And to prove Thy burden light.

225.

*Moderately.*HOLYROOD.
S. M.

Fair waved the gold - en corn In Ca-naan's pleas - ant land,
 When full of joy some shi-ning morn, Went forth the rea-per - band. A-MEN.

2 To God so good and great
 Their cheerful thanks they pour;
 Then carry to His temple-gate
 The choicest of their store.

3 Like Israel, Lord, we give
 Our earliest fruits to Thee,
 And pray that, long as we shall live,
 We may Thy children be.

4 Thine is our youthful prime,
 And life and all its powers;
 Be with us in our morning time,
 And bless our evening hours.

5 In wisdom let us grow,
 As years and strength are given,
 That we may serve Thy Church below,
 And join Thy saints in heaven.

226.

Moderate.

BEATITUDE.
C. M.

Thou art the Way; to Thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee. A - MEN.

2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone

True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb

Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

227.

Moderate.

SILOAM.
C. M.

By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the lil - y grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sha-ron's dew - y rose! A - MEN.

2 Lo! such a child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer ageWill shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
Were all alike divine: [crown'd,6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

228.

Quietly.

FLOWERS.
P. M.

Up above the bright blue sky, Where the stars are peeping, Farther still than I can
 see, Heav'ly watchers o - ver me, Night-ly care are keeping. A - MEN.

- 2 And, if like the Angels, I
 Could behold around me,
 I should see them come and go,
 Pass from Heaven to earth below;
 And their hosts surround me.
 3 All day long, and all night too,
 While I'm safely sleeping,
 Busy on their task of love,
 They are sent from Heaven above
 Faithful vigil keeping.
 4 And whilst us, from evil things
 Angels are defending,
 Little children robed in white

Sing before the throne of light,
 In daylight never ending.

- 5 Jesus took them for His own,
 Made them pure and holy,
 And on earth His gentle love
 Trained them for their Home above,
 Safe from sin and folly.
 6 Blessed Jesus take me too,
 Though I'm weak and lowly,
 Let Thy gentle grace within
 Make my garments white and clean,
 And my spirit holy.

229. Quietly.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.
L. M.

A - round the Throne of God a band Of glo - ri - ous An - gels e - ver stand;
 Bright things they see, sweet harps they hold, And on their heads are crowns of gold. A-MEN.

- 2 Some wait around Him, ready still
 To sing His praise and do His will;
 And some, when He commands them, go
 To guard His servants here below.
 3 Lord give Thy Angels every day
 Command to guide us on our way,

- And bid them every evening keep
 Their watch around us while we sleep.
 4 So shall no wicked thing draw near,
 To do us harm or cause us fear;
 And we shall dwell, when life is past,
 With Angels round Thy Throne at last.

230.

Moderate.

BOST.
8s. 7s. D.

All Thy works, O Heavenly Fa-ther, What Thou biddest them, ful - fil,
 Shall not I, Thy child, much ra-ther Sing Thy praise and do Thy will?
 Hith-er - to Thy hand hath led me, And hath brought me on my way;
 Thou hast clothed me, Thou hast fed me, Thou hast blest me ev - ery day. A-MEN.

2 Lord, 'tis of Thy loving kindness
 That Thy Gospel I have known;
 Else I might have sat in blindness,
 Bowing down to wood and stone.
 To Thy Font my parents brought me,
 Ere Thy tender love I knew;
 And Thy minister has taught me
 What to flee, and what to do.

3 Since my time is like an arrow,
 Hast'ning on without delay:
 And Thy gate is straight and narrow,
 Very narrow is the way;
 Thou who gav'st Thy Son to save me,
 Send Thy Holy Spirit down;
 Make me do as Thou wouldest have me,
 Make me more and more Thine own.

231.

Moderate.

ELEANOR.
7s.

God of mer - cy throned on high, Lis - ten from Thy lof - ty seat;

GENERAL HYMNS.

Hear, O hear our hum-ble cry, Guide, O guide our wan-d'ring feet. A-MEN.

- 2 Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.
- 3 Jesus, Lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine!

- 4 Let us ever hear Thy voice;
Ask Thy counsel every day;
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in Wisdom's way.
- 5 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul:
Hope, till time shall be no more;
Love, while endless ages roll.

232.

Moderate.

ANGEL VOICES.

P. M.

An - gel voi - ces e - ver sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,

An - gel harps, for e - ver ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;

Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And confess Thee, Lord of might! A - MEN.

- 2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mental eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us
And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
- 3 Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine!
Thou didst ears and hands and voices

- For Thy praise combine!
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure, didst design.
- 4 Here, Great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer
All unworthily.
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest melody.

233.

Moderate.

ROSSLYN.
P. M.

I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
 Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He call'd lit - the chil - dren as
 lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. A - MEN.

- 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
 That His arm had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
 Let the little ones come unto Me.
- 3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in His love;
 And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
 I shall see Him and hear Him above.
- 4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
 For all who are washed and forgiven;
 And many dear children shall be with Him there,
 For such is the kingdom of heaven.
- 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
 Never heard of that heavenly home;
 I wish they could know there is room for them all,
 And that Jesus has bid them to come.

234.

Moderate.

HOPKINS.
P. M.

God hath made the moon, whose beam Shimmers soft o'er hill and stream, Lighting with her

GENERAL HYMNS.

sil - v'ry gleam All our lone-ly way: Glides she, with companions bright, Thro' the si-lent
 hours of night; Then fades in o - ver-whelming light, Lost in per - fect day. A-MEN.

2 God hath made the glorious sun,
 Through his daily course to run;
 From the dawn till day is done
 Brightly shineth he.
 When his circling round is o'er,
 And we see him here no more,
 He rises on a brighter shore,
 Far beyond the sea.

3 God hath sent me here below,
 In my daily life to show,
 Constant love to friend and foe,
 As He showed for me.
 When we here have closed our eyes,
 Sunk where death's dark ocean lies,
 To worlds of glory may we rise,
 Lighted, Lord, by Thee!

235.

Moderate.

WILFRED.

7s.

Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;
 Pit - y my sim - pli - c - i - ty; Suf - fer me to come to Thee. A-MEN

2 Hold me fast in Thine embrace;
 Let me see Thy smiling face;
 Give me, Lord, Thy blessing give;
 Pray for me, and I shall live.
 3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
 Thou shalt my example be;
 Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
 Thou wast once a little child.

4 Let me, above all, fulfil
 God my Heavenly Father's will;
 Never His good Spirit grieve,
 Only to His glory live.
 5 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
 In Thy gracious hands I am;
 Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
 Live Thyself within my heart.

6 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
 Serve Thee all my happy days;
 Then the world shall always see
 Christ, the holy Child, in me.

236.

Cheerful.

HOLY INNOCENTS.
8s. 7s. D.

Heaven-ly Fa-ther, send Thy bless-ing On Thy chil-dren gath-ered here,
 May they all, Thy Name con-fess-ing, Be to Thee for e- ver dear:
 May they be like Jo-seph, lov-ing, Di-ti-ful, and chaste, and pure;
 And their faith like Da-vid, prov-ing, Steadfast un-to death en-dure. A-MEN.

2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness
 Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
 Guide their steps and help their weakness,
 Bless and make them like to Thee;
 Bear Thy lambs when they are weary
 In Thine arms and at Thy breast,
 Through life's desert dry and dreary,
 Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
 Holy Spirit from above,
 Guide them, lead them, go before them,
 Give them peace, and joy, and love:
 Thy true temples, Holy Spirit,
 May they with Thy glory shine,
 And immortal bliss inherit,
 And for evermore be Thine.

237.

Moderate.

CECIL.
8s. 7s. 4.

Fa-ther, though Thy Name be ho-ly, High and lift-ed up Thy throne,

GENERAL HYMNS.

Still, Thou stoopest to the lowly, And wilt such with favou own.
Heav'ly Fa-ther, Heav'ly Fa-ther, Let us wor-ship Thee a-lone. A-MEN.

2 Heaven itself cannot contain Thee,
Bright and glorious as Thou art;
Yet a little child may claim Thee
As a dweller in his heart.
Heavenly Father,
Let me not from Thee depart.

3 With Thy gracious presence cheer me,
Keep me in Thy perfect love;
All my journey be Thou near me,
Bring me to Thy home above.
Heavenly Father,
May I all Thy fulness prove!

238.

* Joyous.

BREIDDEN.
7s. 6s.

All things bright and beau-ti-ful, All creatures great and small,
All things wise and won-der-ful, The Lord God made them all. A-MEN.

* Omit in verse 1.

- 2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.
- 3 The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
He made them, high and lowly,
And ordered their estate.
- 4 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky.

- 5 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.
- 6 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day;
- 7 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

239.

Joyous.

DRESDEN.

7s. 6s. D. with Chorus.

We plough the fields, and scatter The good seed on the land, But
it is fed and wa - tered By God's al-mighty hand; He sends the snow in
win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breezes, and the sunshine, And
soft re-freshing rain. All good gifts a-round us Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, Oh! thank the Lord, for all His love. A - MEN.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far:
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
Clio.—All good gifts, &c.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer,
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest
Our humble, thankful hearts.
Clio.—All good gifts &c.

240. *Moderate.*STAINER.
7s. 6s. D.

I love the Ho - ly An - gels, So beau - ti - ful and bright;
 And though I can - not see them, They're with me day and night:
 They watch a - round my bed - side. They see me at my play;
 They know my eve - ry ac - tion, They hear the words I say. A - MEN.

2 'Tis God our Heavenly Father,
 Who doth the Angels send,
 To guard His little children
 Until their life shall end.
 When we are cross and naughty,
 The Holy Angels grieve,
 For they are sad when children
 The way of goodness leave.

3 And when I die, the Angels
 Will bear my soul away,
 While here my body resteth
 Until the Judgment Day.
 They'll bear me gently, softly,
 With loving care most sweet,
 And lay me down in safety
 At my Redeemer's feet.

4 There with the Holy Angels,
 And holy men of old,
 And all good friends who loved me,
 Too many to be told,
 Shall I be with the Angels,
 And all that people bright,
 For ever and for ever,
 In God's most glorious light,

5 Among the flowers of Heaven
 That never die or fade,
 And far more lovely music,
 Than here on earth is made,
 For ever, ever happy
 Together we shall be,
 For there our Lord and Saviour
 For ever we shall see!

241.

Moderate.

S. HELIER.
7s. 6s. D.

The wise may bring their learn-ing, The rich may bring their wealth,
 And some may bring their great-ness, And some bring strength and health;
 We, too, would bring our treas-ures, To of-fer to the King;
 We have no wealth or learn-ing, What shall we chil-dren bring? A-MEN.

2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
 We'll bring Him thankful praise;
 And young souls meekly striving
 To walk in holy ways.
 And these shall be the treasures
 We offer to the King,
 And these are gifts that ever
 The poorest child may bring.

3 We'll bring the little duties
 We have to do each day,
 We'll try our best to please Him
 At home, at school, at play.
 And better are these treasures
 To offer to our King,
 Than richest gifts without them;
 Yet these a child may bring.

242.

Moderate.

CALKIN.
6s. 5s. D.

Je-sus Christ, our Saviour, Once for us a child, In Thy whole be-ha-viour,

Meek, obedient, mild; In Thy footsteps treading We Thy lambs will be, Foe nor danger

dread-ing, While we follow Thee. A-MEN.

3 We, Thy children, raising
Unto Thee our hearts,
In Thy constant praising
Bear our dutious parts.
As Thy love hath won us
From the world away,
Still Thy hands put on us;
Bless us day by day.

2 For all Thou bestowest,
All Thou dost withhold,
Whatsoe'er Thou knowest
Best for us, Thy fold.
For all gifts and graces
While we live below,
Till in heavenly places
We Thy face shall know.

4 Let Thine Angels guide us;
Let Thine Arms enfold;
In Thy Bosom hide us,
Sheltered from the cold;
To Thyself us gather,
'Mid the ransomed host,
Praising Thee, the Father,
And the Holy Ghost.

243.

Brightly.

S. MONICA.
7s.

Sweet it is for child like me, Bless-ed Lord, to think of Thee,

For our sake so low-ly made, And in Bethlehem's manger laid. A-MEN.

2 Of the Virgin Mary born,
Thou wilt not an infant scorn,
Wrapped in swaddling clothes wast Thou,
Throned in highest glory now.

5 Saviour, from Thy Word I learn
There are gifts Thou wilt not spurn—
Gifts that little ones may bring
To their Brother and their King.

3 Laid in helplessness to rest,
Pilloved upon Mary's breast,
Thou, whose everlasting Arms
Fold us all secure from harms.

6 Childlike heart of truth shall be
Dearer gift than gold to Thee,
And its prayer and psalm shall rise
Like sweet incense to the skies.

4 What can little ones like me
Find to offer unto Thee?
Only of Thy bounty fed,
Suplicants for our daily bread.

7 Teach me then Thy steps to trace,
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
All Thy footsteps as a child,
Holy, harmless, undefiled.

244. *Moderately quick.*HEAVENLY MESSENGERS.
6s. D.

The Ho - ly An - gels sing, Through all the end - less days,
One nev - er - end - ing song Of glad tri - um - phant praise.

The Ho - ly An - gels come To help us on our way;

Ye bles - sed ones! for - bear, And close be - side us stay. A-MEN.

2 Forbear with all our sins,
Our wayward selfish will;
Our penitence accept,
And guide and bless us still.
"Heirs of Salvation" made
Within His Holy Place,
The Angels now behold
Our Heavenly Father's Face!

3 They worship, evermore
On His Eternal Throne,
The perfect God and Man,
The sole Begotten One.
Yet, day and night they guard
His little ones from ill,
And by their works of love,
They do His perfect will.

4 O gracious Father! grant
That we, so loved and blest,
Like them, from praise and love
May never, never rest.
Now to the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing and thanks be given,
By Angels and by men,
On earth, as, aye, in Heaven!

245.

Joyful.

IRBY.
8s. 7s. 7.

Once in roy - al Da - vid's ei - ty Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,

Where a moth-er laid her Ba - by, In a man-ger for His bed:

Ma - ry was that mother mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. A-MEN.

2 He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His eradle was a stall;
With the poor, the mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour, and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,*
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

246. *Moderate.*PURITAS.
L. M. D.

Bless - ed are the pure in heart; They have loved the bet - ter part;
 When life's jour - ney they have trod, They shall go to see their God.
 Till in glo - ry they ap - pear They shall oft - en see Him here;
 And His grace shall learn to know In His glorious works be - low. A - MEN.

2 When the sun begins to rise,
 Spreading brightness through the skies,
 They will love to praise and bless,
 Christ, the Sun of Righteousness.
 In the watches of the night,
 When the stars are clear and bright,
 "Thus the just shall shine," they say,
 "In the Resurrection-day."

3 When the leaves in Autumn die,
 Falling fast and silently, [dead,
 "These," they think, "that now seem
 Shall in Spring lift up their head."
 God in everything they see;
 First in all their thoughts is He:
 They had loved the better part:—
 Blessed are the pure in heart.

247. *Moderate.*ALLEN.
8s. 7s. 7.

Bless-ed Je - sus, wilt Thou hear us, Lit - tle chhildren though we be?

GENERAL HYMNS.

Sa - viour, wilt Thou now be near us, While we try to sing to Thee?
 Thou hast bid us not to fear;— “Bring the lit - tle children near.” A-MEN.

2 We have often heard the story
 Of Thy great and wondrous love;
 How Thou left the world of glory,
 And Thy Father's house above,
 Here to suffer and to die
 For such little ones as I.

3 O how very meek and lowly
 Little children then should be,
 When the Son of God most holy
 Came a little child like me;—
 Thou didst suffer grief and shame
 Like a meek and quiet lamb.

4 May our sins be all forgiven,
 Take our naughty hearts away;
 Bring us all at last to heaven,
 Ever there with Thee to stay;
 There may we, Thy children, raise
 Hymns of joy and perfect praise.

248. *Moderate.*

VENABLES.
 L. M.

With - in the tem - ple's hallowed walls, How meek-ly sat the Ho - ly Child,

And listened when the doctors taught, And meekly questioned soft and mild. A-MEN.

2 He did His Father's work betimes,
 He loved within His courts to stay,
 While three long days the Mother trod
 Alone her weary homeward way.

3 Oh! shame on any Christian child
 Who does not love the house of prayer;
 Who goes with cold, unwilling heart,
 To serve his Heavenly Father there:

4 Who takes no heed when holy words
 Are spoken to his listless ears,
 Nor ever questions in his heart,
 What mean the sacred things he hears.

5 Come let him learn what Jesus did,
 And love to trace, with wondering eyes,
 His perfect works, His holy ways,
 Who was in early years so wise.

6 And let him ask of God in heaven,
 A spirit teachable and mild,
 A simple heart to learn and love,
 Like Jesus, that sweet, Holy Child.

249. *Moderate. Voices in unison.*THANET.
7s. 6s. D.

We sing a lov-ing Je - sus Who left His throne a - bove,
 And came on earth to ran - som The chil - dren of His love;
 It is an oft - told sto - ry, And yet we love to tell
 How Christ, the King of glo - ry, Once deigned with man to dwell. A-MEN.

2 We sing a holy Jesus;
 No taint of sin defiled
 The Babe of David's city,
 The pure and stainless child:
 O teach us, blessed Saviour,
 Thy heavenly grace to seek,
 And let our whole behaviour,
 Like Thine, be mild and meek.

3 We sing a lowly Jesus,
 No kingly crown He had;
 His heart was bowed with anguish,
 His face was marred and sad;
 In deep humiliation
 He came, His work to do;
 O Lord of our salvation,
 Let us be humble too.

4 We sing a mighty Jesus,
 Whose voice could raise the dead;
 The sightless eyes He opened,
 The famished souls He fed.
 Thou camest to deliver
 Mankind from sin and shame;
 Redeemer and life giver,
 We praise Thy holy Name!

5 We sing a coming Jesus;
 The time is drawing near,
 When Christ with all His Angels
 In glory shall appear;
 Lord, save us, we entreat Thee,
 In this Thy day of grace,
 That we may gladly meet Thee,
 And see Thee face to face.

250.

Moderate.

S. JOHN'S.
8s. 7s. D.

Who is this, so weak and help-less, Child of low - ly He - brew maid?

Rude - ly in a sta - ble shel-ter'd, Cold - ly in a man - ger laid?

'Tis the Lord of all cre - a - tion, Who this won-drous path hath trod;

He is God from e - ver - last-ing, And to e - ver - last - ing, God. A-MEN.

2 Who is this, a Man of sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now prepares the many mansions,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

3 Who is this—behold Him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mock'd, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His throne.

4 Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns,
On the cross with sinners number'd,
Pierced by nails and crown'd with thorns?
'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingily.

251.

Moderate.

CHEDDAR.
8s. 7s. D.

Lord, a lit - tle band and low - ly, We are come to sing to Thee,
 Thou art great, and high, and ho - ly, Oh! how sol - emn we should be.
 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Je - sus, And of heav'n where He is gone,
 And let nothing e - ver please us, He would grieve to look up - on. A-MEN.

2 For we know the Lord of glory
 Always sees what children do,
 And is writing now the story
 Of our thoughts and actions too.

Let our sins be all forgiven,
 Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
 Lead us on our way to heaven,
 There to sing a nobler song.

252.

Moderate.

SAMUEL.
6s. 8s.

Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark,

GENERAL HYMNS.

The lamp was burn - ing dim, Be - fore the sa - cred ark:

When sud-den-ly a voice di-vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine. A-MEN.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;

And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The LORD to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy House Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates.
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 Oh! give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death.
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

253. *Brightly.*

HAPPY LAND.
P. M.

There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way, { Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day: }

Worthy is our Saviour King; Loud let His praises ring; Praise, praise for aye. A-MEN.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away:
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye.

254. *Cheerful.*RUGBY.
8s. 7s. D.

We are lit - tle Chris-tian chil-dren, We can run, and talk, and play;

The great God of earth and heav - en, Made and keeps us eve - ry day.

2. We are lit - tle Chris-tian chil-dren; Christ, the Son of God most high,

With His precious Blood redeem'd us, Dy - ing that we might not die. A-MEN.

3 We are little Christian children,
God, the Holy Ghost, is here;
Dwelling in our hearts, to make us
Kind and holy, good and dear.

4 We are little Christian children,
Sav'd by Him who lov'd us most,
We believe in God Almighty,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Cheerful.

WESTLAKE.
7s. D.

In our work, and in our play, Je-sus, be Thou ev-er near;

Guard-ing, guid-ing all the day, Keep-ing in Thy ho-ly fear.

2. Thou didst toil, a low-ly Child, In the far off Ho-ly Land,

Bless-ing la-bour un-de-filed, Pure and hon-est of the hand. A-MEN.

3 Thou wilt bless our playhour too,
If we ask Thy succour strong;
Watch o'er all we say and do,
Hold us back from guilt and wrong.

4 Oh! how happy thus to spend,
Work and playtime in His sight,
Till the Rest which shall not end,
Till the Day which knows not night.

256.

Moderate.

SILKSWORTH.
7s. 5s. 7.

Eve-ry morning the red sun Ris-es warm and bright; But the evening
 com-eth on, And the dark, cold night: There's a bright land
 far a - way, Where is nev - er end - ing day. A - MEN.

2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
 Open fresh and gay;
 Till the chilly autumn hours
 Wither them away:
 There's a land we have not seen
 Where the trees are always green.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise
 All the summer long;
 But in colder, shorter days
 They forget their song:
 There's a place where Angels sing
 Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near
 Those who follow Him!
 But we cannot see Him here,
 For our eyes are dim:
 There is a most happy place,
 Where men always see His Face.

5 Who shall go to that bright land ?
 All who do the right:
 Holy children there shall stand,
 In their robes of white,
 For that Heaven so bright and blest,
 Is our everlasting rest.

257.

Moderate.

JESU, BONE PASTOR.
8s. 7s. 4.

Sa-viour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;

GENERAL HYMNS.

In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A-MEN.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us;
 Grace to cleanse and power to free:
 Blessed Jesus!
 Let us early turn to Thee.

3 Early let us seek Thy favour,
 Early let us learn Thy will;
 Do Thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill:
 Blessed Jesus!
 Thou hast loved us,—love us still.

258.

Moderate.

BERNE.
7s. 6s.

Where is the Ho-ly Je-sus? He lives in Heav'n a-boye.
 He looks up-on good chil-dren, With ten-der-ness and love. A-MEN.

2 Where is the Holy Jesus?
 His home is everywhere,
 He loves that little children
 Should speak to Him in prayer.
 3 Once He came down from Heav'n;
 He came a little child;
 He was so good and gentle,
 Obedient, meek, and mild.

4 He had no naughty temper,
 He said no angry word;
 And all good little children
 Should be like Christ their Lord.
 5 For He will make them holy,
 And teachable and mild.
 And has sent His Blessed Spirit
 To every Christian child.

6 Then every night and morning
 When I kneel down to pray,
 I will ask the Holy Jesus,
 To help me day by day.

259.

HERZOG.
C. M. D.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, treble and bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The score is in four parts, likely for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass). The lyrics are as follows:

The ro-seate hues of ear-ly dawn, The brightness of the day;
 The crim-son of the sun-set sky, How fast they fade a-way.
 O for the pear-ly gates of Heaven, O for the gold-en floor,
 O for the Sun of Righteousness, That set-teth ne-ver-more. A-MEN.

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How fast they tire and faint;
 How many a spot defiles the robe
 That wraps an earthly saint:
 O for a heart that never sins;
 O for a soul wash'd white;
 O for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary day or night.

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
 And grace to lead us higher;
 But there are pérfectness and peace
 Beyond our best desire.
 O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
 O by Thy life laid down,
 O that we fall not from Thy grace,
 Nor cast away our crown.

260.

Cheerful.

CORINTH.
8s. 7s. D.

What a strange and wondrous sto-ry From the book of God is read,

How the Lord of life and glo- ry Had not where to lay His head;

How He left His throne in heav-en, Here to suf-fer, bleed, and die,

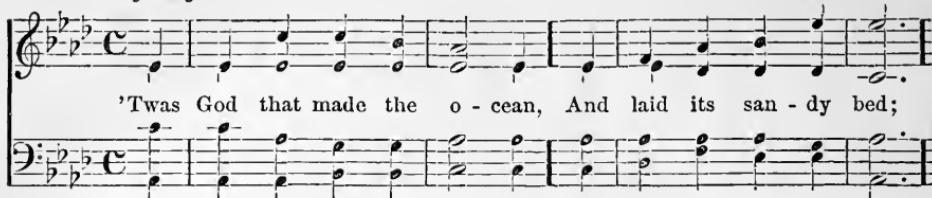
That my soul might be for-gi-ven, And as-cend to God on high. A-MEN.

2 While I bless the Hand which gave me
 Life and health and all things here,
 O may He who died to save me,
 To my soul be very dear.
 Jesus Christ, my Lord, and Saviour,
 Let me not ungrateful be;
 Let my words and my behaviour
 Prove I love and honour Thee.

3 Father, let Thy Holy Spirit
 Still reveal a Saviour's love,
 And prepare me to inherit
 Glory, where He reigns above.
 There with saints and Angels dwelling,
 May I that great love proclaim,
 And with them be ever telling
 All the wonders of His Name.

261.

Joyously.

BONCHURCH.
7s. 6s. D.





2 And must it not surprise us
That One, so high and great,
Should see and not despise us,
Poor sinners, at His feet?
Yet day by day He gives us
Our raiment and our food;
In sickness He relieves us,
And is in all things good.

3 But things that are far greater
His mighty hand hath done;
And sent us blessings sweeter
Through Christ His only Son;
Who, when He saw us dying
In sin and sorrow's night,
On wings of mercy flying,
Came down with life and light.

4 He gives His Word to teach us
Our danger and our wants;
And kindly doth beseech us
To take the life He grants.
His Holy Spirit frees us
From Satan's deadly power;
Leads us by faith to Jesus,
And makes His glory ours!

262.

Moderate.

RUDSTONE.
C. M. D.

In the soft sea-son of thy youth, In nature's smiling bloom, Ere
age ar - rives, and, trembling, wait Its summons to the tomb. 2. Re-
mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor, God; For Him thy powers em - ploy. Make
Him thy fear, thy love, thy hope, Thy con - fi-dence, thy joy. A-MEN.

3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

263.

Moderate.

CANTERBURY.
Six 7s.

Lord, Thy chil-dren guide and keep, As with fee - ble steps they press
 On the pathway, rough and steep, Through this wea-ry wil - der - ness.
 Ho - ly Je - sus, day by day Lead us in the nar - row way. A - MEN.

2 There are stony ways to tread;
 Give the strength we sorely lack:
 There are tangled paths to thread;
 Light us, lest we miss the track.
 Holy Jesus, day by day
 Lead us in the narrow way.

4 There are soft and flowery glades
 Deck'd with golden-fruited trees;
 Sunny slopes and scented shades;
 Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
 Holy Jesus, day by day
 Lead us in the narrow way.

3 There are sandy wastes that lie
 Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
 Where the feeble faint and die;
 Grant us grace to persevere.
 Holy Jesus, day by day
 Lead us in the narrow way.

5 Upward still to purer heights,
 Onward yet to scenes more blest,
 Calmer regions, clearer lights,
 Till we reach the promised rest.
 Holy Jesus, day by day
 Lead us in the narrow way.

264.

Moderate.

PASTORAL.
Six 6s.

Great Shepherd of the sheep, Who all Thy flock dost keep,

GENERAL HYMNS.

Lead - ing by wa - ters calm; Do Thou my foot-steps guide,

To follow by Thy side; Make me Thy little lamb, Make me Thy little lamb. A-MEN.

2 But when the road is long,
Thy tender arm and strong
The weary one will bear;
And Thou wilt wash me clean,
And lead to pastures green,
Where all the flowers are fair.

3 Till from the soil of sin,
Cleansed and made pure within,
Dear Saviour, whose I am;
Thou bringest me in love
To Thy safe fold above,
A little snow-white lamb.

265.

Moderate.

FRANCES.
C. M.

I love to think, though I am young, My Saviour was a child;

That Je-sus walked this earth along, With feet all un - de - filed. A-MEN.

2 He kept His Father's word of truth,
As I am taught to do;
And while He walked the paths of youth,
He walked in wisdom too.

3 I love to think that He who spake,
And made the blind to see,
And called the sleeping dead to wake,
Was once a child like me.

4 That He who wore the thorny crown,
And tasted death's despair,

Had a kind mother like my own,
And knew her love and care.

5 I know 'twas all for love of me
That He became a child,
And left the heavens, so fair to see,
And trod earth's pathway wild.

6 Then, Saviour, who wast once a child,
A child may come to Thee;
And oh! in all Thy mercy mild,
Dear Saviour, come to me.

266.

Moderate.

Music score for Hymn 266, 'Bethlehem'. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time (C) and the bottom staff is in common time (C). The key signature is common (no sharps or flats). The music features eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are as follows:

Youth-ful days are pass- ing o'er us, Childhood's years will soon be gone;
 Cares and sorrows lie before us, Hidden dan-gers, snares unknown. A-MEN.

BETHLEHEM.
8s. 7s.

2 Oh! may He, who meek and lowly
 Visited this world below,
 Make us His, and make us holy,
 Guard and guide us, where we go.

4 Soon we part; it may be, never,
 Never here to meet again;
 May we meet in heaven for ever,
 And the crown eternal gain.

3 Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
 "Come, ye children, come to Me."
 Jesus, keep our feet from falling,
 Teach us all to follow Thee.

267. *Moderate.*FROME.
C. M.

Music score for Hymn 267, 'Frome'. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time (C) and the bottom staff is in common time (C). The key signature is common (no sharps or flats). The music features eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are as follows:

There is a mo-ther's voice of love To hush her lit - tle child;
 There is a fa - ther's voice of praise, So ear - nest and so mild. A - MEN.

- 2 But there is yet another voice,
 That speaks in gentlest tone—
 I think that we can hear it best
 When we are quite alone.
 3 It is a still, small, holy voice,
 The voice of God most high,
 That whispers always in our heart,
 And says that He is by.
 4 The voice will blame us when we're wrong,
 And praise us when we're right;

- We hear it in the light of day,
 And in the quiet night.
 5 And even they whose ears are deaf
 To every other sound—
 When they have listened in their hearts
 The still small voice have found.
 6 And they have felt that God is good,
 And thanked Him for the voice
 That told them what was right and true,
 And made their hearts rejoice.

268.

NORWOOD.
7s. 6s.

Joyous.

I hear the children's voices In ten-der strains up - rise,
Their car - ols sweet-ly blend - ing With hymns be-yond the skies. **A-MEN.**

- 2 Christ smiled on little children,
And drew them to His breast;
"Of such is Heaven's kingdom,"
Of love, and joy, and rest.
3 They trust, and fear no evil,
Confiding, gentle, kind;
In simple faith, as children,
We happiness may find.
4 They sing their joyous carols,
With lips and hearts as free

- As winds, and waves, and sunshine,
Or birds upon the tree.
5 They love the fields and flowers,
The fragrance, and the light;
And all this world of ours
For them is ever bright.
6 They love the name of Jesus,
They trust His tender care,
And all they know of Heaven,
Is—Christ Himself is there.

269. *Moderate.*HERBERT.
8s. 7s.

Lit - tle children, who would e - ver Tread the safe and nar - row way,
Je-sus' footsteps long to fol-low, And His gen-tle voice o - bey. **A-MEN.**

- 2 As a rough road often trodden,
Smooth and easy doth become,
So the straight and narrow pathway
Widens, brightens nearer Home.

- 3 Eye ne'er saw, nor ear hath heard it,
Neither can the heart conceive,
Of the joy which God prepareth,
For His children who believe.

- 4 Yet the Spirit doth reveal it,
Here we have our bliss in part,
Since, our heritage for ever,
God abideth in our heart.

270. *Quietly.*HEATHLANDS.
8s. 7s. Six lines.

In the Name of Him who loves us With a love for e - ver true, Kind and patient
 while He proves us, Noting what our hearts will do; We poor children, all un-wor - thy,
 For our Father's blessing sue. A-MEN.

3 In the Name of Him who gave us
 All our childhood's guiding light,
 Ready now to help and save us,
 And to rule our lives aright;
 We poor sinners, weak and helpless,
 Here implore the Spirit's might.

2 In the Name of Him who bought us
 With His own atoning Blood,
 To His fold in childhood brought us,
 He our shelter, He our food;
 We poor lambs upon the mountain
 Gather round our Shepherd good.

4 Heavenly Father, bless Thy children;
 Saviour, bind us fast to Thee;
 Holy Spirit, teach us, save us,
 Make us strong and truly free;
 Lord of love, in truth and goodness
 Thine for ever may we be.

271.

*Cheerful.*GOD IS GOOD.
6s. 5s.

See the shining dew-drops On the flow-ers strewed, Prov-ing as they spar-kle,
 "God is e- ver good." A-MEN.

4 In the leafy tree-tops,
 Where no fears intrude,
 Merry birds are singing
 "God is ever good."
 5 He who came to save us,
 Shed His precious blood;

2 See the morning sunbeams
 Lighting up the wood,
 Silently proclaiming
 "God is ever good."

3 Hear the mountain streamlet,
 In its solitude,
 With its ripple saying
 "God is ever good."

Better things it speaketh
 "God is ever good."
 6 Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
 Songs of gratitude;
 All things join to tell us
 "God is ever good."

* *Earnestly.*

Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy King-ly crown When Thou camest to earth for
 me; But in Beth - lehem's home was there found no room For Thy ho - ly na-tiv-i -
 ty. Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee! AMEN.

* The *ties* and *slurs* are to be used as the syllables require.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the Angels sang,
 Proclaiming Thy Royal degree;

But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
 And in great humility.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
 There is room in my heart for Thee!

3 The foxes found rest, and the bird had its nest
 In the shade of the cedar tree;

But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
 In the desert of Galilee.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
 There is room in my heart for Thee!

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
 That should set Thy people free;
 But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
 They bore Thee to Calvary.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
 There is room in my heart for Thee!

5 When the heavens shall ring and the Angels sing
 At Thy coming to victory,
 Let Thy voice call me home saying " Yet there is room,
 There is room at My side for Thee."
 Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
 There is room in my heart for Thee!

273.

Moderate.

S. HELIER.
P. M.

I was wan - der - ing and wea - ry When my Sa - viour came un - to me,
 For the ways of sin grew drea - ry, And the world had ceased to woo
 me; And I thought I heard Him say, As He came a-long His way—“O sil - ly
 souls come near me, My sheep shall never fear Me, I am the Shepherd true. AMEN.

2 At first I would not hearken,
 And put off till the morrow;
 But life began to darken,
 And I was sick with sorrow;
 And I thought I heard Him say,
 As He came along His way—
 “O silly souls,” &c.

3 At last I stopped to listen,
 His voice could not deceive me;
 I saw His kind eyes glisten,
 So anxious to relieve me;
 And I thought I heard Him say,
 As He came along His way—
 “O silly souls,” &c.

6 Let us do then, dearest brothers,
 What will best and longest please us,
 Follow not the way of others,
 But trust ourselves to Jesus,
 We shall ever hear Him say,
 As He goes along His way—
 “O silly souls,” &c.

4 He took me on His shoulder,
 And tenderly He kissed me;
 He bade my love grow bolder,
 And said how He had missed me.
 And I'm sure I heard Him say,
 As He went along His way—
 “O silly souls,” &c.

5 I thought His love would weaken
 As more and more He knew me,
 But it burneth like a beacon,
 And its light and heat go through me.
 And I ever hear Him say,
 As He goes along His way—
 “O silly souls,” &c.

274.

QUEST. Earnestly.

AMBLESIDE.

11s. 10s. with Chorus.

ANS.

CHORUS.

tho' by tempest driven; O how sweet the p - om - ise, we shall meet in Heaven. A - MEN.

QUEST. 2 You will soon be weary, pilgrims of a day,
Trials are before you, dangers in your way;ANS. Still by faith we'll journey on, tho' our path be drear,
If the Saviour leav us, what have we to fear?
CHO:—Onward, ever onward, &c.QUEST. 3 Pilgrims, are you going, where the Angels' song,
O'er the fields of glory, gently flows along?ANS. Yes, we seek the better land, lovely, pure and fair,
Where no grief can enter—will you meet us there?
CHO:—Onward, ever, onward, &c.QUEST. 4 May we journey with you, I 'grins of a day?
Will you help us onward in the heavenly way?ANS. Come, we gladly bid you come, day is waning fast,
We must reach the haven, ere the light is past.
CHO:—Onward, ever onward, &c.

275.

*Moderate.*ALSTONE.
L. M.

Yes, God is good: in earth and sky, From ocean's depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voi-ees seem to cry, God made us all, and God is good. A-MEN.

- 2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.
- 3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with ev'ry spring renewed;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whispers, God is good.
- 4 Yes, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued:
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.
- 5 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord,
But chiefly for our heavenly food;
Thy pard'ning grace, Thy quick'ning word,
These prompt our song that God is good.

276.

*Quietly.*AGNUS DEI.
7s. 6s.

O Lamb of God most low - ly! All free from spot and stain,
O help us now to serve Thee, And sing Thy praise a - gain. A - MEN.

- 2 O Lamb of God most holy!
So great, and yet so meek;
May we, when pride allures us, .
- 3 O Lamb of God most gentle!
So kind, and good, and true;
May we, when passion tempts us, .
- 4 O Lamb of God most lovely!
To Thee our faith would flee;
Reveal to us Thy beauty,
And win our hearts to Thee,

277.

Cheerful.

PEACE.
8s. 7s.

Shepherd of those sun - lit-moun-tains, Where e - ter-nal sum-mer reigns,
 Where Thy love, like flow - ing fountains, Spreads bright glory o'er the plains! A-MEN.

2 In this wilderness of sorrow,

3 From Thy love like sheep we wander,

May Thy crook now guide our feet;

We have errèd from Thy way,

Through Thy words, oh, feed and guide us Let Thy loving voice reclaim us,

To Thy truth most pure and sweet. Never let us from Thee stray.

4 Thou didst give Thy life to save us,

Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep;

To Thy fold again restore us,

All our hearts now claim and keep.

278.

Moderate.

BAYSWATER.
7s.

When you're sleeping, chil - dren fair, An - gels keeping watch are there,
 Through the night, till comes the light, And you say your morn-ing prayer. A - MEN.

2 When you're playing all the day,

When you wander far away,

By your side an angel guide

Watches, lest you go astray.

3 When, heart weary, each has trod

Life's great journey all the road,

Angel hands, to other lands,

Carry back the soul to God.

279.

Moderate.

LUX.
P. M.

Sun - ny days of child-hood, Beau - ti - ful ye seem,
 Fair as spring-tide flow - ers, Bright as sum - mer's beam.
 Days with joy o'erflowing, Care nor sadness knowing, Must ye pass away? A-MEN.

2 Precious days of childhood!
 Days of promise fair;
 If bedewed with wisdom,
 Rich the fruits ye bear.
 Jesus' footsteps keeping,
 Blest shall be our reaping
 In life's harvest day.

3 Happy days of childhood,
 Swiftly moving on;
 Into manhood changing
 Ye will soon be gone,
 Like a streamlet flowing,
 Pause nor stillness knowing,
 Thus ye pass away!

4 Sunny days of childhood!
 We no tear will shed
 When, like spring-tide flowers,
 Youth and health are fled.
 Earthly scenes forsaking,
 We shall hail the breaking
 Of an endless day.

280.

Moderate.

BENISON.
Six 8s.

I praised the earth in beau-ty seen, With gar-lands gay of va-rious green;

GENERAL HYMNS.

I praised the sea whose am-ple field Shone glo-rious as a sil - ver shield;
 And earth and ocean seemed to say, "Our beau-ties are but for a day." A-MEN.

- 2 I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
 On wheels of amber and of gold;
 I praised the moon, whose softer eye
 Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;
 And moon and sun in answer said,
 "Our days of light are numbered."
- 3 O God! O Good beyond compare!
 If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
 If thus Thy bounties gild the span
 Of ruined earth and sinful man,
 How glorious must the mansion be,
 Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!

281.

Moderate.

CHILDHOOD.
 L. M.

O Ho - ly Lord, con - tent to fill In low - ly home the low - liest place;
 Thy childhood's law a mother's will, Obedience meek Thy brightest grace. A-MEN.

- 2 Lead every child that bears Thy Name
 To walk in Thine own guileless way,
 To dread the touch of sin and shame,
 And humbly, like Thyself, obey.

- 3 Oh! let not this world's scorching glow
 Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,
 Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,
 And quench the trembling flame of grace.

- 4 Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm,
 And gently in Thy bosom bear;
 Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,
 And bid them rest for ever there!

282.

Quietly.

KEBLE.
7s.

Children, come and list to me, While I speak of God a - bove;

All the glorious things you see, Are His works of pow'r and love. A - MEN.

2 Wheresoe'er your feet have trod,
Scattered blessings round you lie,
All by God's kind love bestowed,
Who has made both earth and sky.

3 When you hear the loud winds howling,
Tearing by with sudden crash,
Or the thunder's fearful growling,
Mingled with the lightning's flash:

4 These are subject to the LORD,
All created by His will,
And with one Almighty word,
He can make the storm be still.

5 O dear children, you should try,
This Almighty God to love,
That when your frail bodies die,
Your may see His face above.

283.

Cheerful.

CLARABELLA.
C. M.

There's not a tint that paints the rose, Or decks the li - ly fair,

Or streaks the humblest flower that blows, But God has placed it there. A - MEN.

2 At early dawn there's not a gale
Across the landscape driven,
And not a breeze that sweeps the vale,
That is not sent by Heaven.

3 There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

4 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays His boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

284.

Moderate.

DAMASCUS.
6s. 5s. D.

2 He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, "I will be crowned:"
He, whose one oblation
Is a life of love;
Clinging to the nation
Of the blest above.

3 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining!
What! with pipe and tabor
Dream away the light,
When He bids you labour—
When He tells you, "Fight?"

4 Jesu, Lord of Glory,
As we breast the tide,
Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side!
What though sad the story
Of this life's distress;
Oh, the future glory!
Oh, the loveliness!

Additional Hymns.

285.

MORNING.

ANASTASIA.
Irregular.

The morn - ing, the bright and the beau - ti - ful morn - ing, Is - up and the sun-shine is all on the wing; With its fresh flush of glad-ness the landscape a - dorm - ing, A glad - ness which no - thing but morn - ing can bring. A - MEN.

- 2 The earth is awaking : the sky and the ocean.
The river and forest, the mountain and plain ;
The city is stirring its living commotion ;
The pulse of the world is reviving again.
- 3 And we too awake, for our heavenly Father,
Who soothed us so gently to sleep on His Breast,
And made the soft stillness of evening to gather
Around us, now calls us again from our rest.
- 4 Oh ! now let us haste to our heavenly Father,
And ere the fair skies of life's dawning be dim,
Let us come with glad hearts, let us come all together ;
The morn of our youth let us hallow to Him.

286.

EVENING.

SHADOWS.
7s. 8s. 5.

Fa-ther, while the shadows fall, With the twi-light, o - ver all, Deign to hear my

ADDITIONAL.

After each verse.

Till the morning break; Guard me thro' the darkness sleeping, Bless me when I wake. **AMEN.**

2 'Twas Thy hand that all the day
Scattered joys along my way,
Crowned my life with blessings sweet,
Kept from snares my careless feet.
Take me, &c.

3 Like Thy patient love to me,
May my love to others be;
All the wrong my hands have done,
Pardon, Lord, thro' Christ, Thy Son.
Take me, &c.

CHRISTMAS.

287.

S. EANSWYTH.
7s. 4.

Bless - ed night when Bethlehem's plain E - choed with the joy - ful strain,

"Peace has come to earth a - gain." Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

2 Blessed hills, that heard the song
Of the glorious angel-throng
Swelling all your slopes along.
Alleluia!

5 Entering by the narrow door,
Laid upon this rocky floor.
Placed in yonder manger poor.
Alleluia!

3 Happy shepherds, on whose ear,
Fell the tidings glad and clear,
"God to man is drawing near."
Alleluia!

6 We adore Thee as our King,
And to Thee our song we sing;
Our best offering to Thee bring,
Alleluia!

4 Thus revealed to shepherds' eyes,
Hidden from the great and wise,
Entering earth in lowly guise—
Alleluia!

7 Mighty King of Righteousness,
King of Glory, King of Peace,
Never shall Thy kingdom cease!
Alleluia!

Ring the bells, the Christmas bells; Chime out the wondrous sto-ry; First in song on
 An - gel tongues It came from realms of glo - ry; Peace on earth, good-will to men, An -
 gel - ic voi - ces ringing— Christ the Lord to earth has come, His glorious message
 bring - ing. Ring the mer - ry Christmas bells; Chime out the wondrous sto - ry;
 Glo - ry be to God on high, For ev - er - more be glo - ry.

Wise men hastened from the East
 To bring their richest treasures—
 Gold, and myrrh, and frankincense,
 And jewels without measure.
 Him they sought, although a King,
 They found in birthplace lowly,
 There within a manger lay
 The Babe so pure and holy.

Cho.— Ring the merry Christmas bells, &c.

Earthly crowns were not for Him;
 He came God's love revealing;
 On the Cross He died for us,
 His blood forgiveness sealing.
 'Tis the Saviour promised long,
 Ring out your loudest praises;
 Every heart this happy day
 Its grateful anthems raises.
 Cho.— Ring the merry Christmas bells, &c.

The joyful morn is breaking, The bright-est morn of earth,
 Through all ere-a-tion wak-ing The joy of Je-sus' birth.
 His star a-bove is glist-en-ing, Where Je-sus cra-dled lies,
 And all the earth is list-en-ing The car-ol of the skies. A-MEN.

2 High strains of praise are swelling

From angel hosts on high,
 And one soft voice is telling
 Glad tidings from the sky ;
 Tidings of free salvation,
 Of peace on earth below ;
 Through every land and nation
 The blessed word shall go !

3 His children's songs shall name Him

In many a tongue to-day ;
 His Church shall yet proclaim Him
 To people far away ;
 Till idols fall before Him,
 Till strife and wrong shall cease,
 Till all the earth adore Him,
 The eternal Prince of Peace !

ADDITIONAL.

CAROL.

290.

The stars are shining bright and clear, The hills are white with snow;
 Our Christmas eve has come a - gain, Our hearts with joy o'er - flow;
 The Christmas car - ols, sweet and glad, Are sound - ing on the air;
 And Christmas wreaths, in glist'ning show, Make bright the house of prayer. A - MEN.

2 Not here across the snow was heard
 The first sweet Christmas song;
 But where the crimson lilies bloom,
 Judaea's hills among:
 Those hills where David long before
 His father's sheep had kept;
 And where, o'er Rachel's lonely tomb,
 The mourning Jacob wept.

3 And not by earthly choristers
 Was that first carol sung;
 Not through the temple's shining courts
 Its faultless music rung;
 No listening crowds had gathered there,
 That wondrous chant to hear;
 Save watchful shepherds on the hills,
 No human soul was near.

4 'Twas sung by countless multitudes
 Of Angels pure and bright,
 And o'er the bare and silent hills
 There shone a glorious light;
 Such heavenly music ne'er was heard
 Before by sons of men,
 And never more shall song like that
 Be heard on earth again.

We know the tidings which they brought
 Of Christ our Saviour's birth,
 Their song of "Glory be to God,
 Good will and peace on earth;"
 And so the Christmas carol, sung
 By Angels long ago,
 Is sweeter than all other songs
 Which Christians sing below.

ADDITIONAL.

291.

MAYLAND.
7s. 8s. 7s.

'Neath the stars that shone so bright, Shepherds watch'd their flocks by night; Suddenly, in
 glorious guise, Came an an - gel from the skies, Stood beside them, did not chide them,
 Told the ti-dings glad and free, "Christ In-car - nate deigns to be." A - MEN.

2 Born this day of David's line,
 Now behold the Babe Divine;
 Rude the raiment that enfolds Him,
 Rough the manger-bed that holds Him;
 Lord all holy, laid so lowly,
 Who from highest realm of heaven
 Stoops that man may be forgiven.

3 May we all with heart and voice,
 Still in Bethlehem rejoice,
 Thither by the bright star led
 To the House of Living Bread;
 Chant the story of His glory,
 Till His Majesty we see
 At His last Epiphany.

292.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

UPTON PYNE.
6s. 7s.

In unison.

Now a new year o-pens, Now we newly turn

To the Holy Saviour, Lessons fresh to learn. AMEN.

2 This the holy lesson
 On the year's first day,
 Jesus by obedience
 Teaches to obey.

3 Of Thy Cross thus early
 Tokens Thou dost give;
 By Thy wounds Thou healest,
 By Thy death we live.

4 Not to suffer only,
 Jesus, didst Thou come,
 But to leave us way-marks
 Pointing to our Home.

5 In Thy blessed footsteps
 Ever may we tread,
 Safe when keeping near Thee,
 By Thy Spirit led.

293.

ADDITIONAL.
EASTER.IN EXCELSIS GLORIA.
7s.

Eas - ter flowers are bloom-ing bright, Eas - ter skies pour ra-diant light,
Christ our Lord is risen in might, Glo - ry in the high - est. A - MEN.

2 Angels caroled this sweet lay,
When in manger rude He lay;
Now once more cast grief away,
Glory in the highest.

3 He, then born to grief and pain,
Now to glory born again,
Callest forth our gladdest strain,
Glory in the highest.

4 As He riseth, rise we too,
Tune we heart and voice anew,
Offer homage glad and true,
Glory in the highest.

294.

GENERAL.

S. CECILIA NEW.
5s. 4s. D.

Ma - ker of all things, Au - thor of light, King o - ver all things, Matchless in might.

Lord ! e - ver near us, Teach us Thy way; Hear us ! oh, hear us, When we pray.

* Last verse.

2 Mercies unceasing
Flow unto us ;
Praises and blessing
We offer thus.
Lord, ever near us,
Teach us Thy way ;
Hear us ! oh, hear us,
When we pray.

hear us, In prayer and praise. AMEN.

3 On Thee depending,
Grant us to be
In bliss unending,
Father, with Thee.
Lord, ever near us
Giver of grace,
Hear us ! oh, hear us,
In prayer and praise.

ADDITIONAL.

295.

WARFARE.
6s. 6s.

Faith - ful Shep-herd, feed me In the pas - tures green ;
 Faith - ful Shep-herd, lead me Where Thy steps are seen. A - MEN.

- 2 Hold me fast, and guide me
 In the narrow way ;
 So with Thee beside me,
 I shall never stray.
- 3 Daily bring me nearer
 To the heavenly shore ;
 May my faith grow clearer,
 May I love Thee more.

- 4 Hallow every pleasure,
 Every gift and pain ;
 Be Thyself my Treasure,
 Though none else I gain
- 5 Give me joy or sadness,
 This be all my care,
 That eternal gladness
 I with Thee may share.

6 Day by day prepare me
 As Thou seest best,
 Then let angels bear me
 To Thy promised rest.

296.

S. CYRIL.
C. M.

Be - fore the Throne of God a - bove The glo - rious an - gels stand ;
 Their on - ly wish, their on - ly joy, To do their Lord's command. A - MEN.

- 2 Some ever bow before His face,
 And praise Him all day long,
 And sing in never-ending strains
 Their blessed joyous song.

- 3 These holy Angels never choose,
 And never wish nor ask
 For other work than what God gives
 To be their daily task.

- 4 And we must like the Angels be —
 Not choosing good or ill,
 But humbly striving day by day
 To do God's holy will.

ADDITIONAL.

297.

MONT DOL.
12s. 9s.



We are sol - diers of Christ, Who is migh - ty to save, And His
ban - ner the Cross is un - furled; We are pledg'd to be faith - ful and
steady - fast and brave Against Sa - tan, the flesh, and the world. A - MEN.

2 We are brothers and comrades, we stand side by side,
And our faith and our hope are the same ;
And we think of the Cross on which Jesus has died.
When we hear the reproach of His Name.

3 We will watch ready armed if the tempter draw near,
If he come with a frown or a smile ;
We will heed not his threats, nor his flatteries hear,
Nor be taken by storm nor by wile.

4 For the world's love we live not, its hate we defy,
And we will not be led by the throng ;
We'll be true to ourselves, to our Father on high,
And the bright world to which we belong.

5 Now let each cheer his comrade, let hearts beat as one,
While we follow where Christ leads the way ;
'Twere dishonour to yield, or the battle to shun,
We will fight, and will watch, and will pray.

6 Though the warfare be weary, the trial be sore,
In the might of our God we will stand ;
Oh, what joy to be crowned and be pure evermore,
In the peace of our own Fatherland !

ADDITIONAL.

298.

COLLEGE HOUSE.
7s, 5s.

Hear Thy children's hymn of praise, Lord of earth and sea,
Which our joyful voices raise, Fa-ther un - to Thee. A - MEN.

- 2 Gentle Jesus, Thou didst love
Little children here;
Bid Thine angels guard us well
From all harm and fear.
3 Blessed Spirit, be Thou near
When temptations rise;
Keep Thy faithful ones from sin,
Fix their wandering eyes.

- 4 When the battle's fought and won,
Weary warfare o'er,
Angels bright will bear us home
Safe to heaven's shore.
5 Alléluia ! let us sing
To the Father, Son,
With the Holy Spirit blest,
Ever Three in One.

299.

LOWESTOFT.
7s.

Let us sing! The An-gels sing, High a-bove the cloud-less sky,
Where they see their Heav'nly King, In His ho - ly ma - jes-ty. A - MEN.

- 2 Let us sing ! the children sang,
When to Sion Jesus rode ;
And the stately temple rang
With hosannas to their God.

- 3 Let us sing ! rejoice, rejoice !
Jesus listens while we sing,
Jesus loves an infant's voice,
And the praises children bring.

- 4 Let us sing our hymns below !
Sing at morn, at noon, at even,
Till, through Jesus Christ, we go,
Sweeter songs to sing in heaven.

ADDITIONAL.

300.

EUNICE.
10s.

God will take care of you. All thro' the day Je - sus is near you to
 keep you from ill; Wak-ing or rest-ing, at work or at play, Je - sus is

with you, and watching you still. AMEN.

2 He will take care of you. All through the night
 Jesus, the Shepherd, His faithful one keeps;
 Darkness to Him is the same as the light,
 He never slumbers and He never sleeps.

3 He will take care of you. All through the year,
 Crowning each day with His kindness and love,
 Sending you blessings, and shielding from fear,
 Leading you on to the bright home above.

4 He will take care of you. Yes; to the end
 Nothing can alter His love for His own;
 Children, be glad that you have such a Friend;
 He will not leave you one moment alone.

WALTHAM ABBEY.
7s. 6s. D.

301.

My Lord, in glo - ry reign - ing Up - on the glas - sy sea, By
 An - gel hosts sur - round - ed, Is think-ing still of me. My heart for joy is

ADDITIONAL.

dane-ing, My lamp I trim and clear, The Bride-groom bids me en-ter
If I but per-se-vere. A-MEN.

3 My Lord a home is building,
A mansion passing fair,
Of pearl and gold all burnished,
Of jewels, costly, rare;
A home where nothing lacketh,
Away with doubt, and fear!
'Tis mine, 'Tis mine, that mansion,
If I but persevere.

2 My Lord a land is ruling,
The land of pure delight,
Whence hate and might are banished,
And all is love and light.

What though my lot be lowly,
What though my way be drear;
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that kingdom,
If I but persevere.

4 My Lord a song is teaching
The Angels choirs on high;
They strike their harps and cymbals,
And sound the psaltery.
A song to greet the wanderer,
To Heaven's gate drawing near:
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, the welcome,
If I but persevere.

GLORY.
7s. 6s. 8.

302.

A-round the Throne of God in Heaven Thousands of children stand, Chil-
dren whose sins are all forgiven, A-ho-ly, hap-py band, Singing Glory, glo-ry,
glo-ry, Singing, Glory, glo-ry, glo-ry. A-MEN.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
Each one shall be arrayed;
Shall dwell in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade;
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

3 How shall they reach that world above
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

4 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His Name,
At last they see His blessed Face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

303.

BENEDICT.
7s.

King of Glo - ry! Sa - viour dear! Grant us grace to per - se - vere;

Lead - er of the hosts of God, May we tread where Thou hast trod ! A - MEN.

2 Once for Thee, the Crucified,
Many a faithful martyr died,
How can we, Thy children show
All our love for all Thy woe ?

3 They for Thee bore axe and wheel,
Fire, and beasts, and piercing steel :
Like them, may we suffer shame,
Pain or loss for Thy dear Name.

4 Bearing calmly for our Lord
Thoughtless jest or spiteful word ;
Curbing angry speech and tear,
Strong in Thee to persevere.

5 Persevere, Thy yoke is light ;
Persevere, Thy crown is bright ;
Persevere, and we shall sing
In the palace of our King !

304.

OUR FATHER'S VOICE.
8s, 7s.

Come ! our Fa-ther's voice is call - ing, One by one His chil-dren dear;

He will raise the weak, the fall- ing, He the faint-ing heart will cheer. A - MEN.

2 Come ! our Shepherd waits to lead us,
He who once for sinners died,
Where the Bread of Heaven will feed us,
Where the living streams abide.

3 Come ! the Spirit now will seal us,
Heirs of God for evermore ;
Strong to help, and kind to heal us,
When our souls are weak and sore.

4 Come ! our King Himself will arm us,
For the fight we must endure ;
'Neath His shield, when foes alarm us,
He will keep our life secure.

5 Come ! the Cross, our banner glorious,
Onward guides the host of God ;
We may march, in hope victorious,
By the path our Saviour trod.

ADDITIONAL.

305.

THEODOSIA.
C. M.

Fa - ther of love, our Guide and Friend, Oh, lead us gent - ly on,
 Un - til life's tri - al - time shall end, And heavenly peace be won. A - men.

2 We know not what the path may be,
 As yet by us untrod :
 But we can trust our all to Thee,
 Our Father and our God.

3 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
 The hill of sacrifice ;
 Some angel may be there in time,
 Deliverance shall arise.

4 Or if some darker lot be good,
 Oh, teach us to endure

The sorrow, pain, and solitude,
 That make the spirit pure.

5 Christ by no flowery pathway came,
 And we His followers here,
 Must do Thy will, and praise Thy Name,
 In hope, and love, and fear.

6 And till in Heaven we sinless bow,
 And faultless anthems raise,
 O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
 Accept our feeble praise.

306.

WIMBLETON.
7s. 6s.

Look - ing up - ward ev - ery day, Sun - shine on our fac - es ;
 Press-ing on-ward ev - ery day Towards the heavenly pla - ces. A - MEN.

2 Growing every day in awe,
 For Thy Name is holy ;
 Learning every day to love
 With a love more lowly.

3 Walking every day more close
 To our Elder Brother ;
 Growing every day more true
 Unto one another.

4 Leaving every day behind
 Something which might hinder ;
 Running swifter every day,
 Growing purer, kinder.

5 Lord, so pray we every day
 Hear us in Thy pity,
 That we enter in at last,
 To the Holy City.

307.

(SCHOOL FESTIVALS.)

COMMEMORATION.
7s. 6s. D.

- 2 Come, sing with us the praises
Of God's preserving care,
Who safe from harm has kept us
Throughout another year;
And crowned our lives with mercies
Unnumbered as the sand,
Which day by day have reached us
From His all-gracious Hand.
- 3 Come, sing with us the praises
Of God's Redeeming Love,
That song which never ceases
Around the Throne above;
The voice of many Angels,
"Worthy the Lamb of God;
For He was slain to save us
By His most precious Blood."

- 4 Come, praise Him for glad tidings
Heard in this hallowed place—
Glad tidings of salvation,
By free and sovereign grace;
For gifts of Holy Scripture,
Known from our childhood's days;
For call from Heaven to serve Him
In wisdom's happy ways.
- 5 Come, praise Him for the promise
Of strength in weakness given;
For means of grace provided;
For blessed hope of Heaven.
Oh, Christian youths and maidens!
Oh, brothers, old and young!
Uplift your hearts and voices,
And let His praise be sung.

ADDITIONAL.

308.

HAWKSLEY.

7s. 6s. Twelve lines.

Cheerfully. TREBLES AND ALTOs.

It is a day of glad-ness, When all our friendly band, Christ's
 members, thus to - ge - ther, In Him u - ni - ted stand; To - ge - ther lift our
 voi - ces To praise Him for His love, And pray that we may wor - thy Of

CHORUS.

all His mer- cies prove. Haste for - ward, then, dear chil - dren, Reach to the glo - rious

prize, The mark of our high call - ing. The Crown a - bove the skies. A - MEN.

2 In lowliness and meekness
 May we from day to day
 Still in our Master's Footsteps
 Press on our heavenward way;
 O make us, blessed Master,
 Pure, even as Thou art pure,
 And grant as faithful servants
 We to the end endure! — Cho.

3 Bright Angels hover round us,
 And saints before the Throne
 Make ceaseless intercession
 That sin may be o'erthrown:

They, like to us once tempted,
 The tempter overcame,
 In strength of the Almighty,
 In power of Jesus' Name. — Cho.

4 Oh, joy within the vineyard
 To labour for the Lord,
 Joy on this happy feast day
 To praise with one accord;
 Joy of all joys the greatest
 To hear Him say, "Well done!
 Rest, good and faithful servant,
 Thy heavenly Crown is won!" — Cho.

ADDITIONAL

309.

BELGARD.
7s. 6s.

Work, for the night is com - ing; Work, thro' the morn-ing hours;



Work, while the dew is spark - ling; Work 'mid the spring-ing flowers.



Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow-ing sun;



Work, for the night is com - ing When man's work is done. A - MEN.



2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest will come sure and soon :
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store :
Work, for the night is coming
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing
Work, for the daylight flies :
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work, while the night is darkening
When man's work is o'er.

With spirit.

HARVEST.

HARVEST.
7s, 6s. D.

Come, chil - dren, lift your voi - ces, And sing with us to - day, As
 to the Lord of Har - vest, Our grate - ful vows we pay. We thank Thee, Lord, for
 send - ing The gen - tle show'rs of rain; For summer suns which ri - pen'd The
 cen - do. Full.
 fields of gol - den grain; Come, chil - dren, lift your voi - ces, And sing with us to -
 day, As to the Lord of Har - vest, Our grate - ful vows we pay. A - MEN.

2 Come join our glad procession,
 As onward still we move,
 Rejoicing in the tokens
 Of God our Father's love.
 All good is His creation,
 All beautiful and fair,
 Birds, insects, beasts, and fishes,
 Our harvest gladness share.
 Come, children, &c.

3 May we by holy living
 Thy praises echo forth,
 And tell Thy boundless mercies
 To all the listening earth;
 May we grow up as branches,
 In Christ, the one True Vine,
 Bear fruit to Life Eternal,
 And be for ever Thine.
 Come, children, &c.

ADDITIONAL.

311.

(TEACHERS.)

WELLS.
Six 7s.

Jesus, Master, whom I serve, Though so fee-bly and so ill,
 Strengthen hand and heart and nerve, All Thy bid-ding to ful-fil;
 Open Thou mine eyes to see All the work Thou hast for me. Amen.

2 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
 One who owes Thee more than all?
 As Thou wilt, I would not choose,
 Only let me hear Thy call;
 Jesus, let me always be
 In Thy service, glad and free.

312.

(FOR A FLOWER SERVICE).

CLARE MARKET.
11s. 10s.

Here, Lord, we of-fer Thee all that is fair-est, Bloom from the gar-den, and
 flowers from the field; Gifts for the strick-en ones, know-ing Thou car-est

ADDITIONAL.

More for the love than the wealth that we yield. A - MEN.

2 Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying,
Speak to their hearts with a message of peace.
Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying,
Grant the departing a gentle release.

3 Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened,
Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast quickened,
Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for gloom.

4 We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must wither;
We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;
Gather us, Lord, to Thy Bosom for ever,
Grant us a place in Thy House in the sky.

313.

(TEMPERANCE.)

“SOLDIERS TRUE.”
6s. 5s. D.

Unison, with spirit.

Soldiers true and faith - ful, Hear the trumpet's call, 'Neath your Captain's banner

Range ye, one and all. Not against the dev - il, Not against the world, Must the red-cross

poco rall.
ban - ner On - ly be unfurled. A-MEN.

3 Satan, through the senses,
Seeks your souls to slay,
Let no secret traitor
Jesus' cause betray.
If to lusts enticing
Ye betray your heart,
Can ye bid the devil,
And the world depart?

2 Subtle foes are lurking,
Deep your hearts within,
There first wage the battle
With the power of sin.
O'er the sight and hearing,
Touch, and taste, and smell,
Set a watch, good Christians,
Guard those portals well.

4 By the sign upon you,
By Christ's life within,
Close in deadly conflict
With each pleasant sin.
Jesus' eye is on you,
Keep your solemn vow,
Then a crown immortal
Shall adorn your brow.

Responsive Prayers.

[These Hymns may be sung by the clergyman, or any other person, the school singing the Response to every verse: or the verses may be taken alternately by the boys and girls, all joining in the Response.]

314.

THE HOLY CHILD JESUS.

VERSE.

God's dear child, re - turn - ing home, Suf - fer, in Thy

RESPONSE.

love, to come, Ho - ly Child,..... to THEE. A - MEN.

- 2 And Thy gentle hands to bless,
Lay in brotherly caress,
Holy Child, on me.
- 3 Let my joy be in the thought
That I was in childhood brought
Holy Child, to Thee:
- 4 Let my hope be in the grace
That will never turn Thy face,
Holy Child, from me.
- 5 All my work, with all my might,
Let me do as in Thy sight,
Holy Child, for Thee;
- 6 And before the Father's throne,
O, present it as Thine own,
Holy Child, for me.
- 7 In my pleasant hours of play
Be not ever far away,
Holy Child, from me.
- 8 Let me, all the happy while,
Have the comfort of a smile,
Holy Child, from Thee.
- 9 All my sins, repented sore,
Let them be a grief no more,
Holy Child, to Thee.
- 10 Put the pure and seamless dress
Of Thy perfect righteousness,
Holy Child, on me.
- 11 Turn my heart, when sins surprise,
And temptations in me rise,
Holy Child, to Thee;
- 12 And with Thy dear Word of might
Satan put again to flight,
Holy Child, from me.
- 13 Fix my thoughts, and rest my heart,
(Choosing thus the better part,)
Holy Child, on Thee.
- 14 Never let my footsteps stray,
Nor Thy Spirit take away,
Holy Child, from me.
- 15 Thy dear will my will control,
Be the sunshine of my soul,
Holy Child, in Thee;
- 16 And my only shade or night,
When Thou dost not shed Thy light,
Holy Child, on me.
- 17 By Thy Father's love divine,
Fill with love this soul of mine,
Holy Child, for Thee.
- 18 By Thy Mother's tears and grief,
In my sorrows bring relief,
Holy Child, to me.
- 19 For the blessing of the Dove
That hath settled from above,
Holy Child, on me.
- 20 To the Father laud and praise,
Offered be, through all my days,
Holy Child, by Thee.

RESPONSIVE PRAYERS.

315. VERSE.

THE HOLY CHILDHOOD, NO. 1.

Ho - ly Je - su, Child Di - vine, By the glo - ries that are Thine,

RESPONSE.

Veil'd within so poor a shrine: *Hear us, Ho - ly Je - su.* AMEN.

2 By Thy form so weak and small,
By Thy plaintive infant call,
By Thy childish tears that fall:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 By the care that weighed on Thee,
By Thy toil and poverty,
By Thy sorrows yet to be:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 By the Angels' holy song,
As around they wondering throng,
Owning Thee Their Ruler strong:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 Jesu, Holy Child Divine,
On our darkened nature shine,
Give us virtues like to Thine:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 By the lowly cattle shed,
By the narrow manger-bed,
By the rough clothes o'er Thee spread:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11 Make us pure and undefiled,
Gentle, patient, loving, mild,
Trustful as a little child:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 By the solemn praise and prayer,
By the gifts and offerings rare
Laid in lowly manger there:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

12 Make us ever long to know
Where our God would have us go,
Shrinking not from toil or woe:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 By Thy blessed mother's woes,
By Thy fleeing from Thy foes,
By Thy grief that no man knows:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

13 May we mark the pattern fair
Of Thy life of work and prayer,
And for truth all perils dare:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 By Thy growing, day by day,
By Thy zeal in wisdom's way,
Quick to learn and to obey:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

14 May we calmly suffer blame,
Bear the cross, despise the shame,
In Thy strength and in Thy Name.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 By Thy life, so lone and still,
By Thy waiting to fulfil
In its time Thy Father's will:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

15 As we live, from year to year,
Jesu, be Thou ever near;
Make us like Thee, Saviour dear;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

16 Bid us come at last to Thee,
And for ever perfect be,
When Thy glory we shall see:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

RESPONSIVE PRAYERS.
THE HOLY CHILDHOOD, NO. 2.

316. Music for Parts I and III.
VERSE.

God the Fa-ther, God the Son, God the Spir-it, Three in One,

mf

RESPONSE.

Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne, Spare us, Ho-ly Trin-i-ty. A-MEN.

2 Jesu, Saviour ever mild,
Born for us a little Child
Of the Virgin undefiled:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Jesu, by the Mother-Maid
In Thy swaddling-clothes arrayed,
And within a manger laid:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Jesu, at whose infant feet
Shepherds, coming Thee to greet,
Knelt to pay their worship meet.

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Jesu, whom Thy Mother found,

'Midst the doctors sitting round.

Marvelling at Thy words profound:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Jesu, unto whom of yore
Wise men, hastening to adore,
Gold and myrrh and incense bore:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Jesu, to Thy temple brought,
Whom, by Thy good Spirit taught,
Simeon and Anna sought:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Jesu, who didst deign to flee
From King Herod's cruelty
In Thy earliest infancy:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Part II. VERSE.

p

From all pride and vain con-ceit, From all spite and an-gry heat,

p

From all ly-ing and de - ceit, Save us, Ho-ly Je-su. D.C.

cres.

f RESPONSE. *dim.*

From all sloth and idleness,
From not caring for distress,
From all lust and greediness:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

2 From all sloth and idleness,
From not caring for distress,
From all lust and greediness:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

3 From refusing to obey,
From the love of our own way,
From forgetfulness to pray:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

RESPONSIVE PRAYERS.

Part III. (For Tune, see preceding page.)

- 1 By Thy Birth and early years,
By Thine Infant wants and fears,
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears;
Save us, *Holy Jesu.*
- 2 By Thy Pattern bright and pure,
By the pains Thou didst endure
Our salvation to procure,
Save us, *Holy Jesu.*
- 3 By Thy wounds and thorn-crowned head,
By Thy blood for sinners shed,
By Thy rising from the dead
Save us, *Holy Jesu.*
- 4 By the Name we bow before,
Human Name, which evermore
All the hosts of heaven adore,
Save us, *Holy Jesu.*
- 5 By Thine own unconquered might,
By Thy glory in the height,
By Thy mercies infinite:
Save us, *Holy Jesu.*

317. VERSE.

THE CHURCH.

God the Fa-ther, God the Son, God the Spir - it, Three in One,

RESPONSE.

Hear us from Thy heav'ly Throne; Spare us, Ho - ly Trin - i - ty. A-MEN.

- 2 Jesus, with Thy Church abide,
Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 3 Arms of love around her throw,
Shield her safe from every foe,
Comfort her in time of woe:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 4 Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Grant her patience to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 5 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 6 May she guide the poor and bind:
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted blind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 7 May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 8 May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 9 May she soon all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure, and bright, and worthy Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 10 Fit her all Thy joy to share
In the home Thou dost prepare,
And be ever blessed there:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

General Festival Hymns.

318. *With spirit.*

(Especially suitable for marching.)

BARNBY.
P. M.

Sheet music for the first line of the hymn. The key signature is common time (C). The melody is in soprano and alto voices. The lyrics are: "We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the Cross of the Lord be-fore us, With His".

Sheet music for the second line of the hymn. The key signature changes to common time with a key change (F major). The melody continues in soprano and alto voices. The lyrics are: "lov-ing Eye looking down from the sky, And His Holy Arm spread o'er us, His Ho-ly Arm spread".

Sheet music for the third line of the hymn. The key signature changes to common time with a key change (D major). The melody continues in soprano and alto voices. The lyrics are: "o'er us. We come in the might of the Lord of Light In marshall'd train to meet Him;".

Sheet music for the fourth line of the hymn. The key signature changes to common time with a key change (G major). The melody continues in soprano and alto voices. The lyrics are: "And we put to flight the armies of night, That the sons of the day may greet Him,".

Sheet music for the fifth line of the hymn. The key signature changes to common time with a key change (D major). The melody continues in soprano and alto voices. The lyrics are: "The sons of the day may greet Him. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the".

Sheet music for the sixth line of the hymn. The key signature changes to common time with a key change (G major). The melody continues in soprano and alto voices. The lyrics are: "Cross of the Lord be-fore us, With His lov-ing Eye looking down from the sky, And His".

All verses except last, Last verse only.

2d verse.

Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us, His Ho-ly arm spread o'er us. The o'er us, AMEN.

2 The bands of the Alien flee away
When our chant goes up like thunder,
And the van of the Lord in serried array,
Cleaves Satan's ranks asunder.
We march, we march, &c.

3 Our sword is the Spirit of God on High,
Our helmet His Salvation;
Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword—THE IN-CAR-NA-TION.
We march, we march, &c.

4 He marches in front of His banner unfurl'd,
Which He raised that His own might find
Him;
And the Holy Church throughout all the world
Fall into rank behind Him.
We march, we march, &c,

5 And the choir of Angels with songs awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, &c.

6 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above,
And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march, &c.

319.

Joyous.

LICHFIELD.
7s.

Palms of glo - ry, rai - ment bright, Crowns that nev - er fade a - way,

Gird and deck the Saints in light, Priests, and kings, and conquerors they. AMEN.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the LAMB amidst the Throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through His Cross alone.

4 Round the Altar Priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's Righteousness,
And His Blood, that made them so.

3 Kings their crowns for harps resign,
Crying as they strike the chords,
"Take the Kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings, and LORD of lords."

5 They were mortal too like us;
O, when we like them must die,
May our souls translated thus
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

320.

Moderate.

EDINA.
6s. 5s. D.

3 Great and ever greater
 Are Thy mercies here,
 True and everlasting
 Are the glories there.
 Where no pain or sorrow,
 Toil, or care is known,
 Where the Angel-legions
 Circle round Thy Throne.

4 Brighter still and brighter
 Glows the western sun,
 Shedding all its gladness
 O'er our work that's done;
 Time will soon be over,
 Toil and sorrows past,
 May we, Blessed Saviour,
 Find a rest at last.

5 Onward, ever onward,
 Journeying o'er the road,
 Worn by saints before us,
 Journeying on to God:
 Leaving all behind us,
 May we hasten on,
 Backward never looking
 Till the prize is won.

6 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
 When the ransomed soul
 Earthly toil forgetting
 Finds its promise goal;
 Where in joys unheard of
 Saints with angels sing,
 Never weary raising
 Praises to their King.

321.

*Earnestly.*ALFORD.
P. M.

Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand, In spark-ling rai-ment bright,
 The ar-mies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light.
 'Tis fin-ished! all is fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin;
 Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic-tors in. A-MEN.

2 What rush of Alleluias
 Fills all the earth and sky!
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
 O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made!
 O joy for all its former woes
 A thousand-fold repaid.

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more!
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
 That brimmed with tears of late;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near the great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect;
 Then take Thy power and reign:
 Appear, Desire of nations,
 Thine exiles long for home:
 Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

322.

Joyous.

HERMAS.
11s.
with Chorus.

On our way re - joic - ing as we homeward move, Hearken to our prais - es,

O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad-ness? Thine it can-not be!

CHORUS.

Is our sky be-cloud-ed? Clouds are not from Thee! On our way re - joic - ing

as we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es, O Thou God of love! A-MEN.

2 If with honest-hearted love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us doing what we can,
Thou who giv'st the seed-time wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with peace.

CHO:— On our way rejoicing, &c.

3 On our way rejoicing gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety, Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy?

CHO:— On our way rejoicing, &c.

4 Unto God the Father joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing now and evermore!

CHO:— On our way rejoicing, &c.

323.

With spirit.

S. ALBAN.
6s. 5s. D. with *Refrain*.

Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers onward
 To their home on high. Journey-ing o'er the des-ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
 And with hearts u - ni - ted Take our heavenward way. Brightly gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers on-ward To their home on high. A-MEN.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
 At Thy sacred feet,
 Here with hearts rejoicing
 See Thy children meet;
 Often have we left Thee,
 Often gone astray,
 Keep us mighty Saviour,
 In the narrow way.
 Brightly gleams, &c.

3 All our days direct us
 In the way we go,
 Lead us on victorious
 Over every foe;
 Bid Thine angels shield us
 When the storm-clouds lour,
 Pardon Thou and save us
 In the last dread hour.
 Brightly gleams, &c.

4 Then with Saints and Angels
 May we join above,
 Offering prayers and praises
 At Thy Throne of love;
 When the toil is over,
 Then comes rest and peace,
 Jesus, in His Beauty,
 Songs that never cease.
 Brightly gleams, &c.

324.

With spirit.

S. GERTRUDE.
6s. 5s. D. with *Refrain*.

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus

Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the Roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe,

Forward in - to bat-tle See, His banners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,

Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore. A - MEN.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver,
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph song—
Glory, laud and honour,
Unto Christ the King,
This throngh countless ages
Men and Angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

325.

Boldly.

FESTIVAL.

7s. 6s. with Refrain.

Forth to the fight, ye ran-som'd, Migh-ty in God's own might,
Stem-ming the tide of bat - tle, Rout - ing the hosts of night,

FULL.

Lift ye the Blood-red Ban - ner, Wield ye the vic - tor's sword,

Raise ye the Christian's war-cry—“The Cross of Christ the Lord.” A - MEN.

Large notes on Great Organ Reed.

Full Swell.

Sw. to PED. dopp.

2 Fear not the din of battle,
Follow where He has trod
Perfecting strength in weakness—
JESUS, INCARNATE GOD.
Lift ye, &c.

Trebles and Altos in Unison.

3 Angels around us hover,
Succour in time of need,
Ever at hand to strengthen,
Guardians they indeed.
Lift ye, &c.

Tenors and Basses in Unison.

- 4 Arm ye against the battle,
Watch ye, and fast, and pray,
Peace shall succeed the warfare,
Night shall be changed to day.
Lift ye, &c.
- 5 Fight, for the Lord is o'er you,
Fight, for He bids you fight;
There where the fray is thickest
Close with the hosts of night.
Lift ye, &c.

326.

*Boldly.*S. BOTOLPH.
6s. 5s. Twelve lines.

Forward! be our watchword, Step and voices joined, Seek the things be-fore us,



Not a look be - hind; Burns the fier - y pil - lar At our ar-my's head;



Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Captain led ? Forward thro' the des - ert,



Thro' the toil and fight, Jordan flows be - fore us, Si-on beams with light. A-MEN.



2 Forward when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time
Climb from height to height:
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light!

3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth;
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;

Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

4 Glories upon glories,
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech or word.
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

327.

Earnestly.

S. BONIFACE.
6s. 5s. Twelve lines.

Far o'er yon hor - i - zon Rise the cit - y towers; Where our God a - bid - eth;

That fair Home is ours: Flash the streets with jas-per, Shine the gates with gold;

Flows the gladdening riv - er, Shedding joys un - told. Thither, on-ward thith-er,

In the Spi - rit's might; Pilgrims to your coun-try, For-ward in - to light. A-MEN.

2 Into God's high temple
Onward as we press,
Beauty spreads around us,
Born of holiness;
Arch, and vault, and carving,
Lights of varied tone,
Softened words and holy,
Prayer and praise alone:
Every thought upraising
To our city bright,
Where the tribes assemble
Round the Throne of light.

3 Nought that city needeth
Of these aisles of stone:
Where the GODHEAD dwelleth,
Temple there is none;
All the Saints, that ever
In these courts have stood,

Are but babes, and feeding
On the children's food.
On through sign and token,
Stars amid the night,
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

4 To the eternal FATHER
Loudest anthems raise;
To the SON and SPIRIT
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord of glory,
Blessed THREE in ONE,
Be by men and Angels
Endless honours done;
Weak are earthly praises;
Dull the songs of night;
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light!

328.

With spirit.

CONQUEST.

6s. 5s. D. with refrain.

Sol-diers of the Captain! Stand, for Him, and fight, Hardness glad en - dur - ing,
 Armour'd in His might! He is that great Vic-tor Praised in Angels' songs,
 Glo - ry of each sol - dier Who to Him be - longs. Sol - diers of the Cap-tain!

Last time.

Stand, for Him, and fight, Hardness glad en-dur-ing, Armour'd in His might! Might! A - MEN.

2 Leader never vanquished—
 More than conquerors too,
 Through Himself, He maketh
 All His soldiers true;
 O'er the foe, triumphant,
 He must still prevail—
 So, His soldiers faithful,
 With Him cannot fail.
 Soldiers of the Captain! &c.

4 Jesus! Captain! help us
 Soldiers good to be—
 Living, dying, ever,
 Fighting Lord, for Thee:
 Eager to march forward,
 In those ranks of Thine—
 Waiting but the order
 From Thy voice divine!
 Soldiers of the Captain! &c.

3 Take ye, then, the Helmet,
 Breastplate, Shield, and Sword—
 Thus equipped, for battle
 Ready at His word:
 Fierce though be the warfare,
 Sure is the renown—
 And, though dark the conflict,
 Bright the promised crown.
 Soldiers of the Captain! &c.

329.

Joyous.

WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING.
Five 11s.

“Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say: Hell to-day is vanquish'd; Heav'n is won to-day; Lo! the Dead is living, God for-ev-er - more! Him their true Creator, all His works a-dore! “Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say. A-MEN.

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for Spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thée in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
“Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say.

4 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health to all,
Thou from Heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished: Heaven is won to-day!

5 Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word,
'Tis Thine own Third Morning! Rise, O buried Lord!
“Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say.

6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy Face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our day-light; day returns with Thee!
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day.

330. *Boldly.*S. EDWARD, CONFESSOR.
P. M.

Advance! advance! the day is come To sing our Ma-ker's prai-ses;

Each thankful heart in faith and hope, The strain of joy up - rai - ses:

In robes all pure and white We chase the shades of night, The gloom shall pass a-

way Be-fore the dawn of day; The Lord of Hosts is with us. A-MEN.

2 Advance! Advance! though sore the strife,
Though timid hearts are quailing,
The Lord of Hosts doth lead our van,
And He is all availing:
With His blest Presence near,
No mortal foe we fear;
Our Captain goes before,
'Mid strife of battle sore;
The Lord of Hosts is with us.

3 Advance! Advance! nor gaze behind,
Nor deem the pathway weary;
The Leader's footsteps print the track,
Through all that region dreary:
In faith we follow on,
We tread where He has gone;
The stormy wind may rave,
The stormy wind we brave;
The Lord of Hosts is with us.

4 Advance! Advance! lift up your hearts!
The sky above doth lighten;
Most dark around the shadows fall,
Ere rays of dawn may brighten:
The night is dark and chill,
The dawn is on the hill,
We reck not of the night,
'Twill soon be warm and bright;
The Lord of Hosts is with us.

5 Advance! Advance! ah, dearest Lord,
'Tis Thou, 'tis Thou dost lead us;
'Tis Thou dost point the narrow way,
'Tis Thou dost tend, dost feed us:
No power, no might have we,
Our strength is all of Thee;
At morn, at eventide,
Our aid, our hope, our guide.
Great Lord of Hosts be with us.

331.

*Earnestly.*S. THOMAS A BECKET.
8s. 7s.

Lo! on Si-on's ho - ly moun-tain, Stands the Lamb of God Most High,
While a-round Him all the guileless Chant His praise - ter-nal-ly. A-MEN.

- 2 On their foreheads, pure and spotless,
Shines the Father's awful Name;
And these Saints, so bright and glorious,
Out of tribulation came.
- 3 Onward, onward, ever onward!
Follow they the Lamb Most High,
Wheresoever Jesus goeth,
Nigh to Him, for ever nigh.
- 4 Shepherd kind, we too would follow;
We are Thine, our Leader be,
- 5 So on Sion's holy mountain,
In the dear Land far away,
With all pure and guileless spirits
We may dwell in endless day.
- 6 Onward, onward, ever onward,
Following Thee, O Christ Most High,
Wheresoever, Lord, Thou goest,
Nigh to Thee, for ever nigh.

332. *Boldly.*S. FABIAN.
7s.

Sol - diers who to Christ be - long, Trust ye in His word, be strong;
For His prom - i - ses are sure, His rewards for aye en-dure. A-MEN.

- 2 His no crowns that pass away;
His no palm that sees decay;
His the joy that shall not fade:
His the light that knows no shade.
- 3 His the Home for spirits blest,
Where He gives them peaceful rest,
Far above the starry skies,
In the bliss of Paradise.

- 4 Here on earth ye can but clasp
Things that perish in the grasp;
Lift your hearts then to the skies;
God Himself shall be your prize.
- 5 Praise we now with saints at rest,
Father, Son and Spirit blest;
For His promises are sure,
His rewards shall aye endure.

GENERAL FESTIVALS.

The following Hymns are also suitable in marching.

ADVENT.

36. Behold! behold He cometh.
40. Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes.
37. Lift up the Advent strain.

CHRISTMAS.

50. Angels from the realms of glory.
49. Hail! Thou long-expected Jesus.
43. Hark! the herald Angels sing.
47. Hark! what mean those holy voices.
42. O come, all ye faithful.
54. Sing with joy, 'tis Christmas morn.

MANIFESTATION.

62. As, with gladness, men of old.

59. Bethlehem! of noblest cities.

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

69. All glory, land, and honour.
68. Sion, Sion, haste to meet Him.

EASTER.

81. Angels, roll the rock away.
86. Come, ye faithful, raise the strain.
79. Jesus Christ is risen to-day.

THANKSGIVING.

125. Come, ye thankful people, come.
126. Praise, O praise our God and King.

ANY SEASON.

9. Abide with me: fast falls the eventide.
25. Again the morn of gladness.
150. All hail the power of Jesus' Name.
163. Alleluia! thanks and glory.
232. Angel voices ever singing.
185. Children of the Heavenly King.
203. Go forward, Christian soldier.
161. God eternal, mighty King.
137. Hail the Cross of Jesus.
217. Hark! hark, my soul: angelic songs.
100. Hark! the sound of holy voices.
96. Holy! holy! holy! Lord God Almighty.
129. Hosanna be the children's song.
207. Jerusalem, my happy home.
209. Jerusalem the golden.
223. Jesus, meek and gentle.
220. Light's abode, celestial Salem.
173. Nearer, my God, to Thee.
21. Now the day is over.
26. O day of rest and gladness.
184. O happy band of pilgrims.
218. O Paradise! O Paradise!
202. Oft in danger, oft in woe.
106. Pleasant are Thy courts above.
151. Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven.
148. Songs of praise the angels sang.
10. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.
12. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.
105. The Church's one foundation.
199. The King of love my Shepherd is.
201. The Son of God goes forth to war.
284. Those eternal bowers.
201. Through the night of doubt and sorrow
215. We are but strangers here.

The following Hymns are specially suitable for little children.

159. Above the clear blue sky.
247. Blessed Jesus, wilt Thou hear us.
235. Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.
224. Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd.
264. Great Shepherd of the sheep.
149. Humble praises, holy Jesus.
265. I love to think, though I am young.
233. I think when I read that sweet story.
162. Jesus, high in glory.
5. Jesus, holy, undefiled.
22. Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.
258. Where is the Holy Jesus.
139. Jesus, when He left the sky.
269. Little children, who would ever.
176. Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep.
14. Now the light has gone away.
243. Sweet it is for child like me.
4. The morning bright.
253. There is a happy land.
39. Up in heaven, up in heaven.
206. We are but little children weak.
254. We are little Christian soldiers.
186. We are little pilgrims.

Carols.

Christmas.

Sleep, Holy Babe!

333. *Tenderly.*

Sleep, Ho - ly Babe! up - on Thy Mo - ther's breast; Great
Lord of earth and sea and sky, How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest, In such a place of rest..... Accomp.

2 Sleep! Holy Babe! Thine Angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings,
Before the Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

3 Sleep! Holy Babe! while I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile
Which there Divinely plays.

4 Sleep! Holy Babe! ah! take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake
That Death alone shall close.

334. Once again, O blessed time.

Smoothly.

Once again, O bless-ed time, Thankful hearts em - brace thee; If we lost thy
 festal chime, What could e'er re-place..... thee? What could e'er..... re-place thee?
 Change will darken many a day, Many a bond dis - sev - er; Many a joy shall
 pass away, But the "Great Joy" nev - er! But the "Great Joy" nev
 - er But the "Great Joy" nev - er!

2 Once again the Holy Night
 Breathes its blessing tender;
 Once again the Manger Light
 Sheds its gentle splendour;
 O could tongues by Angels taught
 Speak our exultation
 In the Virgin's Child that brought
 All mankind Salvation !

3 Welcome Thou to souls athirst,
 Fount of endless pleasure:
 Gates of Hell may do their worst,
 While we clasp our Treasure:
 Welcome, though an age like this
 Puts Thy Name on trial,
 And the Truth that makes our bliss
 Pleads against denial!

4 Yea, if others stand apart,
 We will press the nearer;
 Yea, O best fraternal Heart,
 We will hold Thee dearer;
 Faithful lips shall answer thus
 To all faithless scorning,
 "Jesus Christ is God with us,
 Born on Christmas morning."

5 So we yield Thee all we can,
 Worship, thanks, and blessing;
 Thee true God, and Thee true Man.
 On our knees confessing;
 While Thy Birth-day morn we greet
 With our best devotion,
 Bathe us, O most true and sweet!
 In Thy Mercy's ocean.

335.

CAROLS.
Stars all bright are beaming.

Brightly. VERSE.

Stars all bright are beaming, From the skies a - bove, Nature's face all
gleam-ing, Shines with Heav'n's own love. Wake and sing, good Christians,
On this Birth-day Morn, Heaven and Earth are telling God for man is born.

CHORUS.

2 Here for us abiding,
Cradled in a Stall,
All His glory hidin',
See the Lord of all! Cho.

3 Born that He might lead us,
From this desert home,
Guide our way, and feed us,
Till the end shall come. Cho.

4 Thousand thousand blessings
Sing we for His Love,
Choral Hymns addressing
To our Lord above. Cho.

5 Glory in the Highest,
For this wondrous Birth;
Choir of Heaven! thou criest
Peace to all the Earth! Cho.

336. *Softly.* Sleep, my Saviour, sleep.

1. Sleep, my Saviour, sleep, On Thy bed of hay, An-gels in the spangled Heaven
2. Sleep, my Saviour, sleep, On Thy bed of hay, Ere the mourning An-gel com-eth
Sing their glad-some Christmas car - ols Till the dawn of day,
To the moon-lit o - live gar-den, Wip-ing tears a - way.

3 Sleep, my Saviour, sleep,
Sweet on Mary's breast;
Now the shepherds kneel adoring,
Now the mother's heart is joyous,
Take a happy rest.

4 Sleep, my Saviour, sleep,
Sweet on Mary's breast:
Crucified, with wounds and bruises,
Bleeding, purple, stained, disfigured,
One day Thou wilt rest.

337.

All this night bright angels sing.

Moderate.

mf

1. All this night bright angels sing, Nev - er was such car - ol-ling, Hark! a voice which
 2. Wake, O earth, wake eve-ry thing, Wake and hear the joy I bring: Wake and joy; for

mf

cres. *f* *p*

loud-ly cries, "Mortals, mortals, wake and rise. Lo! to glad-ness Turns your
 all this night, Heaven and eve-ry twink - ling light, All a - maz - ing, Still stand

cres. *f* *p*

cres. *f*

sad - ness: From the earth is ris'n a Sun, Shines all night tho' day be done."
 gaz - ing, An-gels,powers and all that be, Wake, and joy this Sun to see.

cres.

3d Verse. *mf*

Hail! O Sun, O bless-ed Light, Sent in - to this world by night; Let Thy Rays and

p

dim. *pp* *cres.*

heav-ly Pow'rs, Shine in these dark souls of ours. For most du - ly, Thou art

dim. *pp*

tru - ly God and Man, we do con - fess: Hail, O Sun of Right - eous - ness!

f *ff* *rall.* *ff* *rall.*

CAROLS.

338. *Brightly.*

Carol, sweetly carol.

1. Ca - rol, sweetly ca - rol, A Saviour born to - day; Bear the joy - ful
 2. Ca - rol, sweetly ca - rol, As when the An - gel throng O'er the vales of
 3. Ca - rol, sweetly ca - rol, The hap - py Christmas time; Hark! the bells are

tid-ings, Oh, bear them far a - way. Ca - rol, sweet-ly ca - rol, Till
 Ju - dahl, A - woke the heavenly song. Ca - rol, sweet-ly ca - rol, Good
 peal-ing Their mer - ry, mer - ry chime; Ca - rol, sweet-ly ca - rol, Ye

earth's re - mot-est bound Shall hear the mighty chorus, And echo back the sound.
 will, with peace and love, Glo - ry in the highest, To God who reigns above.
 shin - ing ones a - bove, Sing in loudest numbers, Oh, sing redeeming love.

CHORUS.

Ca - rol, sweet-ly ca - rol, Ca - rol, sweet-ly to - day;
 Ca - rol, Ca - rol, Ca - rol, Ca - rol,
 Ca - rol sweetly, Ca - rol sweet - ly to - day.

CAROLS.
339. *Sing ye the songs of praise.*

With spirit.

1. Sing ye the songs of praise; Je - sus is come! High your glad
2. This day in Beth-le - hem, Je - sus was born! King of Je -

voi - ces raise; Je - sus is come Cast world - ly cares a - way,
ru - sa - lem, Je - sus was born! Sun of all right-eous-ness,

Wor-ship and hcomage pay, Wel-come the blessed day, Je - sus is come!
Shin-ing with blessed - ness, Heal-ing our wretchedness, Je - sus was born!

3 Cleanse us from all our sin,
Saviour Divine!
Make our thoughts pure within,
Saviour Divine!
Lo! now the herald sound
Carols the love profound,
Telling of Jesus found,
Saviour Divine!

4 Save through Thy merit,
Great Prince of Peace!
Give Thy good Spirit,
Great Prince of Peace!
Let not Thy love depart,
But holy gifts impart,
Born into every heart,
Great Prince of Peace!

340. *Moderate. Christ is born of maiden fair.*

Christ is born of maid - en fair; Hark the her-alds in the air, Thus a -

dor - ing des - cant there, “In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a.”

2 Shepherds saw those Angels bright,
Carolling in glorious light;
“God, His Son is born to-night,
In excelsis gloria.”

3 Christ is come to save mankind,
As in holy page we find,
Therefore this song bear in mind,
“In excelsis gloria.”

CAROLS.

341. *From far away we come to you.*

Moderate.

From far a-way we come to you; The snow un-der foot and the moon in the sky, To tell of great ti-dings, strange and true, Christian men all, sal-va-tion is nigh! Sal - va - tion is nigh. From far a-way we come to you; To tell of great ti - dings, strange and true; From far away we come to you, To tell of great ti-dings strange... and true.....

- 2 Out on a field where the night was deep, 5 And as we gazed this sight upon,
The snow under foot, &c. [sheep, *The snow under foot, &c.*
 There lay three shepherds tending their The angels called Him, the Holy ONE,
Christian men all, &c. *Christian men all, &c.*
- 3 "O ye shepherds, what did you see?
The snow under foot, &c. 6 And a marvellous song we straight heard
 To make you so full of joy and glee?" [then,
Christian men all, &c. Of Peace on Earth, Good will towards
Christian men all, &c. [men,"
- 4 "In an oxstall this night we saw,
The snow under foot, &c. 7 News of a fair and marvellous thing!
 A Babe in a manger, laid on straw,
Christian men all, &c. *The snow under foot, &c.*
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, we sing!
Christian men all, &c.
- N. B.—In the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 9th verses, the melody in the first bar will need a slight modification, in order to fit it to the accent of the words.
 And a corresponding change must be made in the subsequent parts of the melody where the same words recur.

CAROLS.

342. Angel hosts in bright array.

VERSE. Joyous.

An - gel hosts in bright ar - ray, Stars their night-watch keeping,— Earthward wend their
 si - lent way, While the world lies sleep-ing. Through the wintry clouds they gilde,
 On through por - tal hoa - ry, Where, the ox and ass be - side, Lies the Babe of
 Chorus.
 Glo - ry. Ring the bells, and sound the horn! Shout with ex - ul - ta - tion!
 Christ the Lord to - day is born For the world's sal - va - tion!

- 2 All unseen by mortal eye,
 Reverent and lowly;
 Prostrate there, they laud on high
 Him, the Infant Holy;
 From their lins celestial rise
 Sounds, with joy o'erflowing,
 Strains upborne beyond the skies,
 Hymns with rapture glowing.
 Cho.— Ring the bells, &c.
 3 Hark the news the Angel tells;—
 Lo! an Infant Stranger,
 God's dear Son amon' you dwells,
 Born in Bethlehem's manger!
 Bursts a chorus from the sky,

- Loud from Heaven's portal:
 Glory be to God on High,
 Peace, good will to mortal!
 Cho.— Ring the bells, &c.
 4 Angel spirits earthward led,
 With a hope endearing,
 First to worship, first to spread,
 News of Christ's Appearing!
 Trace we out your footfalls light,
 Praise we Christ in glory,
 Then waft ye the tidings bright
 Of the Gospel story!
 Cho.— Ring the bells, &c.

CAROLS.

Carol, brothers, Carol.

343.

CHORUS. *Cheerfully.*

ff

Car-ol, brothers car - ol, Car - ol joy-ful-ly, Car - ol of the good tidings, Car - ol mer - ri-ly,

ff

And pray a gladsome Christmas, For all good Christian men ; Car-ol brothers, car - ol, Christmas-Day a - gain.

Fine.

DUETT.

Car-ol, but with gladness, Not in songs of earth; On the Saviour's birthday Hallowed be our mirth;

D.C.

While a thousand blessings Fill our hearts with glee, Christmas-day we'll keep, The Feast of Chari-ty.

- 2 At the merry table,
Think of those who've none,
The orphan and the widow,
Hungry and alone.
Bountiful your offerings
To the altar bring;
Let the poor and needy
Christmas carols sing.
- CHORUS. Carol, brothers, carol, &c.

- 3 Listening angel music,
Discord sure must cease—
Who dare hate his brother
On this day of peace ?
While the heavens are telling

To mankind good will,
Only love and kindness
Every bosom fill.

CHORUS. Carol, brothers, carol, &c.

- 4 Let our hearts responding
To the seraph band,
With this morning's sunshine
Bright in every land:
Word, and deed, and prayer
Speak the grateful sound,
Telling "Merry Christmas"
All the world around,
- CHORUS. Carol, brothers, carol, &c.

CAROLS.

344. *Moderate.*

Lo! a Star.

Lo! a star, ye sa - ges hoa - ry; Lo! a wondrous star a - bove,
 He is born, the King of glo - ry, He, our wondrous star of love.
 Lord of Life, Re - deem-er, Mas-ter, Loud the shepherds' wel - come rolls,
 He is born the peo - ples' pas - tor, He the Shep-herd of our souls.

2 When from Thee we fain would borrow
 Peace for heart and soul oppress,
 Child of sorrows, heal our sorrow;
 Spirit, give our spirits rest.

Let all evil past behaviour
 In Thy love forgotten be,
 Let our spirits, gentle Saviour,
 Be this day new-born with Thee.

345. *VERSE. Softly.*

Gently falls the winter snow.

Gently falls the win-ter snow, Earth lies si - lent - ly be-low, While the ten-der

CAROLS.

CHORUS.

Plant appears, Promis'd long by ho - ly seers. Hail the e - ver bless - ed morn,

Hail the day that Christ was born; Tell it thro' Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem.

2 He who built the starry skies
Low within a manger lies,
Stooping from His Throne sublime,
High above the cherubim.

CHO.—Hail, &c.

3 Say, ye wand'ring shepherds, say
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep?—
Wherefore fail your watch to keep?

CHO.—Hail, &c.

4 "As we watched at dead of night,
Lo! we saw a wondrous sight,—
Anzels singing Peace on Earth,
Telling of the Saviour's Birth."

CHO.—Hail, &c.

5 Haste we now to greet God's Child,
Watch His Face so meek and mild;
Learn the Love of Heaven to see
In our Lord's Humility.

CHO.—Hail, &c.

346.

A shepherd band their flocks.

Moderate.

A shepherd band their flocks are keeping, And gentle lambs are sweetly sleeping;

When sudden - ly they all be-hold An an - gel in bright robes with harp of gold.

2 Glad tidings of great joy he bringeth,
The azure vault with anthems ringeth;
"Emmanuel" awakes the song, [prolong. And countless hosts the glorious theme

3 "To you this day is born a Saviour,
Your Prophet, Priest, and King for ever;"
"All glory be to God," they cry;
"All glory be to God," let earth reply.

4 "On earth be peace with mercy blending,
Good-will to men, and love unending;"
Thus sweetly sing the angel throng,
And all the heavenly host rehearse the song.

5 Thro' field and wood the song resoundeth,
O'er hill and vale the chorus boundeth;

Exultingly the echoes roll, [pole. And hymns of triumph spread from pole to

6 The shepherds view the lost returning,
Their hearts with holy ardour burning;
To Bethlehem they wend their way,
Repeating with glad tongues th' angelic lay.

7 In haste they seek the heavenly Stranger;
They find the Babe laid in a manger;
With wonder and with awe they fall,
And joyfully adore Him, Lord of all!

8 Now every voice with rapture swelleth,
For Christ the Lord with mortals dwelleth;
Let men and angels Him adore,
And shout their glad Hosannas evermore.

347. Brightly. *[I. To be sung before the Distribution of Gifts.]*

||; Gather around the Christmas tree! :|| Ever green Have its branches been, It is king of all the woodland scene; For Christ, our King, is born to-day! His reign shall nev-er pass a-way,

CHORUS.

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san-na in the high - est!

[II. To be sung after the Distribution of gifts.]

2 ||: Gather around the Christmas tree! :|| 4 ||: Farewell to Thee, O Christmas tree! :||
 Once the pride Thy part is done,

Of the mountain side, And Thy gifts are gone,

Now cut down to grace our Christmas-tide: And thy lights are dying one by one:

For Christ from heaven to earth came down, For earthly pleasures die to-day,

To gain, through death, a nobler crown. But heavenly joys shall last alway.

Hosanna, &c.

3 ||: Gather around the Christmas tree! :|| 5 ||: Farewell to thee, O Christmas tree! :||
 Every bough Twelve months o'er,

Bears a burden now,— We shall meet once more,

They are gifts of love for us, we trow:

Merry welcome singing, as of yore:

For Christ is born, His love to show,

For Christ now reigns, our Saviour dear,

And give good gifts to men below.

And gives us Christmas every year!

Hosanna, &c.

348. *Moderate. Good Christian men rejoice.*

Good Christian men, re - joice With heart and soul and voice, - Give ye heed to

2 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Joy! Joy!
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath oped the heav'nly door,
And man is blessed evermore.
Christ was born for this!

3 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave;
Peace! Peace!
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall:
Christ was born to save.

Hark! what sounds.

349. *Moderate.*

2 See! a light from heaven is streaming,
Night and darkness quit the plain;
See! an angel brightly beaming,
Followed by a radiant train.

3 "Fear not, shepherds! glad my story,
Tidings of the greatest joy:

Christ is born, the Lord of glory!
I proclaim a Saviour nigh."

4 Thus the angel, then ascending,
Seeks again the realms of light;
Now the chorus faintly ending,
All is silence, all is night.

CAROLS.

350. Now lift the Carol.

Moderate. VERSE.

Now lift the car - ol, men and maids, Now wake ex - ult-ant sing-ing; This
 day the Well of Life first sprang, Who shall declare His springing? It
 is the Birth-day of our Peace; This day for man the wea - ry, The E-ver-lasting
 Son of God Was born of bless-ed Ma-ry. No-el! No - el! Proclaim the Saviour's
 Birth; He rais-es us to Heaven, O hail His com-ing down to earth.

2 He was not born in such sweet days,
 As we of yore remember:
 'Twas not the sunny summer time,
 Oh ! 'twas the cold December:
 As shines the sun above the snows,
 When nature's life is lying
 Fast bound in winter's icy chain,
 So came He to the dying.
 Cho.— Noel, Noel, &c.

3 There were poor shepherds in the field,
 Their flocks at midnight tending;
 Then Heaven came down and brought the
 A rapture never ending; [news,
 So they went swift to Bethlehem,
 And saw—and told the story
 Of Christ the Lord, a little Child,
 And Anzels singing "Glory."
 Cho.— Noel, Noel, &c.

4 Not in the manger lies He now;
 Far o'er the sapphire portal
 At God's right Hand of power He sits
 Who was this day made mortal:
 All in the highest, holiest place,
 Where there may dwell none other,
 There our own Manhood sits enthroned,
 There is our Elder Brother.
 Cho.— Noel, Noel, &c.

5 The Birthday of our God and King—
 Lo ! we are called to greet Him;
 The Everlasting Bridegroom comes,
 Oh, go ye out to meet Him.
 This is the end of all below,
 The crown of Love's best story;
 Christ stands and knocks—oh, happy souls,
 Receive the King of Glory.
 Cho.— Noel, Noel, &c.

CAROLS.

351.

Moderate.
Solo. (Treble or Tenor alternately.)

See amid the winter's snow.

See amid the winter's snow, Born for us on earth be-low,

See the ten-der Lamb ap-pears, Prom-ised from e - ter - nal years.

CHORUS. *ff*

Hail! Thou ev - er - bles-sed morn! Hail, Re-demp-tion's hap - py dawn!

Sing through all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.

2 Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies;
He, who thronged in height sublime,
Sits amid the Cherubim!

CHO.—Hail! Thou ever-blessèd, &c.

3 Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?

CHO.—Hail! Thou ever-blessèd, &c.

4 "As we watched at dead of night,
— Lo, we saw a wondrous light;

Angels singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's Birth."

CHO.—Hail! Thou ever-blessèd, &c.

5 Sacred Infant, all Divine,
What a tender love was Thine;
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!

CHO.—Hail! Thou ever-blessèd, &c.

6 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy Face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee,
In Thy sweet humility!

CHO.—Hail! Thou ever-blessèd, &c.

In the early morning.

352. *Joyously.*

In the ear - ly morn-ing, ear - ly, Ere the dawn was e-ven nigh-

Glo - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o! Glo - ry be to God on high.

When the crown-like stars were lus-trous; When the dew was on the sod,

Sang the An-gels to the shepherds, Sang the chor - is - ters of God.

2 To the humble Bethlehem shepherds,
On the first glad Christmas morn,
Sang the choir of God Angelic,—
Christ the Son of God is born!
When the dew was white and pearly,
Flashed a light across the sky,
In the early morning, early,
Glory be to God on high.

3 Glory in the heavens eternal,
Upon earth be glory, too,
For the day of grace hath broken,
And a King is born to you.
In the early morning, early,
Glory be to God on high;
Rang the sound of Angels harping,
Through the stilly list'ning sky.

353. *Moderate.*

What Child is this.

What Child is this, who, laid to rest, On Ma - ry's lap is sleeping;

Whom an - gels greet with anthemis sweet, While shepherds watch are keep-ing ?

This, this is Christ, the King, Whom shepherds guard, and an - gels sing:

Haste, haste to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry !

2 Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear: for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading:
Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through,
The Cross be borne, for me, for you;
Hail! Hail! the Word made flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

3 So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh,
Come peasant, King, to own Him;
The King of kings salvation brings;
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise the song on high,
The Virgin sings her lullaby:
Joy! joy! for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

354.

Moderate.

Holy night! peaceful night!

Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! All is dark, save the light,

Yon-der where they sweet vi - gil keep O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep,

Rests in hea - ven - ly peace, Rests in hea - ven - ly peace.

2 Holy night! peaceful night!
Only for shepherds' sight,
Came blest visions of Angel throngs,
With their loud Alleluia songs,
Saying, JESUS is come,
Saying, JESUS is come.

3 Holy night! peaceful night!
Child of heav'n! O! how bright [born;
Thou didst smile on us when Thou wast
Blest indeed was that happy morn,
 Full of heavenly joy,
 Full of heavenly joy.

355.

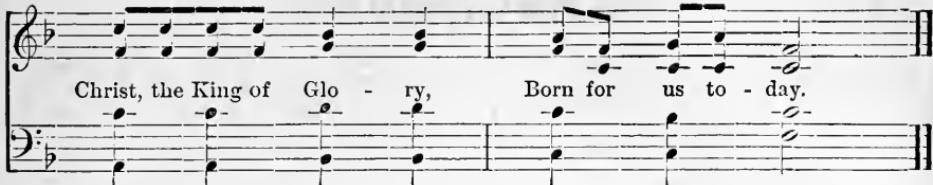
Waken, Christian children.

Brightly.

Waken, Christian children, Up, and let us sing, With glad hearts and voi-ces,

Of our new-born King. Up! 'tis meet to wel-come With a joyous lay.

CAROLS.



- 2 In a manger lowly
Sleeps the heavenly Child,
O'er Him fondly bendeth
Mary, Mother mild.
Far above that stable,
Up in heaven so high,
One bright star outshineth,
Watching silently.
- 3 Fear not, then, to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense,
Fitting for a King.
- Gifts He asketh richer,
Offerings costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.
- 4 Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts, He loveth
Infant purity.
Haste we, then, to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

356. *Christians, Carol sweetly.*

Moderate.

3 Michael, at the manger,
Bows his royal face;
Gabriel, with lily,
Hides transcendent Grace;
For, dear friends, the glory
Of that lowly bed
Overpowers the beauty
On Archangels shed.

4 Shall I tell of Joseph,
Who, with rapt surprise,
Sees the light from Godhead
Fill those infant eyes?
Shall I sing of Mary,
Who, upon her breast,
Cradles her Creator,
Soothes Him to His rest?

2 Crowds of snow-white Angels
Throng the golden stair;
All things are resplendent,
All things passing fair:
Bells, clear music making,
Peal the news o'er earth;
Chimes within make answer,
All is glee and mirth.

5 Angels, Mary, Joseph,
Yes, I greet you all!
Falling down in worship
At the manger stall!
For you hail our Monarch,
Born a Child to-day;
So, with you I worship,
And my homage pay.

CAROLS.

357. *Moderate. Unison.*

In the field with their flocks.

In the field with their flocks a - bid - ing, They lay on the dew-y ground; And
 glimm'ring un-der the star-light, The sheep lay white a-round, When the light of the Lord stream'd
 o'er them, And lo! from the heaven a-bove, An an - gel leaned from the glo - ry And

p (CHORUS IN UNISON.)

sang his song of love:— He sang, that first sweet Christmas, The song that shall never
 cease,..... “Glo-ry to God in the high - est, On earth good will and peace.

2 “To you in the City of David,
 A Saviour is born to-day!”
 And sudden a host of the heav'nly ones
 Flash'd forth to join the lay!
 O never hath sweeter message
 Thrill'd home to the souls of men,
 And the Heav'ns themselves had never
 A gladder choir till then,— [heard
 For they sang that Christmas Carol,
 That never on earth shall cease, &c.

3 And the shepherds came to the Manger,
 And gaz'd on the Holy Child;
 And calmly o'er that rude cradle
 The Virgin Mother smil'd;
 And the sky, in the star-lit silence,
 Seem'd full of the angel lay;
 “To you in the City of David
 A Saviour is born to-day;”
 Oh they sang—and I ween that never
 The carol on earth shall cease, &c.

CAROLS.

358. *Softly.*

Silent night! peaceful night!

Si - lent night! peaceful night! Through the darkness beams a light;

Si - lent night! peace-ful night; Through the darkness beams a light,

Through the dark-ness beamis a light! Yonder, where they sweet vig - ils keep

Rallentando.

O'er the Babe, who, in si - lent sleep, Rests in heavenly peace, Rests in heavenly peace.

2 Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing—
“Hallelujah! hail the King!
Jesus Christ is here!”

3 Silent night! peaceful night!
Child of heaven! O how bright
Thou didst smile when Thou wast born;
Blessèd was that happy morn,
Full of heavenly joy.

4 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, O, lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus Christ is here!

5 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star! O, lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Hallelujah to our King!
Jesus Christ is here!

359.

Morning is breaking.

Moderate.

Morn - ing is break - ing O'er moun - tain and plain, The

earth is a - wak-ing From slum - ber a - gain.

Wel-come! sweet wel-come! We give to the day, With

hol - ly and i - vy, And lau - rel and bay.

2 Lifting our voices
In worship and praise,
To Christ our Redeemer
An anthem we raise.
Angels no longer
Appear upon earth,
To tell the glad tidings
Of joy at His birth.

3 Visions of glory
No more on our sight
Will burst on the darkness
With heavenly light.
Welcome the morning
Whose beams round us shine;
Our sun is the Saviour,
The light is Divine.

360. *Moderate.* Tune your harps for holy song.

Tune your harps for ho - ly song, E - choes soft the notes pro - long,
 Heav'n-ly joy thy soul pos - sess, Christ is born a world to bless;
 Joy - ful strains of tri - umph wake, Stil - ly night's rapt si-lence break;
 Sound the trump with loud ac - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!

2 See! the heavens open wide,
 Glory streams a golden tide;
 Seraphs throng the shining stairs,
 Morn her fragrant incense bears.
 Angel fingers sweep the lyres,
 Earth relights her altar fires;
 Sing loud anthems to His Name,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem!

3 Alleluia! greet the dawn,
 "Unto us a Child is born,"
 Songs on high, and praise on earth
 Wait upon the Saviour's birth;
 Stars of morn in chorus sing,
 Earth and sky with rapture ring;
 Promised Branch of Jesse's stem,
 Hail the Babe of Bethlehem!

4 With the Angel's welcome bring
 Endless praise to Christ our King;
 Carol songs around the earth,
 Triumph in a Sovereign's birth.
 Glad the Star to men of old,
 Bright the Light we now behold;
 Strike your harps, this day proclaim
 Christ is born in Bethlehem!

361.

Star of Glory! brightly streaming.

Recitative.

Alto.

And lo! the Star, which they saw in the East went be -
fore them, till it came and stood o - ver where the young Child was.

CHORUS.

Star of Glo - ry! brightly streaming, Welcome, oh! thou bless - ed Star!

Star that erst se - rene - ly beaming, Led the wise men from a - far.

Thou their wand'ring foot-steps led-dest, Star of Glo - ry, plan - et mild!

Till thy heav'ny light thou sheddest O'er the ho - ly, bless-ed Child.

2 Holy Father! Thou who gavest
Them that light and grace to see!
Holy Son! O Christ, who savest
All that look for light to Thee!

Holy Spirit, ever pouring
Grace on them that seek aright!
Grant us, Lord, with hearts adoring,
Still to walk with Thee in light.

362.

Deep the gloom.

Deep the gloom, and still the night, Cold and damp the weather, When, the chill night
 air de - spite, Met three kings to - geth - er. One was old with snow-white hair,
 One the prime of manhood bare, And the third, a youth, stood there With them on the heath-er.

2 Looking for the promised King,
 Who, in Eastern quarters,
 Soon should spring to life, to rule
 O'er earth's sons and daughters,
 Them this eve, while rapt in sleep,
 One had roused in accents deep,
 "Haste ye; watch ye; vigil keep
 By Euphrates' waters!"

3 Up they spring, and quickly hie,
 Each his pathway bending,
 Through the chilly mist and gloom,
 O'er the earth depending,
 How the world in darkness lay,
 Till the Day-Star shed Its ray,
 Nature thus would fain display;
 Mystic emblems lending.

4 Then the kings with solemn gaze
 Looked on high beholding;
 For the marvel yet to come,
 Heav'n their spirits moulding,
 When behold, with silent awe,
 Suddenly the clouds they saw
 Like a darkened veil withdraw,
 Wonders more unfolding.

5 In a trice a star shone forth,
 O! so brightly shining!—
 Nearer, nearer yet it came,
 Still towards earth inclining!
 And 'twas shaped—O wondrous sight!
 Like a child enthroned in light,
 Crown'd, though yet, with sceptre bright.
 Victor—cross combining! *

6 Then one cried, "Behold the star
 Of which seers have spoken,
 Beaming on the land afar,
 And of life the token!
 Haste we, brothers! let us speed;
 See, it moves! It comes to lead
 To the Christ, of Judah's seed
 Born of line unbroken!"

7 Up they rise, and bend their way,
 Toil nor labour sparing,
 Over inmountain, hill, and plain,
 Costly treasures bearing.—
 So do ye your off'rings make,
 Fear no pain for Jesu's sake,
 Ever strive heaven's road to take,
 For your Lord preparing!

* An allusion to a legend, preserved in an ancient Commentary on St. Matthew, that the star, on its first appearance to the Magi, had the form of a radiant child, bearing a sceptre or cross.

CAROLS.

363. *We three Kings of Orient.*

Moderate. * [See note below.]

We three Kings of O-ri-ent are, Bearing gifts we traverse a - far, Field and fountain, Moor and

CHORUS.

mountain, Following yon-der Star. O Star of Wonder, Star of Night, Star with Royal

Beau-ty bright, West-ward lead-ing, Still pro-ceed-ing, Guide us to thy per - fect light.

GASPAR.

2 Born a king on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again;
King forever,
Ceasing never
Over us all to reign.
CHO.—O Star, &c.

MELCHIOR.

3 Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh:
Prayer and praising
All men raising,
Worship Him God on high.
CHO.—O Star, &c.

BALTHAZAR.

4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;—
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
CHO.—O Star, &c.

5 Glorious now behold Him arise,
King, and God, and Sacrifice;
Heaven sings
Alleluia:
Alleluia the earth replies.
CHO.—O Star, &c.

* Verses 1 and 5 are sung as a trio. Verses 2, 3 and 4, are sung as a solo, to the same music, the chorus being the same throughout.

364. *In the wintry heaven.*

Bold.

Two Sopr. and Alto (or a high Tenor.)

In the win-try hea-ven Shines a wondrous Star; In the East the

CAROLS.

2 O'er the dusty highway,
O'er the desert drear,
From the East, the wise men,
Watch it shining clear;
Asking, "Shall we follow
In this starlight way?"
Answering, "Yes, 'twill lead us
To the perfect day."

3 In a lowly Manger,
Lies an Infant weak;
Is it He whom wise men
Come so far to seek?

Asking, "Where the monarch ?
Where Judea's King ?"
Saying, "Gifts and worship
To His throne we bring."
4 In our hearts, we children,
See this Star once more;
Not as wise men saw it,
In the days of yore;
Asking, "May we bring Him
Childhood's love to-day ?"
Answering, "Come, dear children,
Jesus says we may."

365. *Briskly.*

Now to Bethlehem haste we.

2 They would ne'er have known Him,
In their country far,
Had not God, in mercy,
Placed in heaven a star.

3 Blessed Star! outshining
Through the darkest night,
Leading up to Jesus,
Who is Light of Light!

4 Sing we now, rejoicing,
For to us as well
That bright Star so glorious
Doth glad tidings tell.

5 With them let us worship,
For our Light has come:
Star of Bethlehem! lead us
Safe to Heaven our Home.

Easter.

366. The Easter Sunshine breaks again.

With spirit.

The Easter sun-shine breaks a-gain On all the sin-ful earth,

More glo-ri-ous than the star-lit morn, We've sang at Je-sus' Birth!

We've watch'd be-side our Sa-viour's Cross, We've sorrowed at His Grave;

But now He's broken Death's dark bands, Our Jesus, strong to save! Way! Sing

on ye hap-py Chris-tian hearts, The Lord is risen to-day!

* The last two lines of verse 3 are repeated.

2 Fair blossoms on the Easter morn
Fling forth their fragrance sweet,
And tell of Resurrection-joy,
And Jesus' work complete!
But fairer still the offering
Each loving heart should bring,
Of faith and love and penitence,
To Christ, its risen King.

3 So on this glorious Easter-day
Our gladsome songs we raise,
And echo e'en to Heaven's own gates
Our happy notes of praise!
For He who died is risen again,
“The Life, the Truth, the Way!”
Sing on, ye happy Christian hearts,
The Lord is risen to-day.

367.

Joyous.

Bright Easter skies.

1. Bright Eas-ter skies! Fair Eas-ter skies! Our Lord is risen, We, too, shall rise.
2. Green Easter fields! Fair Easter fields! Heaven's first ripe fruit, Death, conquer'd, yields.
3. Sweet Easter flowers! White Easter flowers! From Heaven descend Life-giving showers.
4. O Christian child! O Christian men! Our Vic-tor Lord, Shall come a-gain.

Nor walls of stone, hewn firm and cold,
In church-yards wide the seed we sow,
Each plant that bloomed at E-den's birth,
Wake we our hearts at His com-mand;

Nor Ro-man sol-diers, brave and bold;
Beneath the cross the wheat shall grow;
Shall blow a-gain o'er ransomed earth,
Lift we our love to His right hand.

Nor Satan's marshalled hosts could keep The pierced hands in death-ly sleep:
One Eas-ter-Day death's reign shall end, And golden sheaves shall heav'nward send.
Pluck lil-ies rare and ro-ses sweet, And strew the path of Je-sus' feet.
With warmest hopes, to Eas-ter skies, Stretch we our arms, and fix our eyes:

Just as the Easter day-beams dawn, Our bur-ied Lord is risen and gone.
Hail the blest morn, by whose glad light, An-gels shall reap the har-vest white.
Throw fragrant palms be-fore our King, And wreath the crown the saved shall bring.
Till in the clouds His sign we see, And quick and dead shout "Ju-bi-lee!"

AFTER EACH VERSE.

Bright Eas-ter skies! Fair Eas-ter skies! Our Lord is risen, We, too, shall rise.

cres.

368.

God hath sent His Angels.

Lively.

God hath sent His An-gels to the earth a-gain, Bringing joyful tid-ings

TREBLES.

to the sons of men. They who first at Christ-mas, throng'd the heav'nly way,

CHORUS.

Now be-side the tomb-door, sit on Eas-ter Day. An-gels sing His tri - umph,

Slower,

as you sang His birth, "Christ the Lord is ris - en," "Peace, good-will on earth."

- 2 In the dreadful desert, where the Lord was tried,
There the faithful Angels gathered at His side.
And when in the garden, grief and pain and care
Bowed Him down with anguish, they were with Him there.
Chro.—Angels, sing, &c.
- 3 Yet the Christ they honour, is the same Christ still,
Who, in light and darkness, did His Father's will.
And the tomb deserted, shineth like the sky,
Since He passed out from it, into victory.
Chro.—Angels, sing, &c.
- 4 God has still His Angels, helping, at His word,
All His faithful children, like their faithful Lord;
Soothing them in sorrow, arming them in strife,
Opening wide the tomb-doors, leading into Life.
Chro.—Angels, sing, &c.
- 5 Father, send Thine Angels unto us, we pray;
Leave us not to wander, all along our way.
Let them guard and guide us, wheresoe'er we be,
Till our resurrection brings us home to Thee.
Chro.—Angels, sing, &c.

369. *The world itself keeps Easter Day.*

Moderate.

The world it - self keeps Eas - ter Day, And Eas - ter larks are sing-ing:

And Eas - ter flowers are blooming gay, And Eas - ter buds are springing:

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! The Lord of all things lives a - new, And

all His works are ri-sing too. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

2 There stood three Maries by the tomb
On Easter morning early,
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly;

Alleluia! Alleluia!

With loving but with erring mind
They came the Prince of Life to find:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

3 But earlier still the Angel sped
His news of comfort giving;
And "why," he said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the living?"
Alleluia! Alleluia!
"Go tell them all and make them blest,
Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

4 But one, and one alone, remained
With love that could not vary;
And thus joy past joy she gained,
That sometime sinner Mary:

Alleluia! Alleluia!
The first the dear, dear form to see
Of Him who hung upon the tree:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

5 The Church is keeping Easter Day,
And Easter hymns are sounding,
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
The holy Font surrounding;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The Lord hath risen, as all things tell,
Good Christians, see ye rise as well:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

370. *Brightly.* Easter flowers, Easter Carols.

Eas - ter flow - ers, Eas - ter car - ols Deck the al - tar, fill the air;

Glo - rious dawns the hap - py morn - ing O'er a world so bright and fair.

Al - le - lu - ia let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia to the King!

2 When the clouds of night were broken,
Angels rolled the stone away,
And on this bright Easter morning
Sing we now the triumph lay.
Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to the King!

4 "He is risen!" thus the Angel
Spake unto the faithful three,
"He is risen," wondrous story,
"He has gone to Galilee."
Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to the King!

3 In the mists of early morning,
Came the faithful to the tomb,
Angel guardians clad in white robes,
Sat there in the breaking gloom.
Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to the King!

5 Now the clouds of night are broken,
Mortals now the story tell,
"He is risen! Alleluia!"
Let the joyful anthem swell.
Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to the King.

371. *Joyous.* Smile praises, O sky!

Smile prais - es, O sky! Soft breathe them, O air! Be - low and on

CAROLS.

high, And eve - ry-where; The black troop of storms has scat-ter'd and

fled, The Lord hath a - ri - sen, The harm'd from the dead. A - MEN.

2 Sweep tides of rich music
The new world along,
And pour in full measure
Sweet lyres, your song,
Sing, sing, for He liveth,
He lives, as He said;
The Lord hath arisen
Unharmed from the dead.

3 Clap, clap your hands, mountains;
Ye valleys, resound;
Leap, leap for joy, fountains;
Ye hills, catch the sound:
All triumph! He liveth,
He lives, as He said;
The Lord hath arisen
Unharmed from the dead.

372. *The Lord is risen!*

Earnestly.

"The Lord is ris - en! ris-en, indeed!" Your car - ols blithe-ly sing!

To deck His church with garlands gay, The choi - cest flow - rets bring.

2 Come sing His praises loud and high,
Ere yet appears the dawn—
The birth-day of our Christian hope!
The glorious Easter Morn.

4 He rose, and took the sting from death,
Took from the grave its might;
He led the way from earth to heaven,
Through darkness into light.

3 For when the light of Easter dawned,
Victorious in the strife,
The Saviour burst the bands of death,
And won our endless life.

5 "The Lord is risen." Let each voice
Sing carols glad and gay,
From morn till eve each heart repeat
"The Lord is risen to-day!"

373. *Ye happy bells of Easter Day.*

ORGAN.

Ye happy bells of Easter Day!

Ring, ring your joy.... Thro' earth and sky.... Ye ring a

glori-ous word. The notes that swell in glad-ness tell.... The ris- ing

of the Lord.

ORGAN.

of the Lord.

2 Ye carol-bells of Easter Day!
The teeming earth,
That saw His birth
When lying 'neath the sword,
Upspringeth now in joy, to show
The rising of the Lord!

3 Ye glory-bells of Easter Day!
The hills that rise
Against the skies,
Re-echo with the word—
The victor-breath that conquers death—
The rising of the Lord!

4 Ye passion-bells of Easter Day!
The bitter cup
He lifted up,
Salvation to afford.
Ye saintly bells! your passion tells
The rising of the Lord!

5 Ye mercy-bells of Easter Day!
His tender side
Was riven wide,
Where floods of mercy poured:
Redeemed clay doth sing to-day
The rising of the Lord!

6 Ye victor-bells of Easter Day!
The thorny crown
He layeth down:
Ring! ring! with strong accord—
The mighty strain of love and pain,
The rising of the Lord!

374. Shine, O Sun, in splendour bright.

Brightly.

Shine, O Sun, in splendour bright, Em-blem of the Lord of light,

Who this day rose from the dead, And cap-tiv'-ty cap-tive led.

CHORUS.

Sing joy - ous-ly, ye mor - tals, For Christ hath op'd the por - tals Of

life to all a-gain. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, A -

men! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!

2 Now the flowers budding sweet,
In the soil beneath our feet,
Raise themselves from sleep like death,
Praising God with fragrant breath.
Cho.—Sing joyously, &c.

3 All the trees and plants in spring
To the Resurrection bring
Signal offerings, and declare
Christ is ris'n, ev'ry where.
Cho.—Sing joyously, &c.

375. *Joyous.* Christ, the Lord is risen again.

Christ, the Lord, is ris'n again, Christ hath broken ev'ry chain; Hark! Angelic voic - es
 cry, Sing-ing ev-er-more on high. He who gave for us His life, Who for us en -
 dured the strife, Is our Paschal Lamb to-day: We too sing for joy, and aye.

2 He who bore all pain and loss
 Comfortless upon the Cross,
 Lives in glory now on high,
 Pleads for us and hears our cry:
 He who slumbered in the grave
 Is exalted now to save;
 Now through Christendom it rings
 That the Lamb is King of kings.

3 Now He bids us tell abroad
 How the lost may be restored,
 How the penitent forgiven,
 How we too may enter heaven.
 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
 Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:
 Take our sins and guilt away,
 Let us sing by night and day.

376. Near the Tomb where Jesus slept. *Moderate.*

Near the Tomb where Je - sus slept, Roman guards their night watch kept, Pac - ing to and
 fro a - lone, By the close-ly seal-ed stone. Christ! Thou Conqueror! All hail!

f CHORUS.

CAROLS.

Guard and stone can nought avail! Death is slain in mortal strife; Hail the Prince and Lord of Life!

2 In the darksome midnight, lo!
Hark! an earthquake rolls below!
Sign of deadly conflict o'er,
Death despoiled for evermore!

Chro.—Christ, Thou Conqueror, &c.
3 That which by the cave-mouth lay,
Angel hands have rolled away;
And the Lord, His three days sped,
Comes triumphant from the dead!

Chro.—Christ, Thou Conqueror, &c.

4 Christ! Thou Victor o'er the tomb,
Take us in the Day of Doom.
Take us to Thine own dear side,
At the last great Easter-tide!

Chorus after 4th verse.
Christ! Thou Conqueror! all hail!
Let not Death o'er us prevail;
Help us in our mortal strife.
Bring us to the Land of Life.

377. *Joyous.*

Christ is risen!

2 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Bright Angels join the cry;
Alleluias ever singing
Before the Throne on high.
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!

3 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Ere earliest morning ray,
Wake, slumb'ring hearts, awake! arise!
And speed you on your way.
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!

4 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
To all the words repeat,
Till ev'ry knee before Him bow
In adoration meet.
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!

5 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Bid all His praises sing;
Praise Him, the God of earth and heaven,
Redeemer, Lord and King.
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!

378. *Fast.*

Now all the bells are ringing.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Now all the bells are ring - ing To welcome Eas-ter Day, And we with joy are

sing-ing Our ca-rol sweet and gay; For Jesus hath a - ri - sen From Joseph's rocky

cave, Hath burst His three days' pri - son, And tri-umph'd o'er the Grave.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

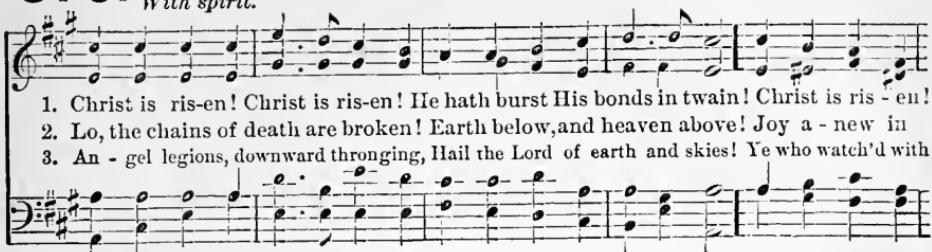
2 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
O hasten we to meet Him,
With our companions dear,
With love and awe to greet Him,
As He is drawing near;
Of old His friends were bidden
To haste to Galilee:
Still in His Church, all glorious,
Our risen Lord will be.
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

3 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Still, Jesus! we adore Thee
With faith which may not fail;
Still, as we kneel before Thee,
We hear Thee say "All hail"!
Thou, who art now descending
To raise us up to Thee,
An Easter-tide unending
Grant us in Heaven to see.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

CAROLS.

379. *With spirit.*

Christ is risen!



Christ is ris-en! Earth and Heav'n prolong the strain! He who suffered pain and loss,
 eve - ry to-ken Of Thy triumph, Lord of love! He o'er earth and heav'n shall reign,
 ho - ly long-ing Till your sun a-gain should rise: He is ris-en! Earth, re-joice!



In His love to us, Dy-ing on the bit-ter Cross, Lives vic - to - ri -
 At His Father's side, Till He com-eth once a-gain, Bridegroom to His
 Sing, ye star - ry train! All things living, find a voice! Je-sus lives a -



ous! Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris-en! He hath burst His bonds in twain!
 Bride. Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris-en! He hath burst His bonds in twain!
 gain! Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris-en! He hath burst His bonds in twain!



Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Earth and Heav'n, pro-long the strain!
 Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Earth and Heav'n, pro-long the strain!
 Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Earth and Heav'n, pro-long the strain!



CAROLS.

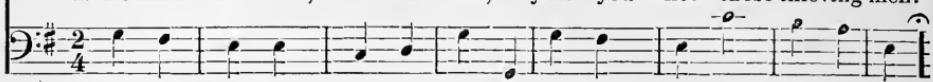
380. CHILDREN. *Moderate.*

Roman Soldier, tell us true.



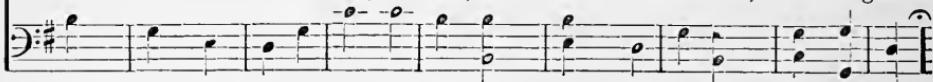
1. Ro-man Sol - dier, tell us true, What sort of a watch on guard are you?

2. Ro-man Sol - dier, tell us then, Why slew you not those thieving men?



The sep-ul-chre, sealed safe at night, How came it emp-ty at morn-ing light?

Were a few un-arm-ed Jews too hard, For a vet-e-ran mail-clad, Roman guard?



ROMAN SOLDIER. *



Why, Pe - ter and An - drew, James and John, They came by night, re-moved the stone,

O no! you Jews we nev - er fear; But we had no chance for sword or spear,



And long be - fore the break of day, They stole His Bod - y far a - way.

For up so soft - ly they did creep, While we were all of us fast a - sleep.



CHILDREN.

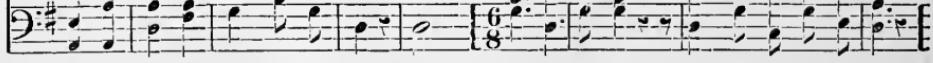
rall. CHORUS.



Fie, Old Roman, why tell a lie? For Christ is ris-en, Christ is ris-en in - deed.

Fie, Old Roman, etc.

rall.



* NOTE.—The Roman Soldier's part is set in the G-clef for the convenience of children; but it is much better when sung by a man, an octave below.

CAROLS.

Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! A - MEN.

Child. 3 Roman Soldier, if you were
All fast asleep, as you declare,
How could you know, or see, or say,
Who 'twas that stole the Lord away?

Sol. Old Annas and Caiphas told me so:
The truth they wished that none
should know;
They gave me, therefore, silver and
gold,
To tell the story I have told.

Child. Fie, old Roman, why tell a lie! For
Cho.—Christ is risen, &c.

Child. 4 Roman Soldier, tell no more
The stories you have told before—
Too foolish to deceive our youth;
But tell us now the simple truth.

Sol. An earthquake rolled the stone away;
Half dead with fear we Romans lay;
While, like full sunrise at midnight,
Christ rose, and glided from our sight.
Aye, Old Roman, why tell a lie! For
Cho.—Christ is risen, &c.

Child. 5 Roman Soldier, your own eyes
Have seen our Lord and God arise;
How can you, now that He is known,
Still worship gods of wood and stone?
We Romans conquer where we come,
But Christ hath power to vanquish
Rome;
My idols all I cast away,
Christ's soldier till my dying day.
Child. Right, Old Roman, fight for the Light.
Cho.—Christ is risen, &c. [For

381. *Quietly.* 'Twas at the matin hour.

1. 'Twas at the ma - tin hour, Be - fore the ear - ly dawn;
2. 'Twas at the ma - tin hour, When pray'rs of saints are strong;

The pris - on doors flew o - pen, The bolts of death were drawn.
When two short days a - go He bore The spit - ting, wounds, and wrong.

3 From realms unseen, an unseen way,
Th' Almighty Saviour came,
And following on His silent steps,
An Angel armed in flame.

5 The Angel came full early,
But Christ had gone before,
Not for Himself, but for His Saints,
Is burst the prison door.

4 The stone is rolled away,
The keepers fainting fall,
Satan and Pilate's watchmen,
The day has scared them all.

6 When all His Saints assemble,
Make haste ere twilight cease,
His Easter blessing to receive,
And so lie down in peace.

382.

Fast.

Let the merry Church bells ring!

Let the mer-ry Church bells ring! Hence with tears and sighing! Frost and cold have
fled from Spring, Life hath con-quered dy - ing. Flow'rs are smiling,
fields are gay, Sun - ny is the weath-er; With our ris - ing Lord to - day,
All things rise to-gether. Let the mer-ry Church bells ring! Ring! Ring!
Ring! Let the mer-ry Church bells ring! Ring! Ring! Ring!

2 Let the birds sing out again
From their leafy chapel,
Praising Him, with whom in vain
Satan sought to grapple;
Sounds of joy come fast and thick,
As the breezes flutter;
Ressurrexit, non est hic,
Is the strain they utter.
Let the merry, &c.

3 Let the past of grief be past;
This our comfort giveth,
He was slain on Friday last,
But to-day He liveth:
Mourning heart must needs be gay,
Nor let sorrow vex it,
Since the very grave can say,
Christus Resurrexit.
Let the merry, &c.

383. *Earnestly.*

Sing your carols to-day.

Sing your car - ols to - day, And your glad - som - est lay,

To the PA - RA - CLETE pay - Now to mor - tals giv - en;

Now sent down from heav - en, Sing, of joy, joy, joy; And to - day,

raise the lay, TE DEU - UM LAU - DA - MUS, DOM - I - NUM.

2 Death and hell overcome,
Easter morn, from the tomb
Jesus chased all the gloom,—
Ope'd the prison portals—
Freedom brought to mortals.
Sing, of life, life, life,
And the strain, raise again,
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS, DOMINUM.

3 Forty days more with men
Did the Lord live again,
Blessed rites to ordain,
And His Kingdom founded
By the round world bounded.
Sing of joy, joy, joy,
Till it rise to the skies,
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS, DOMINUM.

4 Risen, never to die,
Having gone up on high
To His Throne in the sky,
He sent His Spirit Holy,
To bless His people solely.
Sing of joy, joy, joy,
Praise His Name with acclaim,
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS, DOMINUM.

5 With bright tongues as of flame,
Then the Comforter came,
In the Blessed One's Name
Dissipating sadness.—
Bringing joy and gladness,—
Sing of joy, life, and peace:
Him adore, ever more,
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS, DOMINUM.

I. FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT.

384.

SMITH.



PSALM XIX.

F THE heavens declare the | glory | of | God: and the firmament | showeth | His | hand-y | work.

2 Day unto day | utter-eth | speech: and night unto | night | = | show-eth | knowledge.

3 There is no | speech nor | language: where their | voice | = | is not | heard.

4 Their line is gone out through | all the | earth: and their words to the | end | = | of the | world.

5 In them hath He set a tabernacle | for the | sun: which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong | man to | run a | race.

6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and its circuit unto the | ends of | it: and there is nothing hid from the | heat there- | of.

7 The law of the Lord is perfect, con- | verting | the | soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, | mak-ing | wise the | simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, re | joicing | the | heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, en- | light-en- | ing the | eyes.

dim 9 The fear of the Lord is clean, en- | during | for | ever: the judgments of the Lord are true, and | righ-teous | al-to- | gether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than | much fine | gold: sweet- | er also than honey, | and the | hon-ey | comb.

11 Moreover, by them is Thy | ser-vant | warned: and in keeping of them | there is | great re- | ward.

p 12 Who can under- | stand his | errors; cleanse Thou me | from | = | se-cret | faults.

13 Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins, let them not have dominion | o-ver | me: then shall I be up-right, and I shall be innocent from the | great trans- | gress | = | ion.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation | of my | heart: be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my | strength and | my Re- | deemer.

F Glory be the Father, | and | to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be: world without | end | = | A | = | men.

385.

DUPUIS.



PSALM XXIII.

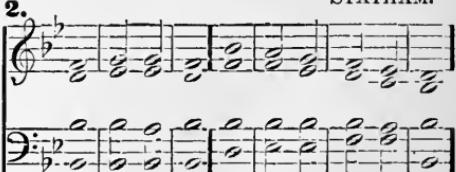
MP THE Lord | is my | shepherd: I | shall | = | not | = | want.

2 He maketh me to lie down | in green | pastures: He leadeth me be- | side the | still | = | waters.

3 He re- | storeth | my | soul: He lead- | eth me in the paths of righteousness | for His | Name's | = | sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the val- | ley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil: for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy | staff they | com-fort | me.

STATHAM.



5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of mine | enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil, my | cup | = | run-neth | over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of | my | life: and I will dwell in the house | of the | Lord for | ever.

F Glory be to the Father, | and | to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be: world without | end | = | A | = | men.

386.

1. BLOW.

2. MONK.

387.

1. FLINTOFF.

FROM PSALM LI.

P HAVE mercy up- | on ' me, O | God: 2. FELTON.

according | to Thy | lov-ing | kind-

ness.

2 According unto the mul-ti-tude of
Thy | ten-der | mer-cies: blot | out my |
trans- - = | gres-sions.

3 Wash me thor-ough-ly from mine
in- | i-qui- | ty: and | cleanse me | from
my | sin.

4 For I acknowl-edge | my trans- | gres-sions: and my | sin is | ever * be-| fore
me.

5 Against Thee, Thee only, | have I |
sinned: and done this | e-vil | in Thy |
sight.

6 That Thou mightest be justi-fied | when Thou | speakest: and be |
clear * = | when Thou | judgest.

7 Behold, I was shapen in in- | i-
qui- | ty: and in | sin did ' my | mother |
con- | ceive me.

8 Behold Thou desir-est truth in the |
in-ward | parts: and in the hidden part
thou shalt | make ' me to | know * = |
wis-dom.

9 Purge me with hyssop, and | I shall
be | clean: wash me, and | I shall be |
whiter * than | snow.

10 Make me to hear | joy and | glad-
ness: that the bones which Thou hast |
bro-ken | may re- | joice.

11 Hide Thy face | from my | sins: and
blot out | all * mine in- | i-qui- | ties.

12 Create in me a clean | heart O | God:
and re- | new * a right | spirit * with- | in
me.

13 Cast me not away | from Thy | pres-
ence: and take not Thy | Ho-ly | Spir-
it | from me.

cr 14 Restore unto me the joy of | Thy
sal- | va-tion: and uphold me | with
Thy | free * = | Spir-it.

15 Then will I teach trans- | gressors *
Thy | ways: and sinners shall be con- |
vert-ed | un-to | Thee.

16 O Lord, open | Thou my | lips: and
my | mouth * shall show | forth Thy |
praise.

17 For Thou desir-est not sacrifice | else
would | I | give it: Thou delightest not |
in burnt | offer- | ings.

p 18 The sacri-fices of God are a | bro-
ken | spirit: a broken and a con-trite
heart O God, | Thou wilt | not de- |
spise.

F Glory be to the Father, | and * to the |
Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the begin-ning, is now,
and | ever | shall be : world without |
end * = | A * = | men.

388.

HAYES.

PSALM LXXXIV.

MF HOW amiable | are Thy | tabernacles:
O | Lord = | of = | hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth
for the | courts | of the | Lord: my heart
and my flesh crieth | out | for the | liv-
ing | God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found a
house and the swallow a nest for her-
self, where she may | lay her | young:
even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my |
King = | and my | God.

4 Blessed are they that | dwell in ·
Thy | house: they will be | still = |
prais-ing | Thee.

5 Blessed is the man whose | strength ·
is in | Thee: in whose heart | are the |
ways of | them.

6 Who passing through the valley of
Baae | make it a | well: and rain |

389.

SMITH.

PSALM LXXXV.

MP L ORD, Thou hast been favourable |
unto | Thy | land: Thou hast brought
back the cap- | tiv-i- | ty of | Jacob.

2 Thou hast forgiven the iniquity | of
Thy | people: Thou hast | cover-ed | all
their | sin.

3 Thou hast taken away | all Thy |
wrath: Thou hast turned Thyself from
the | fierce-ness | of Thine | anger.

4 Turn us, O God of | our sal- | vation:
and cause Thine | anger | toward | us
to | cease.

5 Wilt Thou be angry with | us for |
ever: wilt Thou draw out Thine anger
to | all = | gen-er- | ations.

6 Wilt Thou not re- | vive | us a- |
gain: that Thy people | may re- | joice
in | Thee.

7 Show us Thy | mercy | O | Lord:
and | grant us | Thy sal- | vation.

8 I will hear what God the | Lord
will | speak: for He will speak peace
unto His people and to His saints, but
let them not | turn a- | gain to | folly.

9 Surely His salvation is nigh | them
that | fear Him: that | glory may | dwell
in our | land.

10 Mercy and truth are | met to- |
gether: righteousness and | peace have |
kissed | each | other.

11 Truth shall spring | out | of the |
earth: and righteousness | shall look |
down from | heaven.

12 Yea, the Lord shall give | that |
which is | good: and our | land shall |
yield her | increase.

13 Righteousness shall | go be- | fore
Him: and shall set us | in the | way | of
His | steps.

F GLORY BE, &c.

MACFARREN.

al-so | filleth | the | pools.

7 They go from | strength to | strength:
every one of them in Sion ap- | peareth ·
be- | fore = | God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, | hear my |
prayer: give | ear O | God of | Jacob.

9 Behold O | God our | shield : and
look upon the | face of | Thine a- |
nointed.

10 For a day in Thy courts is better |
than a | thousand: I had rather be a
doorkeeper in the house of my God, than
to | dwell | in the | tents of | wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a | sun and |
shield : the Lord will give grace and
glory, no good thing will He withhold
from | them that | walk up- | rightly.

12 O | Lord of | hosts: blessed is the |
man that | trusteth | in | Thee.

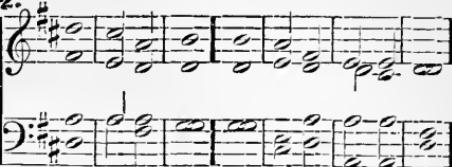
F GLORY BE, &c.

1. 390.



ANON.

2.



HINDLE.

PSALM XCII.

F IT is a good thing to give thanks | unto the | Lord: and to sing praises unto Thy | Name = | O Most | High.

2 To shew forth Thy lovingkindness | in the | morning: and Thy | faithfulness | eve-ry | night.

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | psaltery: upon the harp | with a | sol-emn | sound.

4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through Thy | works: I will triumph in the | works = | of Thy | hands.

full 5 O Lord, how great | are Thy | works: and Thy | thoughts are | ve-ry | deep.

p 6 A brit-ish man | know-eth | not: neither doth a fool | un-der | stand = | this.

p 7 When the wicked spring as the grass and when all the workers of in- | iquity | do | flourish: it is that they shall | be de- | stroyed for | ever.

8 But | Thou O | Lord: art most | high for | ev-er | more.

9 For lo Thine | enemies O | Lord: for lo Thine | en-e- | mies shall | perish.

10 For | all the | workers: of in- | iquity | shall be | scattered.

11 But my horn shalt Thou exalt like the | horn | of a | unicorn: I shall be a- | noint-ed | with fresh | oil.

12 Mine eyes also shall see my desire | on mine | enemies: and mine ears shall hear my desire of the wicked | that rise | up a- | gainst me.

f 13 The righteous shall flourish | like the | palm tree: he shall grow | like a | cedar | in | Lebanon.

14 Those that be planted in the house | of the | Lord: shall flourish in the | courts = | of our | God.

15 They shall still bring forth fruit | in old | age: they shall be | fat and | flour- | ish- | ing.

16 To show that the | Lord is | up- | right: He is my Rock, and there is no un- | right-eous- | ness in | Him.

F GLORY BE, &c.

1. 391.



GOODSON.

2.



CROTCHE.

PSALM XCIV.

F O COME, let us sing | unto the | Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the | Rock of | our sal- | vation.

2 Let us come before His presence | with thanks- | giving: and make a joyful noise | un-to | Him with | psalms.

3 For the Lord is a | great = | God: and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are the deep places | of the | earth: the strength of the | hills is | His = | also.

5 The sea is His | and He | made it: and His hands | formed the | dry = | land.

full 6 O come, let us worship | and bow | down: let us kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

cr 7 For | He is | our | God: (dim) and we are the people of His pasture, and the | sheep of | His = | hand.

8 To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden | not your | heart: as in the pro- vocation, and as in the day of tempta- tion | in the | wil-der | ness:

p 9 When your fathers | tem-pted | me: proved | me and | saw my | work.

p 10 Forty years long was I grieved with this gener- | ation | and | said: it is, a people that do err in their heart, and they | have not | known my | ways.

11 Unto whom I | sw-ore in | my | wrath: that they should not | en-ter | into | my | rest.

F GLORY BE, &c.

PSALM CXXI.

MF I WILL lift up mine eyes | unto 'the | hills : from | whence = | cometh my | help.

2 My help cometh | from the | Lord : who | made both | heaven and | earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot | to be | moved : He that | keepeth thee | will not | slumber.

4 Behold, He that | keep-eth | Israel: shall | nei-ther | slumber 'nor | sleep.

5 The Lord | is thy | keeper: the Lord is thy shade up- | on thy | right = | hand.

6 The sun shall not | smite thee 'by | day: nor | yet the | moon by | night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee | from all | evil : He | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going

PSALM CXXII.

F I WAS glad when they said | un-to | me: let us go | into 'the | house of | the | Lord.

2 Our | feet shall | stand: within thy | gates, = | O Je- | rusalem.

3 Jerusalem is builded | as a | city : that | is com- | pact to- | gether.

4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes | of the | Lord : unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the | Name = | of the | Lord.

5 For there are set | thrones of | judg- | ment: the thrones | of the | house of | David.

p 6 Pray for the peace of Je- | ru-sa- | lem : (cr) they shall | pros-per | that love | thee.

p 7 Peace be with- | in thy | walls: (cr) and prosperity with- | in thy | pa-la- | ces.

PSALM CXXV.

MF THEY that | trust in 'the | Lord: shall be as mount Sion which can- | not be removed, | but a- | bideth 'for | ever.

2 As the mountains are round about Je- | ru-sa- | lem: so the Lord is round about His people from | hence-forth | even 'for | ever.

3 For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot | of the | righteous: lest the righteous put forth their hands | un-to i- | ni-qui- | ty.

dim 4 Do good, O Lord, unto | those that | be | good: and to them that are | up- | right | in their | hearts.

5 As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the Lord shall lead them

392.

TRAVERS.



out and thy | com-ing | in: from this time forth, and | even 'for | e-ver | more.

F Glory be to the Father, | and 'to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be: world without | end = | A = | men.

393.

KELWAY.



8 For my brethren and com- | panions' | sakes : I will now say, | Peace = | be with- | in thee.

9 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God: I | will = | seek thy | good.

F Glory be to the Father, | and 'to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be: world without | end = | A = | men.

394.

LESLIE.



forth with the workers | of i- | niquity: but | peace shall | be upon | Israel.

F Glory be to the Father, | and 'to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be: world without | end = | A = | men.

395.

KETTLE.

ALDRICH.

ISAIAH LII: 7-10.

MF HOW beautiful up- | on the | moun-
tains: are the feet of | him that |
bringeth · good | tidings.

2 That publisheth peace, that bringeth
good | tidings · of | good: that publish-
eth salvation. that saith unto | Si-on |
thy God | reigneth.

3 The watchmen shall lift | up the |
voice: with the voice to- | ge-ther | shall
they | sing.

4 For they shall see | eye to | eye:
when the | Lord shall | bring · again |

KING.

Sion.

5 Break | forth · into | joy : sing to-
gether ye waste pla-ces | of Je- | ru-sa- |
lem.

6 For the Lord bath | comfor-
ted · His | people: He hath re- | deemed ·
Je- | ru-sa- | lem.

7 The Lord hath made bare His |
ho-ly | arm: in the | eyes of | all the |
nations.

8 And all the ends | of the | earth :
shall see the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.
F GLORY BE, &c.

396.

ISAIAH LII: 7-10.

SMITH.

Andante moderato.

mf How beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains, How beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains, How

beau-ti-ful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tid-ings,

PSALMS AND CANTICLES.

that pub - lish-eth peace, that pub - lish-eth peace, that bringeth good tidings, good tidings of

good, that pub - lish-eth sal - va-tion, that saith un - to Si - on, thy God reigneth, thy

God reign - eth. Break forth in - to joy, sing to - geth - er, sing to - geth - er, ye waste

places of Je - ru - sa - lem; for the Lord hath com - fort-ed His peo - ple, He hath re

deem-ed Je - ru - sa - lem. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! praise ye the

Lord. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! praise ye the Lord.

II. FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT.

397.

WEBBE.



S. LUKE, I: 46.

P MY soul doth magni | fy the | Lord: and my spirit hath re | joiced in | God my | Saviour.
mf 2 For He | hath re | garded: the low- li | ness of | His hand | maiden.
 3 For be | hold from | henceforth: all gener | ations shall | call me | blessed.
 4 For He that is mighty hath | magni- fied | me: and | holy | is His | Name.
p 5 And His mercy is on | them that | fear Him: through | out all | gener | ations.
 6 He hath showed strength | with His | arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagin | ation | of their | hearts.
 7 He hath put down the mighty | from their | seat: and hath ex | alted 'the | humble' and | meek.



CRESER.



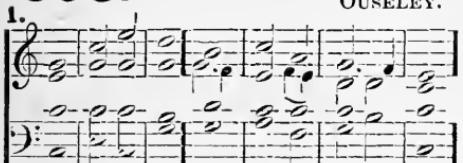
OUSELEY.

8 He hath filled the hungry with | good | things: and the rich He hath | sent | empty | a | way.
p 9 He remembering His mercy, hath holpen His servant | Isra | el: as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham | and his | seed for | ever.

F GLORY BE, &c.

398.

OUSELEY.



S. LUKE, I: 68.



ALDRICH.

serve Him | with-out | fear.
p 7 In holiness and righteousness be- | fore | Him: all the | days of | our | life.
mf 8 And Thou Child, shalt be called the Prophet | of the | Highest: for Thou shalt go before the face of the Lord | to pre- | pare His | ways.

9 To give knowledge of salvation | unto | His | people: by the re- | mission | of their | sins.

10 Through the tender mercy | of our | God: whereby the day-spring from on | high hath | visit-ed | us.

11 To give light to them that | sit in | darkness: and | in the | shadow | of death.

p 12 To | guide our | feet: in- | to the | way of | peace.

F GLORY BE, &c.

F BLESSED be the Lord God of | Isra | el: for He hath visited | and re | deemed | His | people;
 2 And hath raised up a mighty sal | vation | for us: in the house | of His | servant | David.
 3 As He spake by the mouth of His | holy | Prophets: which have been | since the | world be | gan;
mf 4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies: and from the hand of | all that | hate | us.
 5 To perform the mercy promised | to our | fathers: and to re- | member | His | holy | covenant.
 6 The oath which He swore to our | fa-ther | Abraham: that He would grant *p* unto us, that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might |

399.

1. ANON. 2. BLOW.

S. LUKE, II: 29.

MF L ORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant
Thy | word.
2 For mine | eyes have | seen: Thy |
= sal | va = | tion,
3 Which Thou | hast pre | pared: be-
fore the | face of | all = | people;
4 To be a light to | lighten the | Gen-
tiles: and to be the glory of Thy | people |
Isra | el.
F Glory be to the Father, | and to the |
Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

3. MEDLEY.

As it was in the beginning, is now,
and | ever | shall be: world without |
end = | A = | men.

400.

1. CROTCH.

1 CORINTHIANS, v. &c.

F CHRIST our passover is | sacrificed |
for us: therefore | let us | keep the |
feast;

2 Not with the old leaven, neither with
the leaven of | malice | and | wickedness:
but with the unleavened bread of sin |
ceri | ty and | truth. 1 Cor v. 7.

F CHRIST being raised from the dead |
dieth no | more: death hath no more
do | minion | over | Him.

p 3 For in that He died, He died unto |
sin = | once: (f) but in that He liveth,
He | liveth | unto | God.

4 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to
be dead in | de-d | unto | sin: but alive
unto God through | Jesus | Christ our |
Lord. Rom. vi: 9.

F CHRIST is risen | from the | dead: and
become the first | fruits of | them
that | slept.

2. FISHER.

p 5 For since by | man came | death: (cr)
by man came also the resur | rection | of
the | dead.

p 6 For as in Adam | all = | die: (f)
even so in Christ shall | all be | made a |
live. 1 Cor. xv: 20.

F Glory be to the Father, | and to the |
Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now,
and | ever | shall be : world without |
end = | A = | men.

Doxologies, &c., from the Apocalypse.

SANCTUS OF THE CHERUBIM.

401.

Grave.

Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come.

FIRST DOXOLOGY OF THE REDEEMED CHURCH.

402.

*Recitative.**Joyful.*

And they sung a new song, say-ing,

1 THOU art worthy to | take the | book:
and to | open | the | seals there- | of.
2 For | Thou wast | slain: and hast re-
deemed us to | God by | Thine own | blood,
3 Out of every | kindred | and | tongue:
out of | ev-ery | people | and | nation.
4 And hast made us unto our God |
Kings and | Priests: and we shall | reign
up- | on the | earth.

SECOND DOXOLOGY OF THE REDEEMED CHURCH.

403.

Moderate.

Thou art wor-thy, O Lord: to receive glo-ry and hon-our and power;

For Thou hast cre-a-ted all things: { and for Thy pleas-ure they are, and were cre-a-ted.

DOXOLOGY OF THE HOLY ANGELS.

404.*Joyful.*

1 Worthy is the Lamb: the Lamb = that was slain,
2 { To receive power, and riches, and } wisdom, and strength: and honour, and glory, and blessing.

FIRST DOXOLOGY OF THE UNIVERSAL CREATION.

405.*Joyful.*

1 Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power: be unto Him that sitteth up - on the throne,
2 And unto the Lamb: for ever and ever, A - men.

SECOND DOXOLOGY OF THE UNIVERSAL CREATION.

406.*Joyful.*

1 { Salvation to our God who sitteth up } - on the throne: and unto the Lamb. A - men.
2 Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanks-giving: and honour, and power, and might.
3 Be unto our God: for ever and ever. A - men.

Songs of Victory.

THANKSGIVING FOR VICTORY OVER PERSECUTORS.

407.*Joyful.*

1 We give Thee thanks, O Lord God Al - migh - ty: who art, and wast, and wast to come;
2 { Because Thou hast taken } to Thee Thy great pow - er: and now = Thou dost reign.

THANKSGIVING FOR VICTORY OVER SATAN.

408.

Joyful.

1 Now is come salvation, and strength: { and the kingdom of { our God, and the { pow - er of His Christ;
 2 { For the accuser { is cast down: { who accused them { before our { God = day and night.

409.

1 { And they overcame { blood of the Lamb: and by the word of their testimony;
 2 { him by the {
 2 { And they loved not { unto the death: { therefore rejoice, ye heav- { ye that dwell in them.
 2 { their lives { ens, and {

Alleluia.

410.

Joyful.

1 { Behold, the taber- { nacle of God { is with men: and He will dwell with them;
 2 And they shall be His people: and God Himself shall be with them and be their God.
 3 { And God shall wipe { away all tears { from their eyes: and there shall be no more death,
 4 Neither sorrow, nor crying: neither shall there be a - ny more = pain;

For the former things are passed a - way. Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

411.

Gloria in Excelsis.

OLD CHANT.

GLORY be to | God on | high : and
on earth, | peace, good | will towards |
men.

we | worship | Thee: we glorify Thee, we
give thanks to | Thee for | Thy great |
glory.

We praise Thee, we bless Thee,

O Lord God, | Heavenly | King :
God the | Father | Al = | mighty.

O Lord, the only begotten Son | Jesus |
Christ : O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son |
of the | Father,

That takest away the | sins · of the |
world : have mercy | upon | us.

Thou that takest away the | sins · of the |
world: re | ceive our | prayer.

Thou that takest away the | sins ·
of the | world : have mercy | upon | us.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of |
God the | Father : have mercy | upon | us.

A - MEN.

For Thou only | art · = | holy :
Thou | only | art the | Lord.
Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy |

Ghost : art most high in the | glory · of |
God the | Father.

Te Deum Laudamus.

412.

BULLINGER.

1.

2.

GARDNER.

3.

FOWLER.

4.

HODGES.

NOTE.—If more than one chant is used, the first change may be made at the words "WHEN THOU TOOKEST," &c., and the second change at the words "DAY BY DAY," &c.

FWE praise | Thee, O | God: we acknowl-
edge | Thee to | be the | Lord.

2 All the earth doth | worship | Thee: the p

Father | ever | last · = | ing.

3 To Thee all Angels | cry a | loud: the
Heavens, and | all the | Powers there | in.

4 To Thee Cherubim, and | Sera | plain: con |
tinually | do · = | cry.

5 (full, slower) Holy, | Holy, | Holy: Lord |
God of | Saba | oth;

6 (faster) Heaven and earth are full | of the |
Majesty: of | Thy | = | Glo · = | ry.

7 The glorious company | of the A | postles:
praise | = · = | = · = | Thee.

8 The goodly fellowship | of the | Prophets:
praise | = · = | = · = | Thee.

9 The noble army | of | = | Martyrs:
praise | = · = | = · = | Thee.

10 The holy Church throughout | all the |
world: doth | = · ac | knowledge | Thee;

11 The | Fa · = | ther: of | an | in | finite |
Majes | ty;

12 Thine a | dora · ble | true: and | on | = |
= · ly | Son;

13 Also the | Holy | Ghost: the | Com | = |
= · fort | er.

14 (full) Thou art the | King of | Glory:
O | = · = | = · = | Christ.

15 Thou art the ever | lasting | Son: of | = ·
the | Fa · = | ther.

16 (p) When Thou tookest upon Thee to

de | liver | man: Thou didst humble Thyself
to be | born · = | of a | Virgin.

17 When Thou hadst overcome the | sharp-
ness | of | death: (cr) Thou didst open the
kingdom of Heaven to | all be | liev · = | ers.

18 Thou sittest at the right | hand | of | God:
in the glory | of the | Fa · = | ther.

19 We believe that | Thou shalt | come: to |
be · = | our · = | Judge.

20 (slower) We therefore pray Thee | help
Thy | servants: whom Thou hast redeemed |
with Thy | pre · cious | blood.

21 (faster) Make them to be numbered |
with Thy | Saints: in glory | ever | last · = |
ing.

22 O Lord, | save Thy | people: and | bless
Thine | herit | age.

23 Gov | = · ern | them: and | lift them |
up for | ever.

24 (full) Day | by | = | day: we | magni | -
fy · = | Thee;

25 (full) And we worship | Thy | = | Name:
ever | world with | out · = | end.

26 Vouchsafe, | O | = | Lord: to keep us
this | day with | out · = | sin.

27 O Lord, | have | mer | ey up | on us:
have | mer | ev up | on | = | us.

28 O Lord, let | Thy mercy | be up | on us:
as our | trust is | in | = | Thee.

29 (full) O Lord, in Thee | have I | trusted:
let me never | be con | found · = | ed.

A SHORT CHORAL SERVICE.
ADDITIONAL CHANTS FOR THE TE DEUM.

5. *Two Trebles.* TURLE. 6. *NICHOLSON.*

7. *HERVEY.* 8. *CROTCHE.*

A Short Responsive Choral Service.

Which may be used at the opening of the Sunday School.

413. *Minister or Superintendent.*

RESPONSE.

This is the day which the Lord hath made.

Let us rejoice and be glad in it.

ORG.

V.

Let our prayer be set forth in Thy sight as the in - cense.

R.

And let the lift - ing up of our hands be an eve - ning sac - ri - fice.

ORG.

V.

Glory be to Thee, O Lord, who on this day didst rise from the dead.

R.

That we might rise at the last day and live for - e - ver.

ORG.

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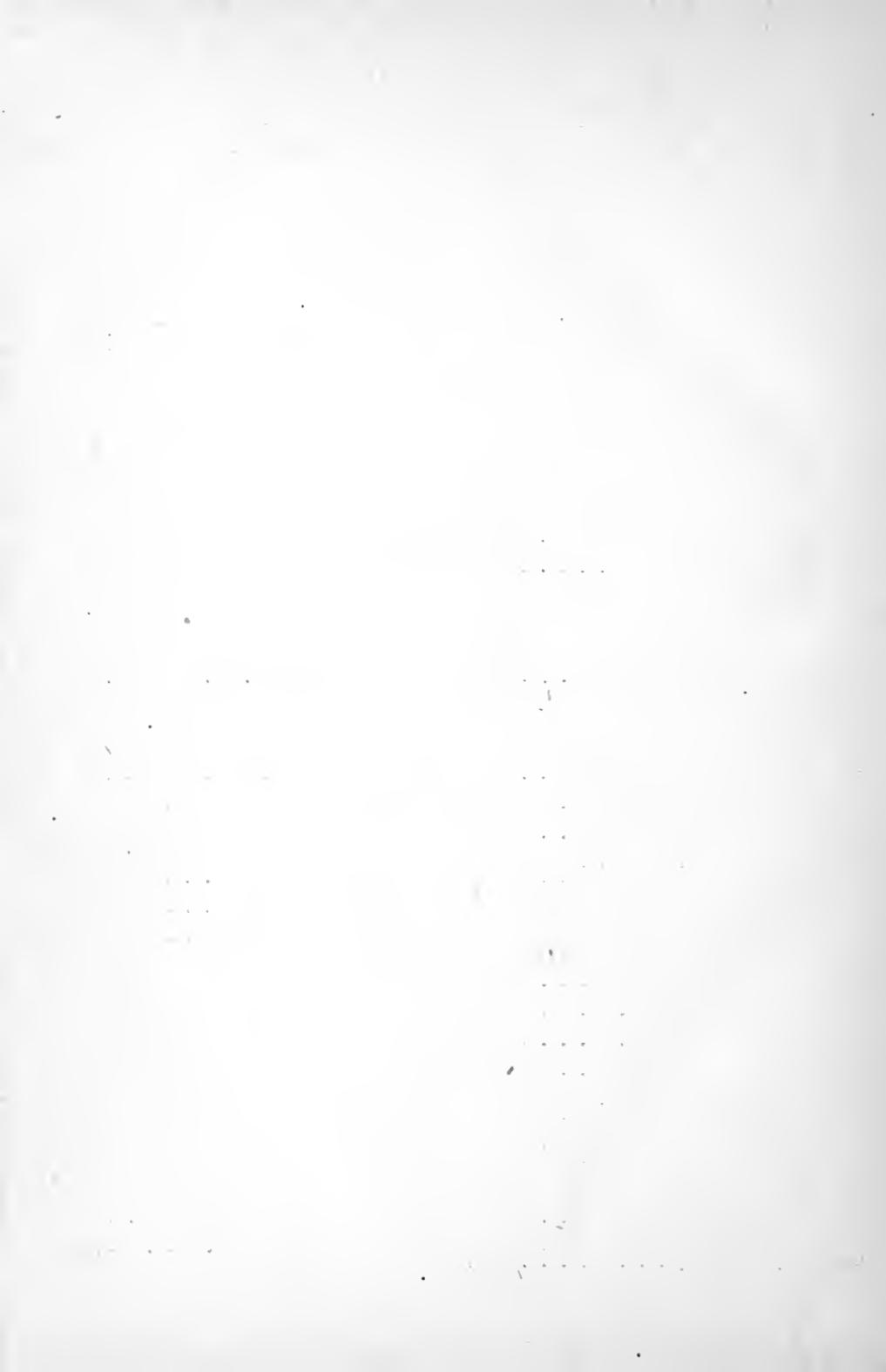
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